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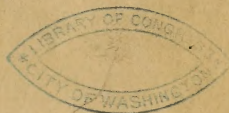
"Nuda Venus madidas exprimit imbre comas."

THE HEROÏDES  
OR EPISTLES OF THE HEROINES,  
THE AMOURS,  
ART OF LOVE, REMEDY OF LOVE,  
AND MINOR WORKS  
OF  
✓  
OVID.

LITERALLY TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH PROSE,  
WITH COPIOUS NOTES,

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## INTRODUCTION.

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THE present is the third and concluding volume of the Classical Library translation of the works of Ovid, which, till now, have never been presented to the English reader in a complete form.

The Text of Valpy's *Variorum* Edition has generally been followed, but the Editions of Burmann and Gierig have been carefully consulted, and many of the improvements suggested therein adopted; the reasons are, in all instances, stated in the Notes.

The "Heroides" have been more than once translated into English verse, and they were published in prose by Davidson about the middle of the last century. Though the latter is professedly a literal Translation, it has no pretensions to be considered as such. It is, however, accompanied by many useful Notes, a portion of which, as embodying a careful analysis of the spirit of the writer, have been made available in the present Translation.

The "Amores" have also been previously translated into English verse, but not into prose.

The "Ars Amatoria" and the "Remedia Amoris" have never appeared in English prose, but a poetical version of them was made by Dryden, Congreve, and others. Their fluent lines, however, as might be presumed from the frequent

allusion to powdered beaux, wigs, "the playhouse," and other fashions of their day, are less a translation, than an adaptation of the work to the manners of the times. Their version, too, entirely omits a considerable portion of the original, and, in many instances, apparently for no other reason than because the passages so omitted are difficult of interpretation.

In the present translation of the *Amatory Poems*, paraphrases have in a few instances been found necessary, where a literal rendering could not have been presented to the public without a violation of the rules of decorum. It has also been thought advisable to leave the more exceptionable passages in the original Latin. The reader, if he is classical, will be able to translate them for himself; if he is not, he may rest assured that he sustains no loss. At the same time, it must in justice be acknowledged that both the *Amours* and the *Art of Love* contain a vast amount of most interesting information upon the domestic life of the Romans, not to be found in any other of the Classics, with the exception, perhaps, of *Petronius Arbiter*.

The fragment "*De Medicamine Faciei*," "on the Care of the Complexion," better known to the English reader as the "*Art of Beauty*," has been once previously translated into English verse, but not, it is believed, into prose.

The "*Nux*," or "*Walnut-tree*," has never before been published in English; nor has the "*Consolation to Livia Augusta*," a poem of considerable beauty, and now generally admitted to be the composition of Ovid.

The "*Three Responsive Epistles of Aulus Sabinus*" were translated into verse by Wye Saltonstall, in the seventeenth century. His performance, however, is decidedly inferior to

his version of the "Tristia," which is really a work of some merit. No translation of these Epistles has ever appeared in prose.

In conclusion, it is but just to acknowledge our obligations to Dr. Smith's valuable Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities, Fuss's Roman Antiquities, Becker's Gallus, Keightley's Mythology of Ancient Greece and Italy, and the very useful Latin Lexicon by Leverett, for a large amount of the varied information contained in the Notes.



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# THE HEROIDES,

OR

## EPISTLES<sup>1</sup> OF THE HEROINES.

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### EPISTLE I.

#### PENELOPE TO ULYSSES.

THE Trojan war having been caused by the perfidy of Paris, who carried off Helen, the wife of his host, Menelaus, king of Sparta, the Greeks, having in vain applied for redress, determined to revenge themselves by force of arms. Unwilling to embark in the expedition, Ulysses counterfeited madness; but on his stratagem being discovered by Palamedes, he accompanied the Grecian forces to Troy, where his valour and wisdom greatly contributed to the overthrow of that city. On returning, the Grecian ships, through the vengeance of Minerva, were overtaken by storms, whereby many were driven upon remote coasts, and the fugitives were involved in great distress. Among others, Ulysses wandered through various regions for above ten years, exposed to numerous dangers, and unable to regain his own country. Penelope, his wife, ignorant of the cause of his absence, but solicitous for his return, is supposed to address the present Epistle to her husband, in which she chides him for his long absence, and entreats him to return home to his wife and family, as, Troy being now overthrown, he can have no reason for his absence.

ULYSSES, thy Penelope<sup>2</sup> sends this to thee, *thus* delaying;

<sup>1</sup> *Epistles.*]—It may be here observed, that Scaliger attributes only fifteen of these Epistles to Ovid, and thinks that the following six—Paris to Helen, Helen to Paris, Leander to Hero, Hero to Leander, Acontius to Cydippe, and Cydippe to Acontius—were written by Sabinus; while the three which are usually ascribed to Sabinus, he attributes to some poet of the middle ages. In this opinion, however, he is not generally supported by the learned.

<sup>2</sup> *Penelope.*]—Ver. 1. She was the wife of Ulysses. Her original name is said by some writers to have been Amyre, or Arnæa. According to them, she was afterwards called Penelope, either from ‘Penelops,’ the name of a bird supposed to be the widgeon, she having been fed by those birds when exposed by her parents, or, as some would have it, from a Greek word, signifying ‘a web,’ on account of the great skill she displayed in the art of spinning.

but write me nothing in answer; do thou come thyself. Troy,<sup>3</sup> so hateful to the Grecian fair, doubtless lies prostrate: hardly was Priam<sup>4</sup> and the whole of Troy of such great importance. Oh! how I wish that at the time when he was making for Lacedæmon<sup>5</sup> with his fleet, the adulterer<sup>6</sup> had been overwhelmed in the raging waves! *Then* I had not lain cold in a deserted bed, nor forlorn<sup>7</sup> should I have complained that the days pass slowly on: the hanging web<sup>8</sup> would not *then*

<sup>3</sup> *Troy.*]—Ver. 3. Troy was called ‘Troja,’ from its king Tros, the son of Ericthonius and Calirrhœ. It was before called Teucra, from Teucer, and Dardania, from Dardanus.

<sup>4</sup> *Hardly was Priam.*]—Ver. 4. ‘Vix Priamus tanti, totaque Troja fuit.’ These words are thus rendered in Davison’s translation—‘Scarcely were Priam and all his kingdom worth such a mighty stir.’

<sup>5</sup> *Lacedæmon.*]—Ver. 5. Lacedæmon was a city of Peloponnesus, the capital of the dominions of Menelaüs, the husband of Helen. It received its name from Lacedæmon, the son of Jupiter and Taygete, the daughter of Atlas and Pleione. Another name of the same city was Sparta.

<sup>6</sup> *The adulterer.*]—Ver. 6. She alludes to Paris, the son of Priam, who carried off Helen, the wife of Menelaüs, and thereby caused the Trojan war. Her resentment will not allow her to call him by his proper name of Alexander or Paris, but suggests one which sufficiently distinguishes him, and at the same time reproaches him with his crimes.

<sup>7</sup> *Nor forlorn.*]—Ver. 8. She had now been left twenty years by him: he having been engaged ten years in the Trojan war, and another ten in his wanderings on his return homeward.

<sup>8</sup> *The hanging web.*]—Ver. 10. The term ‘pendula’ is used because the warp (which was called ‘stamen,’ from ‘sto,’ ‘to stand,’) stood erect in the loom, and did not lie horizontally, like those of the present day. Though weaving was a trade among the Greeks and Romans, every house of distinction, especially in the country, contained a loom, with the requisite apparatus for working wool. This occupation was supposed to be especially pleasing to Minerva, who was regarded in this character as the guardian of female industry and decorum. The work was mostly carried on by the female slaves, under the supervision of the mistress of the house, who, with her daughters, occasionally took a part in the more tasteful portion of their labours. The Greeks and Romans supplied themselves from their own looms with the ordinary articles of clothing; but the finer textile works of scarfs, shawls, carpets, and tapestry were mostly supplied them from the East. In the earlier ages of Greece and Rome, it was the duty of the matron, assisted by her daughters, to weave clothing for her husband and sons. Thus, Lucretia is depicted by Ovid, in the Second Book of the *Fasti*, as weaving a cloak for her husband. In the ‘*Ion*’ of Euripides, Creusa proves herself to be the mother of Ion, by describing the pattern of a shawl which she had made, and in which she had wrapped her infant son. In the ‘*Iphigenia in Tauris*’ of Euripides, Iphigenia



have wearied my widowed hands, as I seek to beguile<sup>9</sup> the lingering night.<sup>10</sup>

When have I not been dreading dangers more grievous than the reality? Love is a thing replete with anxious fears. Against thee did I fancy that the furious Trojans were rushing on; at the name of Hector I was always pale. If any one made mention of Antilochus,<sup>11</sup> conquered by Hector, Antilochus was the cause of my apprehensions; or if, how the son of Menœtius<sup>12</sup> had fallen in assumed armour, I lamented that his stratagem<sup>13</sup> should fail of success. Tlepolemus had stained recognizes Orestes, and in the 'Choëphoræ' of Æschylus, Electra also recognizes him, by the figured clothing which he wears, and which they had respectively long before woven for him. Shawls and fine garments were frequently woven as offerings to the temples of the Divinities.

<sup>9</sup> *Seek to beguile.*]—Ver. 9. In the Epistle of Hero to Leander there is a similar expression—'deceptæ pars noctis,' 'a portion of the beguiled night.'

<sup>10</sup> *The lingering night.*]—Ver. 10. Being much importuned by her suitors, some of whom threatened to carry her off by force, Penelope begged a respite, until she should have finished a web which she was then weaving. To prolong the time, she was in the habit of undoing at night what she had completed in the day. Hence the proverb, 'Penelopes telum texere,' 'to do and undo.'

<sup>11</sup> *Antilochus.*]—Ver. 15. Politian suggests that 'Amphimachus' should be read here instead of 'Antilochus,' inasmuch as not only Homer relates that Antilochus was slain by Memnon, but Quintus Calaber, Dictys the Cretan, and Pindar say the same. Some writers, however, think that the version given by Ovid is favoured by what Hyginus says in his 113th Fable; though in the 112th he follows the common account, that Antilochus was killed by Memnon. There was another Antilochus, son of Hercules, who was killed by Paris. As Amphimachus was killed by Æneas, it has been suggested that the reading should be 'Archilochus;' inasmuch as Dares the Phrygian says that a person of that name was slain by Hector. The Poet may, however, have designedly made the mistake; inasmuch it was not unlikely that Penelope, a female living at a great distance, might be ignorant of the minute circumstances of the war, and, gathering her information from report, might mistake one person for another. Besides, Ovid uses the word 'victus,' 'conquered:' and, as Heinsius justly observes, it is one thing to be conquered, but another to be killed.

<sup>12</sup> *Son of Menœtius.*]—Ver. 17. Patroclus was the son of Menœtius, and was the companion of Achilles. When this hero retired from the contest, on being deprived by Agamemnon of Briseis, Patroclus appeared in his armour on the field of battle, and was slain by Hector.

<sup>13</sup> *That his stratagem.*]—Ver. 18. Knowing that Ulysses was famed for his skill in stratagem, she expresses sorrow and apprehension that even stratagem may fail of success.

the Lycian spear with his blood ; by the death of Tlepolemus<sup>14</sup> were my cares renewed. In fine, whoever in the Grecian camp was slain, my affectionate breast was more cold than ice.

But the righteous God<sup>15</sup> had a regard for my chaste passion ; and Troy, my husband surviving,<sup>16</sup> has been reduced to ashes. The Argive chieftains<sup>17</sup> have returned ; the altars are smoking ; the spoils of the barbarians<sup>18</sup> are offered to the Gods of our country. The damsels newly married<sup>19</sup> are presenting the gifts of gratitude for the safe return of their husbands ; they *themselves* are celebrating the destinies of Troy overcome by their own.<sup>20</sup> Both virtuous old men and timid

<sup>14</sup> *Death of Tlepolemus.*]—Ver. 19. Astyoche was the daughter of Phyleus, king of Thesprotia. By Hercules she had Tlepolemus. Having killed his uncle, Lycimnius, in his father's house, he fled to Rhodes : whence he afterwards sailed with nine ships to aid the Grecian cause in the Trojan war. He was slain by Sarpedon, king of Lycia, who was in his turn slain by Patroclus.

<sup>15</sup> *The righteous God.*]—Ver. 23. By the Divinity here mentioned probably Hymenæus, the God of marriage, is meant.

<sup>16</sup> *My husband surviving.*]—Ver. 24. This she would learn from her son Telemachus, who was so informed by Menelaüs and Nestor.

<sup>17</sup> *The Argive chieftains.*]—Ver. 25. Such as Agamemnon, Menelaüs, and Nestor. The Trojan war, however, was fatal to most of the Grecian chiefs.

<sup>18</sup> *Of the barbarians.*]—Ver. 26. Franciscus suggests 'Dardana' in this line, in place of 'barbara.' But in the earlier ages of Greece the Phrygians were especially considered to be βαρβαροι.

<sup>19</sup> *Damsels newly married.*]—Ver. 27. The Poet here adopts the Greek word *νυμφή*, signifying 'a newly,' or 'recently married woman.' Heinsius suggests, that the reading should be 'nuptæ ;' the use of 'nymphæ' in this sense being so uncommon.

<sup>20</sup> *By their own.*]—Ver. 28. As each event that happened was supposed by the ancients to take place by the decree of fate, the poets, as in the present passage, sometimes use the word 'fate,' to signify the things accomplished by fate. By fate, was understood a succession of events, which must unavoidably take place, and which were to give rise the one to the other. There were several circumstances upon which the fate of Troy was said to depend. First, the life of Troilus, the son of Priam, who was slain by Achilles. Secondly, the preservation of the Palladium, or the image of Pallas, which was kept in the city ; this was carried off by Ulysses and Diomedes, who entered the city by night, and slew the guards of the place where it was deposited. Thirdly, the horses of Rhesus ; if they should not be captured before they 'had tasted of the pastures of Troy, and the waters of Xanthus,' as Virgil says: they were also carried

maidens are astonished; the wife hangs intently on the lips of her husband as he tells *the tale*. Some, a table being placed, describe there the dreadful battles; and they trace out the whole of Pergamus with a little wine.<sup>21</sup> This way flowed the Simois;<sup>22</sup> there is the Sigæan territory;<sup>23</sup> here stood the lofty palace of aged Priam; here was the grandson of Æacus encamped, here Ulysses; here mangled Hector frightened the steeds<sup>24</sup> in full career.

For aged Nestor related *it* all to thy son, who was sent<sup>25</sup> to seek thee, and he *again* to me. He related, too, how that Rhesus<sup>26</sup> and Dolon<sup>27</sup> were slain, and how the one was surprised in

off by Ulysses and Diomedes. And lastly, the sepulchre of Laomedon, in the Scæan gate, which was to remain untouched; this was partly destroyed, when that gate was taken down by the Trojans, for the purpose of admitting the wooden horse.

<sup>21</sup> *With a little wine.*]—Ver. 32. It was a common custom with the Greeks and Romans, after the ‘*cœna*,’ or chief meal, to set wine on the table, and to prolong the conversation to a late hour of the night. To describe positions and localities, they were in the habit of pouring a little wine on the table, and making the requisite delineation with the finger. Ovid mentions the same custom on other occasions; and in the Epistle from Helen to Paris, l. 88, he describes the lover as signifying his passion to his mistress by tracing the word ‘*amo*,’ ‘*I love*,’ on the table.

<sup>22</sup> *The Simois.*]—Ver. 33.—The Simois was a small river, near Troy, that flowed into the Scamander, and by its shallow course covered the neighbourhood with swamps and marshes.

<sup>23</sup> *The Sigæan territory.*]—Ver. 33. Sigæum was a promontory, near Troy. The ships of the Greeks were laid up in its vicinity. There, were also the tombs of Achilles, Patroclus, and Antilochus.

<sup>24</sup> *Frightened the steeds.*]—Ver. 36. This refers to the behaviour of Achilles to Hector, after he had slain him. He fastened his body to his chariot, and dragged it round the walls of Troy.

<sup>25</sup> *Who was sent.*]—Ver. 37. Penelope did not send Telemachus to seek his father Ulysses; but being incited to do so by the advice of Minerva, under the form of Mentès, the son of Anchialus, the king of the Taphians, unknown to any person but his nurse, Telemachus left Ithaca with that object. He visited Nestor in Pylos, and Menelaüs at Sparta, and there having learned the fortunes of the Greeks, at the taking of Troy, he returned to his mother.

<sup>26</sup> *Rhesus.*]—Ver. 39. Rhesus was the son of Eioneus, and the king of Thrace. Coming to the assistance of Priam in the night, he was obliged to pitch his camp outside of the city. On hearing of this, Ulysses and Diomedes surprised his guards, who, through the fatigue of their march, had fallen asleep, and slaying Rhesus, carried off his white steeds, and his chariot that was adorned with gold and silver.

<sup>27</sup> *And Dolon.*]—Ver. 39. Dolon was a Trojan by birth, the son of

his sleep, the other by stratagem. Thou didst venture, O thou, far, far too forgetful of thy fame, to enter the Thracian camp by a stratagem in the night; and to slay so many<sup>28</sup> men together, *when aided by but one*. But *no doubt*<sup>29</sup> thou wast extremely careful, and didst first bethink thyself of me. My bosom continually throbb'd with fear, until thou wast reported to have proceeded as a conqueror through the allied ranks with the Ismarian steeds.<sup>30</sup> But what avails me Ilion hurled down by thy arms? and that level ground, which once was walls;<sup>31</sup> if I remain just as I remained while Troy was flourishing, and if thou, my husband, art afar from me, to be lamented by me eternally? To others Pergamus is demolished, to me alone it survives; *Pergamus*, which the victorious inhabitant is ploughing with the captured steer?

Now 'tis a field of corn<sup>32</sup> where once Troy stood; and the ground, destined to be plied with the sickle, is rich, fattened with Phrygian blood. The half buried bones of men are struck by the curving ploughs; grass covers over the ruinous houses. Victorious, thou art absent, and it is not granted to me to know what is the cause of thy delaying, or in what

Eumedes. He was sent by Hector as a spy into the Grecian camp; and the horses of Achilles were promised to him, as the reward of his services. Diomedes and Ulysses being engaged in a similar pursuit, and meeting him, offered to spare his life if he would reveal the counsels and plans of the Trojans. To this he consented; and, among other things, disclosed the recent arrival of Rhesus; after which he was treacherously put to death. It does not seem very probable that Penelope would remind her husband of a transaction which was so much to the discredit of himself and his friend Diomedes.

<sup>28</sup> *Slay so many.*]—Ver. 43. Penelope is here flattering her husband. Diomedes slew Rhesus and his twelve attendants. He also slew Dolon.

<sup>29</sup> *But no doubt.*]—Ver. 44. This is said ironically.

<sup>30</sup> *Ismarian steeds.*]—Ver. 46. Ismarus was a mountain of Thrace.

<sup>31</sup> *Once was walls.*]—Ver. 48. Scaliger is severe upon this line: as he says that a wall cannot become the ground. This is rather hypercritical, as the place where the walls stood is evidently meant by the Poet.

<sup>32</sup> *A field of corn.*]—Ver. 53. Lucan, in the Ninth Book of his *Pharsalia*, introduces Cato as visiting the site of Troy: 'and he seeks the famous vestiges of the Phœbean walls—the memorable name of burned Troy—now become barren woods, and the rotten trunks of trees.'—'The whole of Troy is covered with shrubs: even its ruins are gone.'

corner of the world, in thy cruelty, thou art concealed.<sup>33</sup> Whoever steers his stranger bark to these shores, departs after having been asked by me many a question about thee; and to him is entrusted the paper inscribed with my fingers for him to deliver to thee, if he should only see thee anywhere.

To Pylos, the Neleian lands of the aged Nestor, have I sent; from Pylos an uncertain report was sent back. To Sparta, too,<sup>34</sup> have I sent: Sparta, also, was ignorant of the truth, what regions thou dost inhabit, or where, *thus* lingering, thou art absent. More to my advantage would the walls of Phœbus<sup>35</sup> be standing even now. (Alas! in my fickleness I am vexed at my own wishes.) I should *then* know where thou art fighting, and warfare alone should I dread; and with *those of many others*,<sup>36</sup> would my complaints be joined. What to fear I know not; still, bewildered, I dread every thing; and a wide field lies open for my cares. Whatever dangers the sea presents, whatever the land, these I suspect to be the causes of a delay so prolonged.

While in my folly I am imagining these things (such is the inconstancy of you *men*<sup>37</sup>), thou mayst be captivated<sup>38</sup> by some foreign beauty. Perhaps, too, thou mayst be telling how homely thy wife is, who only will not allow the wool to be

<sup>33</sup> *Thou art concealed.*]—Ver. 58. She implies a suspicion that her husband is detained by a passion for some rival, which causes him to be concealed.

<sup>34</sup> *To Sparta too.*]—Ver. 65. On enquiring of Menelaüs, Telemachus could gain no information relative to Ulysses. At his departure he was presented by Menelaüs with a goblet which Vulcan had made, and a robe which Helen had woven.

<sup>35</sup> *Walls of Phœbus.*]—Ver. 67. Phœbus and Neptune had aided Laomedon in building the walls of Troy.

<sup>36</sup> *Of many others.*]—Ver. 70. It is not an uncommon notion that companionship in grief is a solace.

<sup>37</sup> *Of you men.*]—Ver. 75. The word 'vestra' is here appropriately used, as applying to husbands in general. Judging from what they do, she thinks that it is not improbable that Ulysses may be doing the same.

<sup>38</sup> *Mayst be captivated.*]—Ver. 76. Penelope here only intimates the suspicions that occasionally cross her mind. As she is entirely ignorant of what has happened to Ulysses since his departure from Troy, it is not to be supposed that she here alludes to Calypso and Circe; though such an idea has been suggested by some Commentators. By Circe, Ulysses was the father of Telegonus, and by Calypso, of Auso, from whom Italy received the name of Ausonia.

unspun.<sup>39</sup> May I prove mistaken, and may this charge vanish into unsubstantial air ; and mayst thou not, free to return, be desiring to be absent. My father, Icarus,<sup>40</sup> urges me to leave a widowed bed, and is always chiding thy protracted delay. Let him chide on ; thine I am, thy Penelope must I be called ; the wife of Ulysses will I ever be. Still, by my affection and my chaste entreaties is he softened, and himself restrains his own authority. Suitors from Dulichium,<sup>41</sup> and Same,<sup>42</sup> and those whom the lofty Zacynthus<sup>43</sup> has given birth to, a wanton crew,<sup>44</sup> are besetting me ; and in thy palace do they rule, with no one to hinder them ; thy wealth, our *very* entrails, is being dissipated *by them*.

Why should I mention<sup>45</sup> to thee Pisander and Polybus, and ugly Medon,<sup>46</sup> and the greedy hands of Eurymachus, and of Antinoüs,<sup>47</sup> and others, all of whom in thy absence, to thy disgrace, thou art supporting with the substance acquired by

<sup>39</sup> *Wool to be unspun.*]—Ver. 78. ‘Quæ tantum lanas non sinat esse rudes.’ The following is the vague translation of this line given by Davison—‘who minds only the spindle and the distaff.’

<sup>40</sup> *My father Icarus.*]—Ver. 81. Penelope was the daughter of Icarus and Polycaste. Leucadius and Alyzes were her brothers. Her father, concluding from the long absence of Ulysses that he would not return, importuned her to resign all thoughts of him, and to marry Eurymachus, whom he favoured before the other suitors.

<sup>41</sup> *Dulichium.*]—Ver. 87. Dulichium was one of the cluster of islands called the Echinades, on the western side of the Peloponnesus. It formed part of the realms of Ulysses.

<sup>42</sup> *Same.*]—Ver. 87. Samos was the name of several islands. The one here mentioned was also called Samos, and had a city of that name. It formed part of the dominions of Ulysses ; its present name is Cephalenia.

<sup>43</sup> *Zacynthus.*]—Ver. 87. This island lay to the south of Same, and was part of the realms of Ulysses.

<sup>44</sup> *A wanton crew.*]—Ver. 88. The word ‘turba,’ ‘multitude,’ or ‘rout,’ is by some thought to apply rather to the riotous demeanour of the suitors of Penelope, than their number. But surely no word but ‘turba’ could apply to a body, of whom fifty-two were from Dulichium, twenty-four from Same.

<sup>45</sup> *Why should I mention.*]—Ver. 91. She here names a few of her suitors, to move his indignation and prompt his return. Pisander was the son of Polycetor. Medon followed the occupation of a herald.

<sup>46</sup> *Ugly Medon.*]—Ver. 91. It is hard to say why the epithet ‘dirum’ is here given especially to Medon, whom Ulysses spared for his comparative inoffensiveness. It is most probable that in this place it means nothing more than ‘ugly,’ or ‘disagreeable.’

<sup>47</sup> *And of Antinoüs.*]—Ver. 92. Eurymachus and Antinoüs were the chief in rank of the suitors.

thy blood. Needy Irus,<sup>48</sup> and Melanthius,<sup>49</sup> who drives thy flocks to pasture, are added to thy evils, as the crowning disgrace. We are, in number, three unprotected persons; thy wife without strength, Laërtes<sup>50</sup> an aged man, and Telemachus a boy. By treachery<sup>51</sup> has he been nearly torn from me of late; while, against the will of all, he was preparing to go to Pylos. May the Gods ordain, I pray, that, while the destinies proceed in *the usual order*,<sup>52</sup> he may close my eyes,—he *may close* thine. Both the keeper of thy oxen<sup>53</sup> and thy aged nurse do the same; and as a third, the guardian of the unclean sty. But neither is<sup>54</sup> Laërtes, as being one incapable of bearing arms, able to hold his sway in the midst of enemies. To Telema-

<sup>48</sup> *Needy Irus.*]—Ver. 95. Irus was an indigent wretch of Ithaca, of vast size, but of no strength or courage. Ulysses slew him with a blow of his fist.

<sup>49</sup> *Melanthius.*]—Ver. 95. Melanthius was the goat-herd of Ulysses, who joined the suitors of Penelope in consuming the flocks of his master.

<sup>50</sup> *And Laërtes.*]—Ver. 98. Laërtes is generally called the father of Ulysses. Sometimes, indeed, he is reproachfully styled the son of Sisyphus; for his mother, Anticlea, after being betrothed to Laërtes, was carried off by the robber Sisyphus, and by him she was said to have become the mother of Ulysses. Ajax, in the contention for the armour of Achilles, reproaches him with this. See the 13th Book of the *Metamorphoses*.

<sup>51</sup> *By treachery.*]—Ver. 99. The suitors, as we learn from Homer, tried to intercept Telemachus on his road to the court of Nestor; but by the interposition of Minerva, he was saved.

<sup>52</sup> *In the usual order.*]—Ver. 101. That is, the more aged being the first to die. It was the office of the nearest relatives to close the eyes of the dying. Varro, however, tells us that by the Mævian law it was forbidden that sons should close the eyes of their parents when dying.

<sup>53</sup> *Of thy oxen.*]—Ver. 103. She alludes to Philetius the neat-herd, Eumæus the swine-herd, and Euryclea, the daughter of Pisenor, the nurse of Ulysses.

<sup>54</sup> *But neither is.*]—Ver. 104. The following are the remarks of Daniel Heinsius on the present passage:—"Some critics have supposed that many passages of this Epistle have been carelessly transposed; and of this I myself am convinced. About the present passage I have no doubt; for what relation do the present lines bear to the former ones? Penelope, unless I am mistaken, does not mean to say that she wishes the neatherd, or the nurse of Ulysses, to close her own eyes and those of her husband. I am of opinion then that the whole passage ought to be readjusted, and that it should stand thus:—

"Tres sumus imbelles numero: sine viribus uxor  
 Laërtesque senex, Telemachusque puer.  
 Sed neque Laërtes, ut qui sit inutilis armis  
 Hostibus in mediis regna tenere potest.

chus (if he only lives) a more vigorous age will be given; now ought it to be defended by the aid of his father. I have no strength to drive the enemy from thy abode; come, speedily, *then*, the refuge and sanctuary of thy family.

Thou hast, and *long* mayst thou have, a son, who, in his tender years, ought to have been trained to the virtues of his father. Think of Laërtes; that thou mayst still close his eyes, he still drags on the closing hours of *his existence*. I, no doubt,<sup>55</sup> who was *but* a girl when thou didst depart, shall seem to have become an old woman, though thou shouldst return at once.

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## EPISTLE II.

### PHYLLIS TO DEMOPHOÏN.

DEMOPHOÏN, the son of Phædra and Theseus, king of Athens, on his return from the Trojan war, being overtaken by a tempest, was obliged to make for the coast of Thrace, which was at that time governed by Phyllis, the daughter of Lycurgus and Crustumena. From her he met with a most hospitable reception, and at length was admitted to share her bed. Hearing of the death of Mnestheus, who, after the expulsion of Theseus, had taken possession of the government of Athens, and urged by a desire of recovering his kingdom, he resolved

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Nec mihi sunt vires inimicos pellere tectis,  
 Tu potius venias, portus et ara tuis.  
 Telemacho veniet (vivat modo) fortior ætas,  
 Nunc erat auxiliis illa tuenda patris.  
 Hoc faciunt, custosque boum, longævaque nutrix :  
 Tertius immundæ cura fidelis haræ.

“We are in number three unprotected persons, thy wife without strength, Laërtes an aged man, and Telemachus, a boy. But neither is Laertes, as being one incapable of bearing arms, able to hold his sway in the midst of enemies. I have no strength to drive the enemy from thy abode; come speedily *then*, the refuge and sanctuary of thy family. To Telemachus (if he only lives) a more vigorous age will be given; now ought it to be defended by the aid of his father. Both the keeper of thy oxen and thy aged nurse do the same, and as a third, the guardian of the unclean stye.”

<sup>55</sup> *I, no doubt.*]—Ver. 115. She closes by endeavouring to move his compassion in her own behalf. He had married her in her youth, and had left her soon after her marriage—she has languished through the flower of her life in his absence; now age is growing upon her, and her beauty is beginning to fade, so that she must naturally appear at the time of his return, different from what she was at his departure. She entreats him to hasten, before all the remains of what had formerly recommended her, are lost.



to sail for Athens, promising Phyllis that he would return in a month. Having reached that city he entirely forgot his promise. Phyllis, therefore, after four months had expired, wrote to him the above Epistle, entreating him to remember her kindness, and not to break his promise, and threatening that she would inflict on herself a violent death, if he should fail to return.

DEMOPHOÖN, <sup>56</sup> I thy Rhodopeian<sup>57</sup> entertainer, Phyllis, am complaining that thou art absent beyond the prescribed time. Thy anchor was promised to our shores when the horns of the moon should once have closed<sup>58</sup> in her full orb. Four times has the moon waned; four times by her full orb has she been renewed, and *yet* the Sithonian waves<sup>59</sup> bear not the Actæan ships.<sup>60</sup> If thou dost reckon the time, which we who are in love *so* carefully reckon, not before its day does my complaint come; my hopes, too,<sup>61</sup> have been slow *to depart*; with

<sup>56</sup> *Demophoön.*—Ver. 1. The story of Demophoön and Phyllis is thus related by Hyginus, ch. 59. “Demophoön, the son of Theseus, is said to have been entertained by Phyllis in Thrace, and to have been beloved by her. Wishing to revisit his native country, he promised to return to her on a certain day. Not arriving on the day named, Phyllis is said on that day to have run down to the shore nine times, which thence received the name of the Enneados, or ‘nine journies.’ Phyllis died of sorrow on losing Demophoön. Her parents having erected a tomb in her honour, trees sprang up around it; which at a certain time of the year lament Phyllis, their leaves withering and falling off. From her name the leaves of trees came to be called by the Greeks *φυλλα* (*phylla*).”

<sup>57</sup> *Rhodopeian.*—Ver. 1. Phyllis is called ‘Rhodopeia,’ from Rhodope, a mountain of Thrace, her native country. Some authors state that Rhodope, a queen of Thrace, for her contempt of the Gods, was changed into that mountain, and that thence it had its name. Others say that she was only buried upon it.

<sup>58</sup> *Once have closed.*—Ver. 3. Semel, ‘once,’ and not ‘quater,’ ‘four times,’ seems to be the proper reading; as the story is that Demophoön had promised to return in a month.

<sup>59</sup> *Sithonian waves.*—Ver. 6. Namely, the waves that beat the Thracian coast. We learn from Aulus Gellius that Sithon was an ancient name of Thrace.

<sup>60</sup> *Actæan ships.*—Ver. 6. ‘Actæas,’ ‘Attic,’ or ‘Athenian,’ from the Greek word *ἀκτις*, ‘the shore;’ because Attica was a region on the sea-shore.

<sup>61</sup> *My hopes, too.*—Ver. 9. The sentiment in this passage is extremely natural: Ovid well understood many of the phases of human nature. How unwilling are we to believe the contrary of what we wish; so much so, that the wish is the father to the thought. How ready are we to find a thousand excuses, or even to be guilty of possible untruths. in favour of those whom we are desirous to find innocent.

hesitation do we believe that, which believed, distresses us ; now both reluctant and in love, it does distress me.

Oft have I deceived<sup>62</sup> myself for thee ; often have I thought that the stormy South winds would bring back thy white sails. Theseus have I cursed, because he was unwilling to let thee go ; and *yet*, perhaps, he did not withhold thy return. Sometimes have I dreaded lest, while thou wast making towards the shallows of Hebrus,<sup>63</sup> thy wrecked bark might be swallowed up by the foaming waves : oft as a suppliant, perfidious man, have I entreated the Gods in thy behalf, worshipping them with my prayers, at the altars that burn the frankincense. Often, as I saw the winds favouring both the seas and skies, have I said to myself, "If he is alive, he will come." In fine, my trusting affection has imagined whatever causes delay to those in haste ; and in *making* excuses I have been ingenious.

But, lingering on, thou art absent ; neither do the Deities by which thou didst swear, bring thee back ; and moved by love for me, thou dost not return. Demophoön, both thy words<sup>64</sup> and thy sails hast thou given to the winds ; I complain that thy sails fail in thy return, thy word fails in truthfulness. Tell me what I have done, except that I loved thee not with prudence. By my fault I should have endeared myself to thee. My only fault, perfidious man, is, that I received thee ; but that fault has the force of, and is equal to, merit. Where now are thy vows, *where* thy honour, and thy right hand joined to my right hand ? and *where* the God<sup>65</sup> that so oft was on thy perjured lips ? Where, *now*, is Hymenæus, who was promised for our united years, who was the pledge and the security of my *future* marriage ?

<sup>62</sup> *Oft have I deceived.*—Ver. 11. She has even persuaded herself of the reality of the excuses which she herself has invented to account for his not having returned.

<sup>63</sup> *Hebrus.*—Ver. 15. The Hebrus was a river of Thrace, which separated the territories of the Peantes and the Dolonci. It also touched upon the Ciconian territory.

<sup>64</sup> *Both thy words.*—Ver. 25. Some think that this expresses resentment and indignation on the part of Phyllis : but if we examine the passage, we shall find that it implies the greatest love and tenderness. It begins a mournful expostulation with him for having disappointed her, and for having caused so much trouble to one so constant to himself, and whose only error was an unbounded affection.

<sup>65</sup> *Where the God.*—Ver. 32. Cupid is the Divinity here alluded to.

By the sea didst thou swear, which is agitated throughout by winds and by waves, over which so oft thou hadst gone, *so oft* thou wast destined to go; by thy grandsire<sup>66</sup> also *didst thou swear* to me (if he, too, is not falsely *called so*), who soothes the sea when aroused by the winds; by Venus, and the weapons, too successful, alas! against myself, the bow the one weapon,<sup>67</sup> the torch the other; and by Juno,<sup>68</sup> who, genial *Deity*, presides over the nuptial couch; and by the mystic rites of the Goddess that bears the torch.<sup>69</sup> If each of the Divinities out of so many *thus* wronged should take vengeance for their *injured* Godheads, thou, but one, wouldst not be sufficient for the retribution.

But in my madness I even refitted thy damaged ships, that *more* safely might speed the bark in which I was deserted. Oars, too, have I supplied, in order that, about to abandon me, thou mightst fly. Wounds, alas! am I enduring, inflicted by my own weapons! I confided in the soothing words,<sup>70</sup> of which thou hast *such* a command; in thy kindred and in thy titles did I confide; I confided in thy tears; are

<sup>66</sup> *Thy grandsire.*]—Ver. 38. Some Commentators think that Ægeus is here referred to, who was changed into a Divinity of the sea on precipitating himself into it. He was the father of Theseus, and the grandfather of Demophoön. Others would take ‘*avus*’ to mean ‘*great*’ grandfather, and to allude to Neptune, the father of Ægeus. But, according to some accounts, Neptune was the father of Theseus, and the grandfather of Demophoön. Isocrates, in his *Encomium of Helen*, makes mention of this belief. Euripides, too, in his ‘*Hippolytus*,’ speaks of Neptune as the father of Theseus.

<sup>67</sup> *The one weapon.*]—Ver. 40. The bow and arrows and the lighted torch were represented by the poets and painters as the especial weapons of Cupid. They are occasionally ascribed to Venus herself.

<sup>68</sup> *By Juno.*]—Ver. 41. This Goddess, in the character of Juno Pronuba, presided over the marriage bed.

<sup>69</sup> *That bears the torch.*]—Ver. 42. This was the Eleusinian Ceres, whose sacred rites were performed in the night with torches, in remembrance of her having gone in search of her daughter Proserpine, when ravished by Pluto, in the night time, having first lighted her pine torch at Mount Ætna. Her priests thence obtained the name of ‘*Daduchi*,’ or ‘*torch-bearers*.’

<sup>70</sup> *The soothing words.*]—Ver. 49. It being a solace to think that our misfortunes are not brought upon us by any fault of our own, Phyllis here endeavours to justify herself, and to throw the whole blame on the perfidious conduct of Demophoön. Her own innocence and simplicity plead for her. She gave entire credit to his oaths and protestations, his fine speeches and pretended tears. Being herself a stranger to deceit, she apprehended no such conduct in him.

these, too, taught to dissemble? Have these, too, their artifices, and do they flow just as they are bid? In the Gods, too, did I put my trust; where now are these many pledges *given* to me? By means of them in any way could I have been deceived. *Yet* I am not vexed that in my harbour and kingdom I received thee; but that ought to have been the limit of my kindness.

I am ashamed that I disgracefully added the social couch to hospitality, and that I laid my side by thine. I could wish that the night that was before that one had been my last, while yet I could have died the chaste Phyllis. I hoped the best, because I thought that I deserved *the best*; whatever hopes arise from deserts, justly arise. It is no mighty glory to deceive a trusting mind; my innocence was deserving of kindness. Both a woman and in love, by thy words have I been deceived. May the Gods grant that to be the amount of thy glories; among the descendants, too, of Ægeus, mayst thou be erected<sup>71</sup> in the midst of the city; may thy father, graced with inscriptions, stand before thee. When Scyron<sup>72</sup> shall be read of, and the fierce Procrustes,<sup>73</sup> and Sinis,<sup>74</sup> and the mingled shape<sup>75</sup> of the bull *and* of the man; Thebes, too,<sup>76</sup>

<sup>71</sup> *Mayst thou be erected.*]—Ver. 67. That is, 'may a statue of you be erected, together with those of your father Theseus and your brothers, the descendants of Ægeus, in the midst of Athens, your native city.'

<sup>72</sup> *Scyron.*]—Ver. 69. He was the son of Canethus and Henioche, the daughter of Pittheus. He haunted a spot in the territory of Megara, where he was famous for his robberies and cruelty. He was in the habit of plundering travellers, and then throwing them headlong from the rocks into the sea. Theseus, on his way to Athens, attacked and slew him.

<sup>73</sup> *Procrustes.*]—Ver. 69. He inhabited a spot in Attica, called Corydalus, and it was his custom to measure such travellers as fell into his hands by his bed. If too long, he cut them shorter; but if too short, he stretched them till they were of an equal length with it. We learn from Diodorus Siculus, that he was slain by Theseus.

<sup>74</sup> *Sinis.*]—Ver. 70. Sinis was a cruel robber, who lived on the Isthmus of Corinth. With his mighty strength he bent together the branches of trees, and having fastened travellers to them, unfastened the boughs; which, on regaining their former positions, tore the unhappy victims to pieces.

<sup>75</sup> *Mingled shape.*]—Ver. 70. She alludes to the Minotaur, a monster whose form was partly that of a man, and partly of a bull; it was begotten upon Pasiphaë by a bull. It was kept in the Cretan labyrinth, and was slain by Theseus.

<sup>76</sup> *Thebes too.*]—Ver. 71. Thebes in Bœotia was founded by Cadmus. Theseus took the city, and slew its king Creon, because he had denied the rites of sepulture to the Argives.

subdued in war, and the double-limbed *Centaur*s<sup>77</sup> dispersed; and the dusky palace<sup>78</sup> of the black God stormed; next to him, may thy statue be marked with this inscription:<sup>79</sup> ‘This is he whose loving entertainer was betrayed by guile.’

Out of so great a multitude of exploits, and the deeds of thy parent, the Cretan dame deserted was pleasing<sup>80</sup> to thy feelings. That which alone calls for an excuse,<sup>81</sup> in him alone dost thou admire; perfidious man, thou dost make thyself the heir to thy father’s deceit. She enjoys (I envy her not) a better husband:<sup>82</sup> and she is seated aloft with the harnessed tigers.<sup>83</sup> But the Thracian *youths* whom I scorned avoid an alliance with me, because I am said to have preferred a foreigner to my own countrymen. And some say, ‘Now let her repair to learned Athens: there shall be another person to reign over warlike Thrace. The result proves<sup>84</sup> all actions.’

<sup>77</sup> *Double-limbed Centaurs.*]—Ver. 71. The Centaurs were the sons of Ixion and a cloud, which was substituted to meet Ixion’s violence in place of Juno. At the marriage of Pirithoüs, the friend of Theseus, they offered violence to Hippodamia, the bride, on which they were attacked by Theseus, Peleus, Nestor, and the Lapithæ, who slew some and put the rest of them to flight. They were fabled to resemble a human being in the upper part of the body, and a horse in the lower.

<sup>78</sup> *The dusky palace.*]—Ver. 72. Theseus broke into the realms of Pluto, the king of the Infernal regions, that he might carry off Proserpine, whom his friend Pirithoüs desired for a wife. Pirithoüs was slain by Cerberus, while Theseus was taken prisoner and detained until he was set at liberty by Hercules.

<sup>79</sup> *With this inscription.*]—Ver. 73. That the contrast between your exploits and those of your father may be put in the strongest light.

<sup>80</sup> *Was pleasing.*]—Ver. 76. She says that of all the deeds of his father, his desertion of the Cretan princess Ariadne, was the only one that had made an impression on his mind.

<sup>81</sup> *Calls for an excuse.*]—Ver. 77. The meaning is, ‘You admire that only in your father which he seeks to excuse; and in which he acknowledges himself to have been culpable.’

<sup>82</sup> *A better husband.*]—Ver. 79. Having been deserted by Theseus, in the island of Naxos, Ariadne became the favourite of Bacchus, who married her, and gave her a diadem, which was afterwards placed by him among the Constellations. According to some accounts, Ariadne herself was placed there. See the Third Book of the *Fasti*.

<sup>83</sup> *Harnessed tigers.*]—Ver. 80. Bacchus, on his return from India, was represented as drawn by harnessed tigers. Meeting with Ariadne at that period, he placed her in his chariot.

<sup>84</sup> *The result proves.*]—Ver. 85. These words are by some attributed to the Thracians, who are censuring Phyllis, while others attribute

I trust that he may fail of success, whoever thinks that actions are to be judged of by the result; for if the seas were now foaming with thy oars, I should be now said to have studied my own interest, and that of my people. But neither have I consulted them; nor will my palace receive thee; nor wilt thou bathe thy wearied limbs in the Bistonian waters.<sup>85</sup>

That form of *thine*, as thou didst depart, is impressed upon my eyes, at the time when thy fleet, about to sail, occupied my harbour. Thou didst venture to embrace me, and, throwing thyself on my loving neck, to imprint the lengthened kisses,<sup>86</sup> and with thy tears to mingle my own tears, and to complain that the breeze was favourable for thy sails, and at thy departure to say, with thy last words, “Phyllis, take care and expect thy Demophoön.” Should I expect thee, who didst depart, never again to see me? Should I expect the sails that are denied to my seas? And yet I do expect *thee*; though late, return to her who loves thee: that thy promise may have failed in the time only *for thy return*.

What, in my wretchedness, am I praying for?<sup>87</sup> Already perhaps some other wife detains thee, and a love that is inauspicious for me. And soon as I was lost to thy sight, of no Phyllis, I suppose, thou didst know! Ah me! shouldst

them to Phyllis herself. The former seems to be the most probable supposition; on which the rejoinder of Phyllis commences, who wishes bad luck to all who judge of actions only according to the result.

<sup>85</sup> *Bistonian waters.*]—Ver. 90. According to Antoninus Liberalis, Bistonis was the name of a lake in Thrace.

<sup>86</sup> *The lengthened kisses.*]—Ver. 94. The literal translation of this line is—‘To join the impressed kisses with long delays.’ She here puts him in mind of his insinuating manner when he parted with her, and the hopes he had raised of speedily revisiting her. She tells him that he hung upon her neck and nearly smothered her with embraces, and blamed the winds for being so favourable for his voyage, and charged her to expect his immediate return.

<sup>87</sup> *Am I praying for.*]—Ver. 103. Penelope, in the preceding letter, thinking that inconstancy is the common failing of husbands, suspects a similar reason for her husband’s absence. Plutarch relates that Demophoön had an intrigue with a damsel named Laodice, by whom he had a son whose name was Munychus: others say that the name of his mistress was Calliope. This intrigue, however, took place before Demophoön arrived in Thrace, and had become known to Phyllis. The same story is told at length by Parthenius in his *Erotica*, except that for Demophoön he substitutes Acamas, who was the brother of Demophoön.

thou enquire who I, Phyllis, am, and whence *I come*. I, who, Demophoön, gave thee, when driven after prolonged wanderings, the Thracian harbours and hospitality; whose wealth my own *riches* increased; to whom in want, in my opulence, I gave many a present, and was likely to give many *more*. I, who subjected to thee the extended realms of Lycurgus,<sup>88</sup> hardly well enough adapted to be ruled in the name of a female: where the ice-clad Rhodope extends to the shady Hæmus,<sup>89</sup> and the sacred Hebrus<sup>90</sup> rolls forth his waters onward speeding: whose virginity was violated *by thee* with unhappy omens, and whose girdle was unfastened by thy treacherous hand.<sup>91</sup>

Over that match did presiding Tisiphone<sup>92</sup> howl, and the solitary bird uttered its mournful notes. Alecto was there, *her hair* wreathed with short serpents; and the light was waved with the sepulchral torch.<sup>93</sup> Still, in my sorrow, do I pace the rocks and the shores overgrown with shrubs, and *the spots*, where the wide seas extend before my view. Whether by day

<sup>88</sup> *Realms of Lycurgus.*—Ver. 111. He was the son of Boreas or of Dyas, and was king of Thrace. Despising the rites of Bacchus, he was afflicted with madness, and hewed off his own legs with a hatchet. The mention of him here is thought to be very appropriate, as, while he ruled in Thrace, he not only denied hospitality to strangers, but was in the habit of putting them to death.

<sup>89</sup> *Shady Hæmus.*—Ver. 113. She describes the vast extent of her kingdom. ‘It includes,’ she says, ‘Mount Rhodope, and reaches as far as Hæmus and the river Hebrus.’

<sup>90</sup> *Sacred Hebrus.*—Ver. 114. The Hebrus is called ‘sacer,’ either because all rivers were frequented by river Gods and water Nymphs, or because the inspired Orpheus lived on its banks, and, when he was torn to pieces, his head was thrown into its waves; or else, because the orgies of Bacchus were celebrated in its vicinity.

<sup>91</sup> *Thy treacherous hand.*—Ver. 116. Burmann suggests that there should be a note of interrogation at the end of this line, to show the indignation of Phyllis at the conduct of the man for whom she has made such sacrifices.

<sup>92</sup> *Tisiphone.*—Ver. 117. Tisiphone, being ‘Pronuba,’ would be inauspiciously supplying the place of Juno ‘Pronuba.’ The ‘pronubæ’ were also the women who directed the marriage ceremony on the part of the bride, ‘the bridewomen.’

<sup>93</sup> *The sepulchral torch.*—Ver. 120. According to Plutarch, the nuptial torches were lighted in honour of the Gods above, while the funereal torches were lighted in honour of the infernal Deities. The funereal torches were also used for the purpose of setting fire to the funeral pile.

the earth is refreshed, or whether the chilly stars are shining, I am looking forth what winds impel the waves. And whatever sails I see coming afar, at once I conclude that the Deities are propitious<sup>94</sup> to me. Towards the shore I run, the waves hardly restraining me, where the inconstant billows extend the margin of their waters. The nearer they approach, less and less firmly do I stand : I faint away and I fall, to be supported by my maids.

There is a bay,<sup>95</sup> bending slightly like a drawn bow ; the promontories at its extremities are rugged with lofty rocks ; hence have I intended to hurl my body into the waves below : and since thou dost persist in deceiving me, *so* it will be. The friendly billows may bear me, *thus* thrown down, to thy shores, and unburied I may meet thy eyes. Though thou shouldst surpass iron and adamant, and thy own self in hardness, thou wilt say, “ Phyllis, not thus ought I to have been followed by thee.” Often have I a thirst for poisons ; often does it please me, pierced by the sword to die by a bloody death. My neck, too, because it has allowed itself to be embraced by perfidious arms, do I wish to be encircled in a halter. It is my determination to atone for my injured honour by a premature death : but little delay shall there be for the choice of that death.<sup>96</sup>

On my tomb<sup>97</sup> thou wilt be described as the hated cause of

<sup>94</sup> *Deities are propitious.*]—Ver. 126. She may possibly allude to the figures of the Divinities which were painted on the sterns of vessels.

<sup>95</sup> *There is a bay.*]—Ver. 131. Phyllis is at length reduced to despair, and declares her resolution of putting an end to her life, if he shall continue to slight her passion. This passage is remarkable for its beauty. She revolves in her mind several modes of death, and at last determines to throw herself into the sea. Her love extends beyond the termination of her existence, and she soothes her mind with the reflection, that when dead, some favourable wind may carry her body to the Athenian shore, and that if there her body shall chance to meet his eyes, it will, even in despite of himself, excite his compassion.

<sup>96</sup> *Choice of that death.*]—Ver. 144. According to some writers, she hung herself to an almond tree, which at once withered away, but afterwards became green on the approach of Demophoön ; others say she died of grief, and was then changed into an almond tree.

<sup>97</sup> *On my tomb.*]—Ver. 145. According to Coluthus, in his Poem on the Rape of Helen, when Paris was going to Greece to carry off Helen, the sepulchre of Phyllis was visible on Pangæum, a promontory of Thrace. This, however, could not be the case if, as other writers say, Demophoön was entertained by Phyllis on his return from the Trojan war.



my destruction ; either by this or a like inscription wilt thou be known : ‘ Demophoön, the guest,<sup>98</sup> caused the destruction of his loving Phyllis : he supplied the cause for her death, she the hand.’

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### EPISTLE III.

#### BRISEÏS TO ACHILLES.

AFTER the Greeks had arrived in Phrygia, they attacked all the cities in the vicinity of Troy, particularly those opposite to the isle of Lesbos. Among the rest, Achilles, the son of Peleus, king of Thrace, and of Thetis, assaulted the territories of Thebes and Lyrnesus, and having taken Chyrnesium, he carried off two beautiful damsels, one of whom was Astynome, the daughter of Chryses, the priest of Apollo Smintheus, the other, Hippodamia, the daughter of Brises, who received the respective surnames of Chryseïs and Briseïs from their parents. Chryseïs was given by Achilles to Agamemnon, while Briseïs was reserved for himself. Agamemnon being obliged, in compliance with the will of the Gods, to restore Chryseïs to her father, wrongfully deprived Achilles of the possession of Briseïs. Enraged at this insult, Achilles withdrew his forces, and refused to assist the allies against the Trojans. The Greeks being several times worsted by the Trojans, Agamemnon sent deputies to Achilles to appease him, with offers to return Briseïs, and to give him considerable presents besides ; all which he obstinately refused. On this, Briseïs is supposed to write to him the following Epistle. in which she censures the violence of his resentment, and entreats him to accept the offer of Agamemnon and to take up arms against the Trojans.

THE letter which thou readest, not correctly written in Greek by a barbarian hand,<sup>99</sup> comes from the captive Briseïs. Whatever blots thou shalt observe, my tears have made them : but still even *those* tears have the meaning of words. If I am allowed to complain a little of thee, my master and my husband : of my master and my husband a little will I complain. No fault is it of thine that so readily was I delivered to

<sup>98</sup> *Demophoön, the guest.*]—Ver. 147. She seems to think the conduct of Demophoön more particularly base, from the circumstance that he has in so daring a manner violated the laws of hospitality, and by his treachery occasioned the death of her who was at once his entertainer and his mistress. She imagines thereupon that this will adhere to his memory as an eternal reproach, which no behaviour on his part will be able to efface.

<sup>99</sup> *A barbarian hand.*]—Ver. 2. As Hippodamia was a native of Cilicia, and probably knew nothing of the Greek language before her captivity, her knowledge of it may naturally be supposed to have been very imperfect.

the king when he demanded me ; although even that was thy fault<sup>1</sup> *in some degree*. For, soon as Eurybates and Talthybius<sup>2</sup> summoned me, to Eurybates and Talthybius was I surrendered as a companion. Each, as he cast his eyes upon the features of the other, inquired in silence,<sup>3</sup> where was our affection. I might have been detained : delay would have been acceptable for my grief. Ah me ! when departing, no kisses did I give *thee*.

But, without ceasing did I shed tears and tear my locks ; in my misery I seemed a second time to become a captive. Often did I wish, my guards deceived, to return ; but there was the enemy, who might take me in my trepidation. If I had departed, I feared lest perchance I might be taken, destined to go as a present to some daughter-in-law of Priam. But I was given up, because I was to be delivered up ; so many nights have I been away, and *yet* I am not demanded back ; thou dost linger, and thy wrath is of long endurance. At the time when I was being delivered up, the son of Menœtius whispered in my ear, "Why dost thou weep ? Thou wilt be here in a little time." Not to have demanded me back is too little ; thou dost endeavour, Achilles, that I may not be returned.<sup>4</sup> Go to, then, and *still* retain the name of an anxious lover.

The sons of Telamon<sup>5</sup> and of Amyntor came to thee ; the one

<sup>1</sup> *That was thy fault.*—Ver. 8. She seems here to be contradicting herself. Her meaning is, that Achilles was not to be blamed for delivering her into the hands of Agamemnon, since that could not have been avoided ; but that he might be justly charged with delivering her up too quietly, as it would have been a very easy matter to create delay, and that delay would have been pleasing to her.

<sup>2</sup> *And Talthybius.*—Ver. 9. Eurybates and Talthybius were the heralds deputed by Agamemnon to fetch away Briseïs ; to whom she was delivered by Patroclus, the friend of Achilles.

<sup>3</sup> *Inquired in silence.*—Ver. 12. She says that even the heralds were surprised at the alacrity with which he delivered her to Agamemnon.

<sup>4</sup> *Not be returned.*—Ver. 25. In this she reproaches Patroclus with perfidy, and Achilles with cowardice.

<sup>5</sup> *Of Telamon.*—Ver. 27. Ajax, the son of Telamon, and Phœnix, the son of Amyntor, together with Ulysses, were sent as ambassadors by Agamemnon to Achilles, with the view of procuring a reconciliation. They were empowered to promise that Briseïs should be restored, and to offer him many rich presents ; but all their solicitations were fruitless, and Achilles remained inactive in his tent till the death of Patroclus aroused him to vengeance.

related<sup>6</sup> to thee by affinity of blood, the other thy friend;<sup>7</sup> the son of Laërtes as well; attended by them I might have returned. Persuasive entreaties were added to large presents; twenty yellow cauldrons of brass curiously wrought, and seven tripods,<sup>8</sup> equal in weight and in skill; to these were added twice five talents<sup>9</sup> of gold; twice six<sup>10</sup> horses *too, ever accus-*

<sup>6</sup> *The one related.*]—Ver. 28. Ajax was the son of Telamon, who was the brother of Peleus and the uncle of Achilles.

<sup>7</sup> *The other thy friend.*]—Ver. 28. Phœnix was appointed by Peleus to be the instructor and companion of Achilles, after he had been expelled by his father, Amyntor, from his kingdom.

<sup>8</sup> *Seven tripods.*]—Ver. 32. The word 'tripos,' which is generally translated 'tripod,' signifies any utensil or article of furniture supported on three feet. It more especially means, 1. A three-legged table. These were made of different materials, such as marble, wood, porphyry, or other valuable materials. The tripod which was used at entertainments had short feet, and was not much elevated. 2. A pot or cauldron used for boiling meat, and either raised upon a three-legged stand of bronze, or made with its three feet in the same piece. These utensils were of great value, and were sometimes given as prizes in the public games. 3. A bronze altar, probably not very dissimilar to the tripod cauldron already mentioned. The most ancient representations of the sacrificial tripod exhibit it in general of the same shape, with three rings at the top, to serve as handles. The oracular tripod at Delphi, from which the Pythian priestess gave responses, is supposed to have been of this kind. Besides the three legs and three handles which were fitted to the tripod, on it was placed a flat round plate, which the Greeks called ὄλμος, on which the Pythian seated herself to give responses, and on which, at other times, a laurel wreath was placed. The fame of this tripod produced many imitations of it, which were known under the name of 'Delphic tripods,' and were made for the purpose of sacrifice, and also to be presented as offerings to the treasury both of the temple at Delphi and of other temples of Greece. Tripods were especially sacred to Apollo and Bacchus; and a tripod was given as a prize to the victors at the Pythian and other games which were celebrated in honour of Apollo. The theatre at Athens being considered sacred to Bacchus, the successful Choragus received a bronze tripod as an appropriate prize. Tripods were also sometimes made of stone, probably for no purpose but as beautiful works of art.

<sup>9</sup> *Five talents.*]—Ver. 33. It must be remembered that the talent of the Homeric period, which is here referred to, was a denomination of value much smaller than the later Grecian talent, which consisted of sixty minæ, or six thousand drachmæ of about nine pence three farthings each.

<sup>10</sup> *Twice six.*]—Ver. 34. Some MSS. have here 'bis septem,' 'twice seven:' but the other reading agrees with the narrative of Homer.

tomed to victory; and (what might have well been spared<sup>11</sup>) Lesbian girls of exquisite beauty, their persons<sup>12</sup> captured in their pillaged home; and together with so many of these, one of the three maiden daughters<sup>13</sup> of Agamemnon as a wife (but of a wife thou hast no need<sup>14</sup>).

Wilt thou refuse that, which thou oughtst to have given, if I could have been redeemed from the son of Atreus<sup>15</sup> at a price. By what fault, Achilles, have I deserved to become of no value to thee? Whither has thy fickle affection so soon fled from me? Does ill-fortune<sup>16</sup> tenaciously pursue the wretched? And does no propitious breeze favour my designs? By thy attacks have I seen the walls of Lyrnesus<sup>17</sup> levelled; and of my native country I was no inconsiderable part. I have seen fall three *brothers*, partners both in blood and in death;<sup>18</sup> the mother of *these* three was my own *parent*. My husband too,<sup>19</sup> great as he was, I have beheld stretched upon

<sup>11</sup> *Have well been spared.*]—Ver. 35. The naïve manner in which her jealousy here peeps out is admirable.

<sup>12</sup> *Their persons.*]—Ver. 36. The use of the word ‘*corpora*,’ ‘*bodies*,’ seems very appropriate here: as slaves were often hardly looked upon as anything but mere ‘*bodies*,’ and were considered as unworthy of the rank of intelligent beings.

<sup>13</sup> *Maiden daughters.*]—Ver. 38. These were Chrysothemis, Laodice, and Iphianassa, or Iphigenia.

<sup>14</sup> *Hast no need.*]—Ver. 37. Either her jealousy prompts her to this remark, or she means to say that he is already affianced to Deidamia, the daughter of Lycomedes, king of Scyros.

<sup>15</sup> *Son of Atreus.*]—Ver. 39. According to some writers, Agamemnon was the son of Atreus, while others say that he was the son of Plisthenes, the brother of Atreus; and that being adopted by Atreus, he came in time to be considered as really his son.

<sup>16</sup> *Does ill-fortune.*]—Ver. 43. Here she endeavours to raise his pity by a detail of her various calamities, while she laments her hard fate, and the perpetual succession of misfortunes to which she has been doomed. She has seen the ruin of her native country, and the destruction of her nearest relations; she has seen herself the captive of a foreign prince, and at the mercy of a conqueror; and when she has flattered herself at last with the hope of some respite, new calamities arise, so that she can foresee no end to her miseries.

<sup>17</sup> *Walls of Lyrnesus.*]—Ver. 45. Commentators are divided as to the situation of Lyrnesus. According to some, it was in Cilicia, in Asia Minor; while others say, perhaps with more probability, that it was in the greater Mysia, and opposite to the isle of Lesbos.

<sup>18</sup> *And in death.*]—Ver. 47. Achilles slew the three brothers of Briseïs, and her father, Brises, committed self-destruction by hanging himself.

<sup>19</sup> *My husband too.*]—Ver. 50. Minetes, king of part of Cilicia, was

the bloodstained earth, heaving his breast drenched with gore. Yet, for so many lost, thee as the only recompense<sup>20</sup> I had; thou wast my lord, my husband, my brother.

Thou, thyself, swearing by the Godhead of thy ocean mother,<sup>21</sup> used to say that it was my advantage<sup>22</sup> to be made a captive. For instance,—to repulse me, though I come with a dowry: and together with myself, to decline those riches which are offered to thee. Besides, there is a report that when to-morrow's morn<sup>23</sup> shall have shone, thou wilt open the flaxen sails<sup>24</sup> to the cloud bearing South winds<sup>25</sup>.

the husband of Briseïs. He was slain at the taking of the city of Lyrnesus.

<sup>20</sup> *The only recompense.*]—Ver. 51. It must be confessed that it does not say much for the feelings of Briseïs, when she says that the person who had slain her husband and her brothers, was her only recompense for her loss.

<sup>21</sup> *Thy ocean mother.*]—Ver. 53. Thetis, who was a Goddess of the sea.

<sup>22</sup> *Was my advantage.*]—Ver. 54. Her expostulation is strong and full of pathos. She had hoped (though rather unnaturally, we should think) to find in Achilles a recompense for all her misfortunes. He himself had told her that her captivity should ultimately be for her advantage: and yet so little now does he regard her, that he prefers gratifying his resentment to promoting her happiness: and rather than yield to the wishes of Agamemnon, he has refused to take her back, and even expresses his intention of returning home without her.

<sup>23</sup> *To-morrow's morn.*]—Ver. 57. 'Eos' is a name often given by the Latin poets to Aurora. It also signifies 'the East,' or 'the land of the morning.'

<sup>24</sup> *The flaxen sails.*]—Ver. 58. Pliny the Elder uses the word 'linteus,' to signify cloth of various materials, cotton for instance. But, with the ancients, the sails of ships were usually made of linen, which was manufactured in great quantities in Egypt, a country famous for its flax. Sails were woven also at Tarquinii, in Etruria. Cotton sail-cloth was sometimes used, as it is at the present day in the Mediterranean: and it is thought by many to be superior to that made of linen. The separate pieces of linen (lintea) were taken as they came from the loom, and were sewed together. In the ancient paintings of ships, the seams are represented as distinct and regular. Most of the ships had but one sail, which was attached with the yard to the great mast. Sometimes, however, when greater speed was required, two sails were attached to one mast. The sails of the Athenian ships of war, and of most of the ancient ships in general, were of a square form: and it is doubtful whether the Greeks ever used triangular sails. The Romans used triangular sails, which they called 'suppara,' and which had the shape of an inverted  $\Delta$ , or Delta, the upper side of which was attached to the yard.

<sup>25</sup> *South winds.*]—Ver. 58. The word 'Notis,' which generally

Soon as, in my misery, this criminal resolve reached my alarmed ears, my breast was bereft of blood and of breath. Thou wilt depart; and, ah wretched me! to whom, barbarous man, wilt thou be leaving me? what comforting solace will there be for me forlorn? Sooner, I pray, might I be swallowed<sup>27</sup> by the earth suddenly yawning, or might I be burnt by the flashing fires of the hurled lightnings, than that without me the seas should grow white with the oars of Phthia,<sup>28</sup> and than I, left behind, should see thy ships departing. If now a return pleases thee, the Penates too of thy country, I am no great burden to thy fleet.

As a captive will I follow the conqueror; not as a wife the husband; I have hands skilled at teasing the wool. By far the most beautiful among the Achæan dames shall, as thy wife, repair to thy couch (and let her so repair). A daughter-in-law *let her be* worthy of her father-in-law, the grandson of Jupiter and of Ægina:<sup>29</sup> to whom the aged Nereus may wish to be a connexion by marriage.<sup>30</sup> In humble station,<sup>31</sup> and as thy handmaid, the given task will I ply, and the threads shall diminish my loaded distaff. Only, I entreat that thy wife

means the South winds, is perhaps used here to signify any wind favourable to the return of Achilles; inasmuch as the South wind would be extremely unfavourable for his return. Virgil, in the first book of the Æneid, uses the word 'Eurus,' which is properly the East wind, to signify any wind:—'*Vix septem (naves) convulsæ undis Euroque supersunt.*'

<sup>27</sup> *Be swallowed.*—Ver. 63. She perhaps had in view here, the fate of Amphiaræus, who was swallowed up, together with his chariot, by a chasm in the earth, during the Theban war.

<sup>28</sup> *Of Phthia.*—Ver. 65. The Phthians were the people of Phthia, a city of Thessaly, the kingdom of Achilles.

<sup>29</sup> *Jupiter and of Ægina.*—Ver. 73. Æacus was the son of Jupiter and Ægina, and the father of Peleus.

<sup>30</sup> *Connexion by marriage.*—Ver. 74. We have no word in the English language to express the meaning of 'prosocer.' It here means 'husband's grandfather,' or 'mother-in-law's father;' as Nereus was the father of Thetis, the mother of Achilles. Some writers, however, call the name of the father of Thetis, Chiron.

<sup>31</sup> *In humble station.*—Ver. 75. The language of Briseïs is very affecting. She says that no condition of life appears to her more wretched than that of being separated from the man she loves. She would consent to see him in the arms of another, and submit to do the meanest service in his house, if she could only enjoy the pleasure of being near his person. She would even submit to ill-treatment from her, whom he should make the partner of his bed, rather than be absent from him.

may not persecute me as a rival, who, to what extent I know not, will prove hostile to me. And do not permit her, before thee, to tear my hair,<sup>32</sup> and do thou gently say, "This *damsel* was *once* my own." Even let me bear this, so as I am not abandoned in contempt. That dread, alas! thrills through my bones in my wretchedness.

But what dost thou wish for? Agamemnon repents of his anger, and all Greece is lying disconsolate before thy feet. Thou who dost conquer every thing else, conquer thy own feelings and thy temper. Why is the restless Hector destroying the resources of Greece? To arms,<sup>33</sup> grandson of Æacus! but still, having first recovered me; and in prosperous warfare, do thou harass their vanquished troops. On my account was anger excited, on my account let it end: and let me be both the cause and the termination of thy sorrow. And deem it no disgrace for thee to listen to my prayers: by the entreaties of his wife was the son of Æneus<sup>34</sup> persuaded to arm. A thing heard

<sup>32</sup> *To tear my hair.*—Ver. 79. It was the custom to cut close the hair of slaves. This practice may be here referred to, though it is more probable that she appeals to him for protection from the passion of his future wife, when she should feel inclined to tear the hair of her slave, which seems to have been a not unusual habit among the ladies of ancient times.

<sup>33</sup> *To arms.*—Ver. 86. Having already endeavoured to move Achilles by arguments drawn from her own love and affection for him, she now attempts to arouse his courage, and to awaken him to a sense of glory. He alone is able to resist the impetuosity of Hector. 'Is it possible that he can stand still, and tamely behold the victories of his enemy, see him triumph over his country, and unimpeded carry off the prize of valour?' At the same time, it seems somewhat singular that she should make these appeals to the disadvantage of the Trojans, who had so recently been the allies of her country and her kindred.

<sup>34</sup> *The son of Æneus.*—Ver. 92. Meleager was the son of Æneus, king of Calydon, and Althea. Diana, incensed against his father, who, in a general sacrifice to the Gods, had been guilty of neglecting her, sent a huge boar to ravage his territory. Meleager hunted the boar, and, after it was killed by himself and his companions, presented its head to Atalanta, the daughter of Iasius, king of Argos, who had been the first to wound the monster. This exciting the jealousy and indignation of Toxeus and Plexippus, his mother's brothers, they attempted to wrest her prize from Atalanta, on which Meleager slew them both. On this, a war arising between the Curetes and the Calydonians, Meleager, terrified at the imprecations of his mother, would not assist in protecting his country, or in driving away the enemy, though the danger was most imminent. At

by me, 'tis known to thee. Bereft of her brothers,<sup>35</sup> the mother doomed<sup>36</sup> both the hopes and the existence of her son. There was a war; he, in disgust, laid down his arms and withdrew, and with a firm determination refused aid to his native country. His wife alone<sup>37</sup> moved her husband. More happy she! whereas my words are wasted, as having no weight.

Still, I do not repine; neither have I conducted myself as thy wife,<sup>38</sup> *though* oft as a slave summoned to my master's bed. A certain captive, as I remember, was calling me 'mistress':<sup>39</sup> "To my servitude," I said, "thou dost add a burden by the name." Yet, by the bones of my husband, but half covered in a hurried tomb, bones, in my estimation, ever to be respected; and by the brave spirits of my three brothers, my own Divinities, who bravely fell both, for their country, and with their country: and by thy head and my own, which we have placed *on the pillow* close together,<sup>40</sup> and by thy sword,

length, by the prayers and entreaties of Cleopatra, his wife, he was prevailed upon to take arms.

<sup>35</sup> *Of her brothers.*—Ver. 93. These were the sons of Thestius, who are usually called Toxeus and Plexippus, but sometimes Protus and Cometes.

<sup>36</sup> *The mother doomed.*—Ver. 94. This was when Althea placed on the fire the fatal billet upon which the life of Meleager depended.

<sup>37</sup> *His wife alone.*—Ver. 97. Hyginus, Fable 174, calls the wife of Meleager by the name of Halcyone. By Antoninus Liberalis and Homer she is called Cleopatra; and the scholiasts on Homer say that she was the daughter of Aphareus and Marpusa, which is also confirmed by Apollodorus, who adds, that after the death of Meleager she committed suicide.

<sup>38</sup> *As thy wife.*—Ver. 99. She tells him that his kindness did not create any pride or presumption on her part; she did not boast of being his wife, but submitted cheerfully to the rigours of servitude.

<sup>39</sup> *Calling me 'mistress.'*—Ver. 101. 'Dominus' means 'master' or 'owner,' and 'domina' 'a mistress'; in addressing a person, the latter word would be equivalent to our 'my lady,' or 'mistress.' These words are used especially as opposed to 'servus,' the 'slave.' Pliny the Younger, in his Epistles, addresses Trajan as 'Dominus;' but this is probably meant as a mark of respect, equivalent to our 'sire,' and not as the acknowledgment of a title. The emperor Domitian claimed the epithet 'Dominus' as a title; and Aurelian is said to have been the first to adopt it on his medals. The Roman ladies took the title of 'Domina' from their fourteenth year.

<sup>40</sup> *Pillow close together.*—Ver. 107. In common life the ancients were in the habit of swearing by the Gods, and sometimes by individuals or things most dear to them. Thus we have instances of a person swear-



a weapon experienced by my family ; I swear that the *sovereign* of Mycenæ<sup>41</sup> has never shared my couch with me : mayst thou be ready to forsake me, if I speak false.

Were I now to say to thee : “ Most valiant hero, do thou swear too, that without me, no joys hast thou experienced ; ” thou wouldst decline. But the Greeks think that thou art sorrowing. By thee the plectrum is moved<sup>42</sup> to the lyre : in her warm bosom is a tender mistress<sup>43</sup> pressing thee. And if any one inquires why thou dost decline to fight ; “ warfare is hateful ; the lyre, the song, and love have charms.” ’Tis safer to be stretched on a couch, and to be fondling a mistress, and to be striking the Thracian lyre<sup>44</sup> with the fingers,

ing by his own welfare or that of his children, and by his own head or that of another, as in the present instance.

<sup>41</sup> *Sovereign of Mycenæ.*]—Ver. 109. Agamemnon was the king of Mycenæ, in Peloponnesus. Homer represents him as giving the same assurance to Nestor that is here given by Briseïs.

<sup>42</sup> *Plectrum is moved.*]—Ver. 113. In other words, ‘ you are passing your time with music,’ as the plectrum was the thin stick or quill with which the strings of the lyre were touched.

<sup>43</sup> *A tender mistress.*]—Ver. 114. She is probably alluding to Diomedea, the daughter of Phorbas, with whom, as we are told by Homer, Achilles was wont to pass the time in the absence of Briseïs.

<sup>44</sup> *Thracian lyre.*]—Ver. 118. The lyre was introduced by Orpheus into Thrace, and became the favourite instrument of that country. This instrument was probably first used by the Eastern nations and the Egyptians, from whom the Greeks learned the use of it. The Greeks, however, attributed the invention of the lyre to Hermes or Mercury, who is said to have formed the instrument of a tortoise-shell, over which he placed strings. Diodorus says that the lyre of Mercury had but three strings, while Macrobius says four, and that they symbolically represented the four seasons of the year ; Lucian, and Ovid in the Sixth Book of the *Fasti*, assume that from the first the lyre had seven strings. It is probable that the lyre differed from the ‘ cithara,’ which resembled the modern guitar, (and probably gave its name to it) ; inasmuch as in the ‘ cithara’ the strings were drawn across the sounding bottom, whereas in the lyre, at least that of later times, they were free on both sides, like the harp. In the Homeric hymn to Hermes or Mercury, the term *λύρη καθαρίζειν* is used, from which it would seem that in the early ages there was no distinction between the ‘ lyra’ and the ‘ cithara,’ or, in other terms, the instrument known by those names was a ‘ cithara’ in the later sense of the word. Terpander, of Antissa, is said to have added to the original number of four strings three new ones, and thus to have changed the tetrachord into a heptachord. Timotheus of Miletus, in the time of Alexander the Great, increased the number of strings to eleven. The lyre was considered a more manly instrument than the ‘ cithara.’ These instruments were often adorned in the most costly manner with gold and ivory.

than to be bearing a shield in the hand, and a sharp-pointed lance, and a helmet on thy pressed locks. But, instead of safety, glorious exploits used to please thee; and sweet was the fame acquired by warfare. Or didst thou admire fierce warfare only until thou hadst made me a captive? and with my native land does thy glory lie extinguished. May the Gods grant it otherwise; and may the lance from Pelion,<sup>45</sup> I pray, poised by thy strong arm, pierce the sides of Hector.

Send me *thither*,<sup>46</sup> ye Greeks; your envoy, I will entreat my master, and many a kiss will I give, intermingled with your injunctions. More will I effect than Phœnix, more than eloquent Ulysses, more will I *effect* (believe me) than the brother of Teucer. 'Tis something to encircle his neck with my arms as formerly, and to remind his eyes of one's own presence. Though thou wouldst be cruel and more obdurate than the waves of thy mother, though I were silent, thou wouldst be influenced by my tears. And now, (then may thy father Peleus fulfil the measure of his years, then under thy auspices may Pyrrhus<sup>47</sup> assume arms) do, valiant Achilles, regard the anxious Briseïs, and do not, hard as iron, torment

<sup>45</sup> *Lance from Pelion.*—Ver. 126. The spear of Achilles was made of wood from Mount Pelion, in Thessaly. Homer says that the weight of it was such that it could be wielded only by himself; and that when Patroclus assumed his other armour, he was obliged to forego the spear.

<sup>46</sup> *Send me thither.*—Ver. 127. There is considerable beauty in this passage. Briseïs fancies that she is likely to have more influence over Achilles than the deputies of Agamemnon, and to be able to prevail when they are repulsed. The remembrance of past endearments, the presence of the person whom he has loved, and those tender feelings which the sight of her cannot fail to raise in him, will, she flatters herself, make him incapable of resisting her suit. From this, she very naturally falls into an expostulation with him as though present, chides him for his obstinacy and neglect, and tells him that it will be less cruel to deprive her at once of life, than thus to make her languish in uncertainty and fear. She then concludes with a simple and touching appeal, 'It will be better to deprive me of life than to keep me in this cruel uncertainty; but better still to preserve my life and happiness together, and to prolong those days which are your own gift. Troy will afford you plenteous objects on which you may wreak your vengeance. Restore me, then, to my former place in your affections.'

<sup>47</sup> *May Pyrrhus.*—Ver. 136. Pyrrhus, or Neoptolemus, was the son of Achilles by Deidamia. After his father's death he repaired to the Grecian camp, and distinguished himself by his valour. Virgil represents him as putting Priam to death at the taking of Troy.

her with prolonged delays. Or if thy affection is changed to a loathing of me, force me to die, whom thou dost oblige to exist without thee. And as thou art *now* doing, thou wilt force me; both my flesh and my colour are gone; *and* still does the hope alone of thy *love* support this *remainder* of life. Should I be deprived of this, I shall seek again my brothers and my husband; a woman bid to die, will be no mighty exploit of thine.

But why shouldst thou bid this? strike my body with the drawn sword: I have blood *enough* to flow from my pierced breast. Let that sword of thine, which, had the Goddess allowed it,<sup>48</sup> was about to pierce the breast of the son of Atreus, be aimed at me. Ah! rather preserve my life, thy own gift; as thy mistress do I ask of thee that which thou, when the conqueror, didst give to *me* as an enemy. Pergamus, built by Neptune, affords that which more fitly thou mayst destroy; seek of the enemy a subject for destruction. Only, whether thou art preparing to impel thy fleet with the oars, or whether thou dost remain *here*, in the right of a master do thou order me to come to thee.

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## EPISTLE IV.

### PHÆDRA TO HIPPOLYTUS.

THE Athenians having murdered Androgeus, the son of Minos, king of Crete, he made war upon them, and compelled them yearly to deliver to him seven sons of the nobility, to be devoured by the Minotaur. The lot falling, among others, upon Theseus the son of Ægeus, king of Athens, he went to Crete, where he slew the monster, and then escaped from the Labyrinth by means of a clue, which he received from Ariadne, the daughter of Minos and Pasiphaë. In return for this service, he promised to marry her; and, on leaving Crete, took her and her sister Phædra with him. Having afterwards deserted Ariadne, in the isle of Naxos, he married Phædra. Previously to this, Theseus had a son named Hippolytus, by Hippolyta, or Antiope, the Amazon. Of him, in her husband's absence, Phædra became enamoured. He, being devoted to a life of chastity, and delighting in hunting and similar exercises, made no return to her passion. She is supposed, on this, to write

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<sup>48</sup> Goddess allowed it.]—Ver. 147. According to Homer, Minerva restrained the extreme fury of Achilles, when he drew his sword against Agamemnon.

to him the following Epistle, in which she confesses her passion, and endeavours, by all the methods of art and persuasion, to inspire him with a mutual tenderness, and to efface the horror which the idea of the crime would naturally inspire in his breast.

THAT health<sup>49</sup> of which she herself will be deprived, unless thou shalt grant it to her, the Cretan dame<sup>50</sup> sends to the hero born of the Amazon.<sup>51</sup> Whatever it proves, read this through: what harm will the reading of a letter do? In this there may be something which may even be to thy advantage. In these characters are secrets borne over land and sea; an enemy reads<sup>52</sup> the letters sent by his enemy. Thrice have I attempted to discourse with thee, thrice has my tongue failed through inability, thrice have the words forsaken me on the edge of my lips. So far as is possible and is convenient, modesty must be united with love. Love has bid<sup>53</sup> me write that which I was ashamed to say. Whatever love has commanded, it is not safe to despise; he rules, and over the supreme Gods he holds his sway.

When first I was hesitating to write, he said to me, "Write; hard as iron *though he be*, he shall extend his conquered hands." May he be propitious; and as he is heating my

<sup>49</sup> *That health.*]—Ver. 1. The word 'salutem' here may be rendered 'health' or 'salutation,' though the former word is requisite for giving the full meaning of the passage.

<sup>50</sup> *The Cretan dame.*]—Ver. 2. Phædra was the daughter of Minos, king of Crete, while Hippolytus was the son of the Amazon Hippolyta, or Antiope.

<sup>51</sup> *Born of the Amazon.*]—Ver. 3. Hippolytus had hitherto neglected the charms of the fair sex, and had preferred the chase to female society. Phædra being no stranger to his feelings, she not only doubts of her ultimate success, but has reason to fear that he will not even peruse her letter.

<sup>52</sup> *An enemy reads.*]—Ver. 6. She endeavours, by her arguments, to persuade him to a step to which she knows he will be naturally averse. First she endeavours to excite his curiosity, and to make him believe that he will find in the letter something that may prove agreeable; then she tells him that even an enemy would not refuse to read a letter; much less then ought he whom she loves so tenderly, and who in common humanity is bound to make her some adequate return.

<sup>53</sup> *Love has bid.*]—Ver. 10. She now proffers an excuse for her forwardness. Shame will not allow her to speak her mind openly, and love, ever fertile in expedients, has suggested to her this method of making her feelings known to him. She shows how great is the power of that Divinity, who is so irresistible that even the Gods themselves are not exempted from the power of his darts. How little the blame, then, for a weak woman to give way to him.

marrow with his devouring flame, so may he change<sup>54</sup> thy feelings to my desires. By no criminality<sup>55</sup> will I break my nuptial vows; my fame (I wish thou wouldst enquire) is free from *all* reproach. The later love comes, the more violent *does he come*: inwardly do I burn; I burn, and my breast receives the secret wound. Just as the first yoke galls the tender oxen, *and* the horse taken from the herd hardly submits to the reins; so with difficulty and reluctance does my inexperienced bosom submit to its first passion; and this burden sits not lightly on my mind. When *this* failing is practised *even* from childhood, *the resources* of art<sup>56</sup> avail: she whom it assaults at a later period, loves distractedly.

Thou shalt receive the first offerings of a cherished fame, and both of us<sup>57</sup> shall be guilty in an equal degree. 'Tis something<sup>58</sup> to strip the orchards with their loaded branches, and with the sharp nail to pluck the early rose. If, however,<sup>59</sup> that former chastity in which I lived without a blemish,

<sup>54</sup> *So may he change.*]—Ver. 16. Instead of 'figat,' the usual reading in this line, Burmann suggests 'frangat,' which reading has been adopted.

<sup>55</sup> *By no criminality.*]—Ver. 17. She evidently means to say that her approaches are not prompted by lust, but by an affection of a pure nature. Crispinus, however, explains the passage in these words, 'Non libidinosâ levitate fœdera, quæ tu mecum iniveris, rumpam: 'I will not break with lustful wantonness those ties which you shall form with me.' He has evidently mistaken the meaning of the passage.

<sup>56</sup> *Resources of art.*]—Ver. 25. She continues to plead her own cause with all the address of which she is the mistress. Love has taken possession of her at a more mature age, and therefore it is the more violent, and the more difficult to be removed. Had she been accustomed to it from her younger years, she might have known how to repress it: but her unpractised heart, unable to oppose its ravages, suffers itself to be wholly possessed by her passion.

<sup>57</sup> *And both of us.*]—Ver. 28. Inasmuch as he has never hitherto bestowed his affection on any female, and she has never loved any other person than her husband.

<sup>58</sup> *'Tis something.*]—Ver. 29. Her artfulness is very aptly displayed in this passage. She chooses a very defective side of human nature for her attack. Nothing is more common, and indeed more successful, than to set a chimerical value upon certain things, and in that light to invite a pursuit of objects which otherwise we might despise, or perhaps even regard with horror.

<sup>59</sup> *If, however.*]—Ver. 31. Phædra here begins to reason with herself, and to take a view of the crime the commission of which she is about to attempt. But as, when we have once resolved upon a thing, we are never at a loss to find plausible pretences for our justification, such is the case with Phædra. As she has wholly given herself up to this fatal passion, she

must be spotted by some unusual stain, still it has happily fallen out that I burn with a worthy flame; no worthless paramour is there, *himself* more disgraceful than the adultery. Should Juno<sup>60</sup> yield to me her brother and her husband, I seem as though I should prefer Hippolytus to Jove. Now, too, (thou wouldst hardly believe it), I am urged on<sup>61</sup> to pursuits *hitherto* unknown to me; I have a desire to go amid the savage wild beasts.

Now is she of Delos<sup>62</sup> my chief Divinity, distinguished by her crooked bow; I consign myself to thy tastes. Into the groves am I desirous to go, and, the stags pursued into the toils, to cheer on the swift hounds over the mountain ridges; or else to poise the quivering javelin with shaken arm, or to recline my body on the grassy ground. Often do I delight to guide the light chariot in the dust, as I turn the heads of the swift steeds with the reins. Now am I borne onward like the Eleleïdes,<sup>63</sup> impelled by the inspiration of Bacchus, and those

can be satisfied with reasons, which in no other circumstances could appear of weight. Though she is forced to own that her design is criminal, yet she thinks it some excuse that she is about to offend with a man of virtuous character; and she disdains to commit, if we may be allowed the paradox, an inglorious crime.

<sup>60</sup> *Should Juno.*]—Ver. 35. Juno was fabled to be both the sister and the wife of Jupiter: probably with the object of showing how utterly the Deities disregarded mere mortal ordinances.

<sup>61</sup> *I am urged on.*]—Ver. 37. In the Art of Love, Ovid lays it down as one of his rules, that a lover ought to take pleasure in the same exercises, pursuits, and diversions, as his mistress. Agreeably to this notion, Phædra here addresses Hippolytus; and professes herself to be delighted with hunting, knowing that to be his chief delight.

<sup>62</sup> *She of Delos.*]—Ver. 40. Diana, the sister of Apollo, was born in the island of Delos; she was the patron of the chase and field sports.

<sup>63</sup> *The Eleleïdes.*]—Ver. 47. The votaries of Bacchus are called Eleleïdes after that God, one of whose names was Eleleus. He was so called either from Helus, a town of Ætolia, where he was especially worshipped, or else from the vociferations and cries (of which 'Eleleu' was one) which attended his rites. Ovid mentions Eleleus as a name of Bacchus in the Fourth Book of the Metamorphoses. Macrobius says that it was also one of the epithets of Apollo, and that he was so called ἀπό τοῦ ἐλιπτέσθαι περὶ τὴν γῆν, 'from his revolving round the earth.' As 'Eleleu' was one of the shouts of the Greeks and of the Eastern nations, denoting joy or triumph, it is not unlikely that Apollo, as well as Bacchus, received this epithet from that source, and not from the fanciful origin suggested by Macrobius. We retain the Hebrew form of the same word in the word 'Hallelujah,' it being the same interjection with the addition of 'Jah,' 'God.'

who shake<sup>64</sup> the tambourines at the foot of the hill of Ida; or those whom the Dryads,<sup>65</sup> half Divinities, and the two-horned Fauns<sup>66</sup> have maddened, *when* touched by the enthusiasm<sup>67</sup> imparted by them. For when this fury has abated, they tell me all; conscious Love is consuming me in my suspense. Perhaps I may be owing this passion to the destinies of my family, and Venus may be demanding<sup>68</sup> this tribute of all their race.

<sup>64</sup> *Those who shake.*]—Ver. 48. Some would suggest the masculine ‘quique,’ for ‘quæque,’ as the Galli, or priests of Cybele, who are here alluded to, were males. Ovid seems, however, as they were eunuchs, purposely to refuse to acknowledge them as of the male sex. In the same way, the poet Catullus describes Attis as a female; and Claudian in a similar manner alludes to the eunuch Eutropius. Lucian, however, says not only that the Galli were clothed in female dress, but that women were also mingled with them. The Galli were also called Idæi Dactyli. According to Euripides, these devotees, having sacrificed to Cybele, or the Mother of the Gods, proceeded in a wild procession from Ida, the mountain in Phrygia, to mount Olympus.

<sup>65</sup> *The Dryads.*]—Ver. 49. The Dryads were Nymphs who were the guardians of the woods and groves. Their name is derived from the Greek δρυς, ‘an oak.’

<sup>66</sup> *Two-horned Fauns.*]—Ver. 49. Some persons were said to be inspired by the visits of Divinities in the night, such as those in Latium, who were said to consult the Fauns in the night-time. We are told by Caius Bassus that Faunus, the son of Picus, first instituted sacred rites in honour of his grandfather Saturn, and procured the reception of his father Picus and his sister Fauna among the Gods. Fauna was consecrated as being also the wife of Faunus; and, according to Varro, she was the same Goddess that was worshipped under the name of Bona Dea. She was consulted by the women, while the men made application for responses to Faunus. Pan seems also to have been introduced into Latium, under the name of Faunus. Ovid, in the Second Book of the *Fasti*, relates an adventure of Pan with Hercules and Omphale, under that name.

<sup>67</sup> *By the enthusiasm.*]—Ver. 50. She here makes allusion to those who were called Lymphatics by the ancients. They were persons who were said to have seen some kind of Divinity, or rural Deity or Nymph, which threw them into transports that overcame their reason. Their ecstasies were shown in quakings and tremblings, tossing of the head and limbs, and, according to Livy, convulsions, extemporary prayers, prophecies, singing and the like. According to Pliny the Elder, the magicians were not able to cure these unfortunate persons, and they never recovered their senses, unless they were first sprinkled with the blood of moles.

<sup>68</sup> *May be demanding.*]—Ver. 54. She alludes to the discovery by the Sun, or Apollo, of the intrigue between Mars and Venus; in revenge for which, Venus kindled among the female descendants of Apollo such a flame

Jupiter loved Europa,<sup>69</sup> (such is the origin of my family) the bull concealing the God. Pasiphaë,<sup>70</sup> my mother, submitting to the deceived bull, produced from her womb her conviction and her burden. The perfidious son of Ægeus,<sup>71</sup> following the guiding clue, fled from the winding abode by the aid of my sister. Lo! I now, lest perchance I should be deemed too little the daughter of Minos, conform, the last of the family, to the laws of our blood. This, too, is decreed by fate; one house won the regards of us two; thy beauty attracts me, by thy father was my sister captivated. The son of Theseus and Theseus *himself* have charmed two sisters; erect a twofold trophy *gained* of our family. I would that, at the time when Eleusis,<sup>72</sup> sacred to Ceres, was entered by thee, the Gnessian land<sup>73</sup> had *still* retained me; it was then especially

of love, that not one of them was able to preserve her chastity, as Phædra goes on to prove. So Seneca, in his *Hippolytus*, says—

“Serpem perosa Solis invisī genus,  
Per nos catenas vindicat Martis sui,  
Suasque; probris omne Phœbeum genus  
Onerat nefandis. Nulla Minoīs levī  
Defuncta amore est.”

“Abhorring the progeny of the hated Sun, on us she avenges the chains of her Mars and of herself; with shocking disgrace does she load all the race of Phœbus. No female descendant of Minos has been visited with a moderate passion.”

<sup>69</sup> *Loved Europa.*]—Ver. 55. The story of Jupiter and Europa is related at length in the Second Book of the *Metamorphoses*.

<sup>70</sup> *Pasiphaë.*]—Ver. 57. Pasiphaë was the daughter of the Sun, and the wife of Minos, king of Crete; as the result of her infamous passion, she gave birth to the Minotaur, which was afterwards slain by Theseus.

<sup>71</sup> *Son of Ægeus.*]—Ver. 59. She gives another illustration in the case of her sister Ariadne, who, loving Theseus the son of Ægeus, instructed him how he might slay the Minotaur, and at the same time gave him a clue by which he was enabled to extricate himself from the labyrinth. He afterwards deserted her in the island of Naxos, where she was found by Bacchus.

<sup>72</sup> *Eleusis.*]—Ver. 67. Eleusis, or Eleusin, was a city of Attica, which lay to the west of Athens. Here was a temple sacred to the Eleusinian Ceres, where her mysteries were celebrated. The place is said to have derived its name from the Greek word ἐλευσις, ‘an arrival,’ as that was the first place where Ceres rested on her arrival in Greece in her search for her daughter Proserpine, when she had been carried off by Pluto. It was at these sacred rites, Phædra says, that she was first smitten with her passion for Hippolytus.

<sup>73</sup> *The Gnessian land.*]—Ver. 68. Gnosus, or Gnessus, or Cnosus, was a famous city in the isle of Crete, where Minos had his palace.



(and yet before that *as well*), that thou didst please me; piercing loves penetrated to my inmost bones. White were thy vestments,<sup>74</sup> thy hair *was* wreathed with flowers;<sup>75</sup> a modest blush had tinted thy rosy face. Thy features too, which others call harsh and stern, instead of being harsh, were, in the estimation of Phædra, manly. Afar from me be all youths *that are* decked out like women; a manly form requires to be adorned within moderate limits. That sternness of thine, and thy locks arranged without art, and the little dust on thy beauteous face, are becoming.

Whether thou art bending the reluctant neck of the fiery steed, I delight to see his feet turning in the little ring:<sup>76</sup> or whether thou art hurling the huge lance with nervous arm, thy stalwart arm has my eyes turned towards it; or whether thou art brandishing the cornel hunting-spears<sup>77</sup> with the broad iron *point*; in fine, whatever thou art doing, it delights my eyes. Only, do thou leave thy moroseness for the woods of the mountain ridge; I am not deserving to perish by thy agency. What does it profit to follow the pursuits of the tightly girt Diana,<sup>78</sup> and to deprive Venus of her dues? That

<sup>74</sup> *White were thy vestments.*]—Ver. 71: She describes him here probably in the garb of one about to be initiated into the Eleusinian mysteries. In the ‘Hippolytus’ of Euripides, he is introduced as offering a wreath to Diana on this occasion.

<sup>75</sup> *Wreathed with flowers.*]—Ver. 71. She now proceeds to show the progress of her passion. His dress, his air, his manner, in a word, every thing about him is full of charms of an irresistible nature. If he is mounted on horseback, she is delighted with the skill and art of the rider. If he hurls the flying javelin, she is charmed with his strength and agility. His dress is negligent and graceful, such as becomes a hero; his looks, whatever they may appear to others, appear in her eyes befitting a man, brave and courageous. All this is very natural, and well worthy of so skilful a master as Ovid.

<sup>76</sup> *In the little ring.*]—Ver. 80. She alludes to the ‘gyrus,’ which was a small ring, round which horses were ridden, for the purpose of exercise, or of breaking them in. The same practice, in breaking horses in, is adopted at the present day.

<sup>77</sup> *Cornel hunting-spears.*]—Ver. 82. The ‘venabulum,’ or hunting-spear of the ancients, may possibly, by being barbed, have been distinguished from the spears and lances used in warfare; it is so represented in several ancient works of art. It was seldom, if ever, thrown, but held so as to slant downwards, and thus to receive the onsets of the wild boar and other beasts of chase.

<sup>78</sup> *Tightly girt Diana.*]—Ver. 87. Diana is called ‘incincta,’ from

which admits of no interval of rest, is not lasting; 'tis that recruits our strength and refreshes our wearied limbs.

The bow (and *surely* the arms of thy own Diana ought to be imitated by thee), shouldst thou never cease to bend it, will become weak. Cephalus was famed<sup>79</sup> in the woods, and many a wild beast had fallen on the grass, as he brought it down; and still not unbecomingly did he allow himself to be loved by Aurora. The knowing Goddess went from an aged husband<sup>80</sup> to him. Full oft beneath the holm oaks has any grassy spot supported Venus and the son of Cinyras,<sup>81</sup> as they reclined. The son, too, of Ceneus burned for Mænalian<sup>82</sup> Atalanta; as a pledge of love, she possesses the spoils of the wild beasts. Let us too, now, be numbered for the first time in that throng—shouldst thou banish Venus, thy woods are repulsive. As thy attendant will I come; neither the rugged rocks shall move me, nor the wild boar, dreadful with his sidelong tusk.

Two seas beat the Isthmus with their waves, and a narrow slip of land hears either tide. Here, together with thee,<sup>83</sup> will I inhabit Trœzen, the realms of Pittheus; already is it dearer than my native country. The hero of the race of Neptune has been absent for some time, and for a long period

having her garments tucked up and girt around her, with the view of securing speed, when engaged in her favourite pursuit of hunting.

<sup>79</sup> *Cephalus was famed.*—Ver. 93. The story of Cephalus and Procris is related at length in the Seventh Book of the *Metamorphoses*. According to the story as there narrated, he did not return the love of Aurora. Perhaps, however, the meaning here is, that though he was very fond of hunting, and other athletic exercises, he was no enemy to the delights of love, and was not displeas'd at the passion of Aurora.

<sup>80</sup> *From an aged husband.*—Ver. 96. The aged husband of Aurora, here alluded to, was Tithonus, the son of Laomedon, and the brother of Priam.

<sup>81</sup> *The son of Cinyras.*—Ver. 97. Adonis was the son of Cinyras, king of Cyprus, by his daughter, Myrrha. Their shocking story is related in the Tenth Book of the *Metamorphoses*. Venus was smitten with love for Adonis.

<sup>82</sup> *Mænalian.*—Ver. 99. Mænalus was a mountain of Arcadia.

<sup>83</sup> *Together with thee.*—Ver. 107. Phædra tells Hippolytus that she is willing to share every risk with him, and that she can be deterred by no dangers. She will be contented to live with him, whether he chooses the forests or the cities. If he should prefer the woods, she will accompany him in all his diversions, and cheerfully submit to the fatigues of the chase. If the cities delight him, she is willing to live with him in Trœzen, the place of

will be absent ; the country of his own Pirithoüs<sup>84</sup> detains him. Theseus (unless we deny what is manifest), has preferred Pirithoüs to Phædra, Pirithoüs to thyself. Nor has this injury only accrued to us from him ; in matters of importance have we both been wronged. The bones of my brother,<sup>85</sup> broken with a three-knotted club, did he scatter on the ground ; to the wild beasts my sister was left a prey. Thy mother bore thee, the first among the females that wield the battle-axe<sup>86</sup> in valour, *and* worthy the prowess of her son. Shouldst thou enquire<sup>87</sup> where she is ; Theseus pierced her side with the sword ; nor was a mother safe in a pledge of value so great.

But, in fact, she was not married and received with the nuptial torch. Why so ? Only that, being a bastard, thou mightst not receive the realms of thy father. He has given thee brothers too by me ; yet not I, but he, was the cause<sup>88</sup>

his own choice. This was a city of Argolis, in Peloponnesus, where Pittheus reigned, who was the father of Æthra, the mother of Theseus.

<sup>84</sup> *Pirithoüs.*]—Ver. 110. Pirithoüs was the son of Ixion ; the region where he dwelt was that part of Thessaly which bordered upon the river Peneus, and where, according to Diodorus Siculus, Ixion reigned. The friendship between Theseus and Pirithoüs was almost as celebrated as that between Orestes and Pylades.

<sup>85</sup> *Bones of my brother.*]—Ver. 115. This shows the dilemma to which Phædra is reduced for an excuse for her infamous passion. She complains that Theseus had, a long time before, killed her monster brother, the Minotaur. This, however, had not had much influence on her hitherto, as she did not refuse to accompany her sister, Ariadne, in her escape with Theseus, from the wrath of Minos.

<sup>86</sup> *The battle-axe.*]—Ver. 117. The battle-axe was the weapon especially used in war by the Amazons.

<sup>87</sup> *Shouldst thou enquire.*]—Ver. 119. After mentioning the injuries which she herself has received from Theseus, namely, the slaughter of her brother, the Minotaur, and the desertion of her sister, Ariadne, she proceeds to say that the wrongs done by him to Hippolytus deserve equally to be resented. Theseus had cruelly murdered his mother, Hippolyta, queen of the Amazons. He had not avowed her as his lawful wife, consequently her son was excluded from the succession ; and, as though this had not been sufficient, to remove him still further from the throne, and to cut off from him all hopes of rule, he had given him brothers by herself. Some writers represent that Hippolyta was killed by Hercules, who had been commanded by Eurystheus to bring to him her girdle. Other accounts state that he spared her life, and gave her to Theseus, who afterwards put her to death.

<sup>88</sup> *Was the cause.*]—Ver. 124. She tries to recommend herself, by insinuating that she had endeavoured to persuade Theseus to destroy her

of bringing them all up. O, that in the midst of travail, most beauteous of *all* things, the womb had been rent asunder<sup>89</sup> that would prove of injury to thee. Go to, then; respect the bed of a parent that thus deserves it; *the bed*, from which he flies, and which by his deeds he rejects. And let not empty names terrify thy feelings, because I appear as a step-mother about to have intercourse with a step-son. That old-fashioned superstition, doomed to perish in a future age, existed, when Saturn held<sup>90</sup> his rustic sway. Jupiter<sup>91</sup> has determined that whatever is pleasing, the same is pious; and the sister *as* the wife to the brother makes everything to be lawful.<sup>92</sup> That unison of blood is made stringent by a firm tie,<sup>93</sup> to which Venus herself has added her own bonds. And there is no trouble *in doing so*: we may conceal it; ask *this as* a favour of her; under the name of relative our faults will be able to be concealed. Should any one see us embracing, we shall both be praised; I shall be deemed an affectionate step-mother

own children by him, and thus to promote the chance of Hippolytus succeeding to the throne, but that he had refused. Among her children, by Theseus, was Demophoön, and, according to some, Acamantes.

<sup>89</sup> *Been rent asunder.*]—Ver. 126. Some suggest that by ‘viscera,’ Phædra here means the child of which she was delivered, wishing that it might have been suffocated at its birth; but it seems not improbable that her prayer is directed against herself, and that she wishes she had died in labour, instead of bringing children in the world to his injury.

<sup>90</sup> *When Saturn held.*]—Ver. 152. She alludes to the traditional accounts of the piety and virtue which universally existed in the Golden Age, when Saturn reigned.

<sup>91</sup> *Jupiter.*]—Ver. 133. In many of the MSS. there are two lines added before this line, which are generally thought to be spurious:—

‘Saturnus perit, perierunt et sua jura.

Sub Jove nunc mundus; jussa Jovis sequere.’

Or, ‘jussa tuere Jovis,’ or, as one MS. gives the last line:—

‘Sub Jove mundus adest, jura Jovis sequere.’

‘Saturn is gone, his ordinances too, are gone; the world is now under the sway of Jove; obey the precepts of Jove.’

<sup>92</sup> *To be lawful.*]—Ver. 134. She cites the fact of Jupiter having been united to his sister Juno, as a precedent for universal lawlessness in all matters connected with passion.

<sup>93</sup> *By a firm tie.*]—Ver. 135. Her meaning is, that nearness of relationship and all other considerations ought to prove no obstacle in matters connected with love. This she urges, that she may remove all reluctance, on the part of Hippolytus, to a daring and incestuous encroachment on his father’s honour.

to my step-son. No husband's door will have to be opened by thee in the dark, no keeper to be deceived.<sup>94</sup> As one house has contained us both, *so* one house will *still* contain us; caresses openly didst thou give; caresses openly wilt thou give. Safe wilt thou be with me, and by thy criminality thou wilt earn approbation; even if thou shouldst be seen in my bed. Only, banish delay, and haste to unite our ties: then may the Love which now rages within me, prove *more* merciful to thee. I do not disdain to entreat as a suppliant and with humility. Alas! where are my pride and my lofty expressions now lying prostrate? And long had I determined to struggle, and not to yield to criminality: if Love could have admitted of any resolution. Vanquished, I entreat thee, and to thy knees do I extend my royal arms: no one in love considers what is becoming. I am past shame, and modesty, flying, has deserted its standards. Grant pardon to me confessing it, and subdue thy obdurate feelings.

What avails it me that Minos, who owns the seas,<sup>95</sup> is my sire? *And* that the quivering lightnings proceed from the hand of my great grandsire?<sup>96</sup> That he *too* is my grandsire, having his forehead crowned with pointed rays, who in his purple chariot brings in the warm day? Under Love does

<sup>94</sup> *Keeper to be deceived.*—Ver. 142. Among the Greeks and Romans, in the houses of opulent persons, a porter or door-keeper (who was called 'janitor,' or 'custos,' by the Romans, and *θυρωρός*, by the Greeks), was always in attendance to open the door, and to ensure safety against the inroads of improper characters. He was generally a eunuch, or a slave, and was frequently chained to the spot. To assist him in keeping watch at the entrance, a dog was generally kept near it, which was also attached by a chain to the wall. Sometimes near the door was written *ἐυλαβοῦ τὸν κύνα*, or 'cave canem,' 'beware of the dog:' and, as we find in the house of the tragic Poet, at Pompeii, the figure of a dog was wrought in mosaic on the pavement, or painted upon the wall. Sometimes, instead of this, the walls or pavements were inscribed with the courteous salutation SALVE, or XAIPE, 'hail,' or 'welcome.' Immediately adjoining the front door, there was, in some houses, a small room for the porter.

<sup>95</sup> *Who owns the seas.*—Ver. 157. The power of Minos, king of Crete, over the neighbouring seas, especially when he had conquered the Athenians, was almost supreme.

<sup>96</sup> *My great grandsire.*—Ver. 158. Jupiter was the grandfather of Phædra by the father's side, he being the father of Minos. But by the mother's side he was her great-grandfather; she being the daughter of Pasiphaë, who was the daughter of the Sun, and the grand-daughter of Jupiter.

noble descent lie prostrate; have compassion on my ancestors; and if thou dost not wish to spare me, spare my house. Crete, the island of Jove, is my land in dower;<sup>97</sup> let the whole of *that* court obey my own Hippolytus. Conquer thy stubborn feelings. My mother could move *even* a bull; wilt thou thyself be more cruel than a savage bull?<sup>98</sup>

Spare me, I entreat, by Venus, who is all-powerful with me; then mayst thou never love one who may despise thee. Then may the active Goddess attend thee in the remote forests, and may the lofty woods afford thee the wild beasts for slaughter. Then may the Satyrs protect thee, and the Pans, the mountain Deities; and may the wild boar fall pierced by the hostile spears. Then may the Nymphs (although thou art said to hate the fair), grant thee the stream to allay thy parching thirst. Tears as well do I add to these entreaties; the words of one entreating thou dost peruse, but imagine<sup>99</sup> that thou dost see her tears *as well*.

<sup>97</sup> *My land in dower.*]—Ver. 163. If we take these words in their literal sense, we must suppose that the Isle of Crete formed the dowry of Phædra, which we do not learn from any of the ancient writers to have been the fact; nor, indeed, could it have been, since Deucalion succeeded Minos, and his brother Catreus him, who was followed by Idomeneus, the son of Deucalion. We must then come to the conclusion, either that the Poet in this instance does not pay due attention to the historical facts of ancient times, or else that he intentionally represents Phædra as ready, in her unprincipled attempts to gain Hippolytus, to make any promises, and, in fact, to say anything that may possibly conduce to the promotion of her infamous design.

<sup>98</sup> *A savage bull.*]—Ver. 166. Burmann is of opinion that this and the three preceding lines are not genuine, and that they have been inserted by some writer of a later age than that of Ovid.

<sup>99</sup> *But imagine.*]—Ver. 176. This last appeal is ingeniously added, and carries in it more strength than all her former arguments together: for nothing affects the mind more forcibly than what is suggested by the fancy. It was in vain, however, that Phædra used so many artifices to corrupt the chastity of Hippolytus; as he resolutely withstood all her attempts, and continued inflexibly virtuous. Her love was at length changed into hatred, and, burning with a desire for revenge, she accused him to Theseus of having offered violence to her person. On this, finding that his father was inclined to believe her assertions, he took flight, and was proceeding to the court of his grandfather Pittheus, when the horses of his chariot took fright at the appearance of certain sea-monsters sent by Neptune, and his chariot was dashed to pieces, and himself slain. He was afterwards, at the entreaty of Diana, restored to life by Æsculapius, and was said to have been transferred, under the name of Virbius, to the

## EPISTLE V.

## CENONE TO PARIS.

WHEN Hecuba, the daughter of Cisseus and the wife of Priam, was pregnant with Paris, she dreamed that she was delivered of a burning torch, which set all Troy in flames. Terrified at the presage, Priam applied to the oracle; and being told that he would have a son who would prove the cause of his country's ruin, he ordered that the child, as soon as born, should be put to death. On this, Hecuba, moved by maternal affection, delivered him to the royal shepherds, with orders to bring him up secretly. When he grew up, he became enamoured of the Nymph Cēnone, and, according to some accounts, he married her. The Deities having been invited to the marriage of Peleus and Thetis, the Goddess Discord alone was overlooked. Enraged at this neglect, she waited for an opportunity of revenge. With this object, while Jupiter, Juno, Pallas, and Venus were sitting together, she threw an apple among them, on which were written these words, 'Let this be given to the fairest.' Upon this, a dispute arose as to which of the three Goddesses was entitled to the prize. Jupiter, unwilling to decide in a matter of such delicacy, referred them to the arbitration of Paris. He, having been bred up among Priam's shepherds, was then tending his flocks upon mount Ida. Thither the Goddesses repaired, and each endeavoured to influence his decision by large offers. Juno promised him a kingdom; Pallas, wisdom and prudence; and Venus, the most beautiful woman in the world. On this, Paris gave his judgment in favour of Venus. Afterwards, having been acknowledged by Priam, and having been sent to Menelaüs, king of Sparta, he was received by him in a most hospitable manner. Being captivated by the beauty of Helen, the wife of Menelaüs, and having gained her by his solicitations, he carried her off, while Menelaüs was absent in Crete. This circumstance gave rise to the Trojan-war. In the present Epistle, Cēnone reproaches Paris with his perfidy, and entreats him to restore Helen to the Greeks.

A NYMPH<sup>1</sup> sends to her Paris (although to be mine thou dost refuse) her words, from the heights of Ida, to be read *by him*.

Dost thou read this through? or does thy new wife hinder thee? Read it through. This letter is not written by the hand

Arician grove near Rome. His story is related at length in the Fifteenth Book of the Metamorphoses.

<sup>1</sup> *A Nymph.*]—Ver. 1. This and the next line are wanting in most of the MSS.; and being inferior to the general style of Ovid's writing, they are perhaps justly considered spurious. The lines are—

'Nympha suo Paridi (quamvis meus esse recuses)  
Mittit ab Idæis verba legenda jugis.'

of him of Mycenæ.<sup>2</sup> I, CEnone,<sup>3</sup> a Nymph of the streams, well known in the Phrygian groves, injured, complain of thee, who art mine, if thou thyself dost permit it. What Deity has opposed his authority to my wishes? What crime is it that precludes me from remaining thine? Whatever you suffer deservedly, should be borne with patience: the penalty that comes upon us undeservedly, comes as a ground for complaint. Not yet so great wast thou, when I, a Nymph, sprung from a great river, was content with thee for a husband. Thou, who art now a son of Priam (let respect be paid to truth), wast *then but* a slave:<sup>4</sup> I, a Nymph, condescended to wed a slave. Many a time, shaded by the trees have we rested among the flocks: and the grass mixed with the leaves has afforded us a couch. Often, in our lowly cottage, as we lay upon the straw and the piled hay, has the white hoar frost been kept off from us.

Who pointed out to thee the thickets suited for the chase, and beneath what rock the wild beast concealed her whelps? Oft, as thy companion, have I spread the nets variegated with the meshes;<sup>5</sup> oft have I cheered the speeding hounds over the long mountain ranges. The beech trees, cut by thee, still preserve my name:<sup>6</sup> and marked by thy pruning knife, I,

<sup>2</sup> *Him of Mycenæ.*]—Ver. 2. That is, ‘by the hand of your injured enemy from Mycenæ,’ in Peloponnesus, which was the country of Menelaüs and Agamemnon.

<sup>3</sup> *CEnone.*]—Ver. 3. She was the daughter of the river Cebren, or Cebrenus, according to Apollodorus, or, as other writers say, of the river Xanthus; both of which were streams of the Troad. Being a Naiad, she is here called ‘Pegasis:’ those Nymphs being styled by the Greeks ‘Pegasises,’ or ‘fountain Nymphs.’ The Muses had the same name from their favourite retreat near the fountain of Helicon. It is thought by some, that CEnone is especially styled ‘Pegasis,’ to distinguish her from another person of that name, from whom the island of Ægina received the name of CEnone. Micyllus, however, would read here instead of Pegasis, ‘Pedasis,’ signifying that she was an inhabitant of Pegasus, a town which was situate at the foot of Mount Ida.

<sup>4</sup> *Wast but a slave.*]—Ver. 12. That is, before the secret of his noble birth was discovered.

<sup>5</sup> *Variegated with the meshes.*]—Ver. 19. ‘Maculis’ is here said, by many of the Commentators, to signify ‘knots’ in the formation of the net: but it is much probable that it means the meshes themselves.

<sup>6</sup> *Preserve my name.*]—Ver. 21. Paris and CEnone are here represented as having led a pastoral life together, and as having participated together in the diversions and pleasures of the country. No state of life could have afforded her finer or more affecting images of the past. Here we meet with undisguised nature, and passion without art. CEnone reminds



Cenone, am read of as thine; and as the trunks increase, so does my name grow on; grow on, *then*, and rise upward in my praise. There is a poplar<sup>7</sup> (I remember it) planted on the banks of the river, on which there is an inscription carved,<sup>8</sup> a memorial of ourselves. Flourish, thou poplar, I pray, which, planted on the margin of the banks, hast these lines inscribed on thy rough bark: "When Paris shall be able to exist, his Cenone deserted, the waters of Xanthus turning back shall flow towards their source."<sup>9</sup>

Xanthus, hasten back; ye streams, return to your source: Paris dares to desert his Cenone: That day pronounced the doom of wretched me; on that *day* commenced the direful storm of his estranged affection, on which, Venus and Juno, and the naked Minerva, (more becoming<sup>10</sup> in her armour when assumed) came for thy arbitration. My smitten bosom throbbed, and, as thou didst tell me, a cold shudder ran through my firm bones. I consulted (for, indeed, in no moderate degree

Paris of those once pleasing scenes when they were sharers in the same delights: when he indulged his poetic vein in her praise, and was in the habit of carving her name on the bark of the trees. If a remembrance of these soft moments cannot recall his wandering affection, she must despair of success in any other way.

<sup>7</sup> *There is a poplar.*]—Ver. 25. The ancients were much in the habit of planting poplars on the banks of rivers; and Virgil, in his Seventh Eclogue, l. 66, remarks that that tree delights in a moist situation. Poplars were very numerous in the region round Troy, which was rendered swampy by the many rills that ran from Mount Ida.

<sup>8</sup> *An inscription carved.*]—Ver. 26. It was, and certainly is still, the custom of the youths to cut the names of their sweethearts on the bark of the trees. Though trivial in itself, there is something affecting in her thus reminding him of it, since it cannot fail to bring more vividly to his recollection the delightful moments which they had once spent together. Indeed, the whole of this Epistle is exceedingly simple and pathetic; and the attentive reader must of necessity feel himself deeply interested for the injured Cenone.

<sup>9</sup> *Flow towards their source.*]—Ver. 30. The words *ἄνω ποταμῶν*, signifying 'upwards to the river's source,' were used by the Greeks and Romans as a proverb, signifying an impossibility. They form the commencement of an Iambic line in the 'Medea' of Euripides, *Ἄνω ποταμῶν χωροῦσι παγαί*, 'the streams flow upwards towards their sources.' Cicero uses this proverb in one of his Epistles to Atticus. Of course it applies to rivers flowing down a declivity, and having no tides.

<sup>10</sup> *More becoming.*]—Ver. 35. This is apparently a hint at the want of modesty exhibited on this occasion by the Goddess of wisdom and of arms.

was I alarmed) both old women and aged men ; it was agreed that there was mischief *hatching*.

Fir-trees were hewn down, and beams were cut, and the fleet being built, the azure waves received the pitched ships.<sup>11</sup> *When* departing, thou didst weep ; at least, forbear to deny that ; this *present* passion is more deserving of shame than thy former one. Thou both didst weep, and didst see my eyes as I wept : each of us in sorrow mingled our tears. Not so *firmly* is the elm clasped by the embracing vines,<sup>12</sup> as thy arms were entwined around my neck. How often, alas ! did thy attendants smile,<sup>13</sup> when thou didst complain of being detained by the wind ! *for* it was favourable. How often didst thou give me the repeated kiss when parting ! With what difficulty was thy tongue able to utter 'Farewell !' A propitious breeze arouses the canvass as it hangs from the erect mast ; and ploughed up by the oars, the water is white. Hapless, with my eyes, did I pursue the departing sails, so long as I could ; and the sand was moistened with my tears. I entreated, too, the azure Nereïds that thou mightst speedily return ; that, to my misfortune, forsooth, thou mightst speedily return. And hast thou then,<sup>14</sup> O thou, who shouldst have returned at my entreaties, returned for another ? Ah me ! for a remorseless rival have I used my endearments !

A rock, formed by nature, looks down on the boundless deep ; it was a mountain *once* ; it opposes itself to the waves of the ocean. While I awaited *thee*, at the summit of the prow there shone, *conspicuous* to me, a purple dress :<sup>15</sup> I was struck

<sup>11</sup> *The pitched ships.*—Ver. 42. It is supposed that the ships of the ancients were coated with a composition of wax and pitch. The ships of Paris, like those in which Æneas afterwards sailed, were made from trees which were cut down on Mount Ida.

<sup>12</sup> *The embracing vines.*—Ver. 47. It has been already observed, in the Notes to the *Fourteenth Book of the Metamorphoses*, l. 663, that the elm was especially used by the ancients for the purpose of forming a support for the vine.

<sup>13</sup> *Thy attendants smile.*—Ver. 50. At the idleness of your excuses ; as they know that you were detained by love, and not by the winds being unfavourable.

<sup>14</sup> *And hast thou then.*—Ver. 59. Heinsius, in his Commentary on the *Tristia*, Book i. El. i. l. 86, says that Ovid never makes short the last syllable of 'ergo.' Here is an illustration to the contrary—

'Votis ergo meis alii rediture redisti ?'

<sup>15</sup> *A purple dress.*—Ver. 65. The purple would show the distin-

with alarm : that dress was not thine. It came nearer ; and, urged by a favouring breeze, the bark reached the shore ; with palpitating heart I saw the features of a female. *And* that was not enough ; and why, in my madness, did I hesitate ?—thy shameless mistress was clinging to thy bosom. Then, indeed, did I rend my garments and beat my breast, and with my sharp nails I tore my moistened cheeks ; I filled, too, the sacred Ida with my shrieks of despair ; thence did I convey those tears<sup>16</sup> to my rocky *cave*. So may Helen grieve, and *so*, deserted by her spouse, may she mourn ; and may she herself endure that which she was the first to inflict on me.

Now are women pleasing to thee,<sup>17</sup> who accompany thee over the open sea, and desert their lawful ties. But when thou wast a poor man, and, as a shepherd, wast driving the flocks, no one but CEnone was the wife of the poor man. I admire not thy wealth, nor does thy palace attract me ; nor that I should be called one daughter-in-law of Priam out of so many. And yet, not that Priam<sup>18</sup> should refuse to be the father-in-law of a Nymph, or that I should be a daughter-in-law to be denied by Hecuba. I both am worthy, and I wish to become the consort of a powerful man ; I have hands which

guished rank of the person wearing it, it being the most expensive of all dyes.

<sup>16</sup> *Convey those tears.*]—Ver. 74. Ovid is wonderfully skilful in describing the softer passions : he always paints according to life and nature. In the first transports of grief, we open ourselves to all whom we meet, and fondly imagine that they must be ready to take part in our sorrows. Afterwards, on finding little relief, we retire to woods and deserts, and feel a melancholy pleasure in gloom and solitude.

<sup>17</sup> *Pleasing to thee.*]—Ver. 77. The meaning of ‘nunc tibi conveniunt’ is either ‘are attending thee,’ or ‘are pleasing to thee.’ The latter seems to be the real meaning of the passage. The plural is used contemptuously, as much as to say that Helen is not singular for either her beauty or her affection, and that a thousand other women are ready to do the same as she has done. She means also to reproach Paris for his levity and his fondness for vain titles and a pretended affection that assumes to be ready to follow him through all dangers.

<sup>18</sup> *Not that Priam.*]—Ver. 83. The use of the particle ‘ut’ is very emphatic, and cannot well be estimated by the English reader without a paraphrase. The meaning is, ‘Though I look with indifference on your rank and title, there is no reason that Priam should refuse me for his daughter-in-law ; for I am one of the Nymphs.’ This she adds, that he may not impute her contempt of dignities and splendour to rustic ignorance.

a sceptre might grace ; and despise me not, because, together with thee, I used to lie on the leaves of the beech ; I am more suited to a purple couch.<sup>19</sup> In fine, my affection is safe to thee : no wars are in preparation, nor do the waves bring the avenging ships.

The fugitive daughter of Tyndarus is demanded back by hostile arms ; with this for a dowry does she haughtily ascend thy couch. Whether she ought to be restored to the Greeks, ask either thy brother Hector, or Polydamas,<sup>20</sup> together with Deïphobus.<sup>21</sup> Ask what sage Antenor,<sup>22</sup> and what Priam himself thinks ; *men*, whose long life has proved an instruc-

<sup>19</sup> *A purple couch.*]—Ver. 88. The ‘tori,’ or beds of the ancients, were in early times made of straw, hay, leaves, or seaweed. They were afterwards stuffed with wool and feathers, and sometimes with swans’ down, so as to be as much raised, and as soft as possible. They were sometimes covered with hides, but more commonly with sheets and blankets, which were called ‘pallia,’ or ‘toralia.’ The ‘torus,’ which answers to our bed or mattress in its position, rested upon girths or strings, which connected the two horizontal side-posts of the bed. Over the bed were spread coverlets, which, among the wealthy, were of purple colour (as mentioned in the present instance), and were adorned with interwoven and embroidered figures. Martial, B. ii. Ep. 16, ridicules the vanity of Zoilus, who pretended to be ill, that he might show his visitors the ‘coccina stragula,’ or ‘purple coverlet,’ on his bed, which he had lately received from Alexandria. The bedsteads of the ancients, for sleeping on, were higher than the ‘lecti tricliniaries,’ or couches which were used for reclining on at meals, and were ascended by means of a ‘scamnum,’ or ‘footstool.’ They were made of various metals or of costly wood, and were inlaid with tortoise-shell and ivory, while the feet were sometimes of ivory, and gold or silver. Besides the ‘torus,’ ‘bed’ or ‘mattress,’ there was the ‘culcita,’ which answered the same purpose as our bolster.

<sup>20</sup> *Polydamas.*]—Ver. 94. Polydamas was a Trojan who bore a considerable rank in the court of Priam.

<sup>21</sup> *With Deïphobus.*]—Ver. 94. Deïphobus was one of the sons of Priam, and was remarkable for his strength. Still he was unequal to Paris in a contest that took place between them, while the latter was the servant of one of the royal shepherds, and was not known to be the son of Priam. Upon the death of his brother Paris, he married Helen, who betrayed him and delivered him to the Greeks.

<sup>22</sup> *Sage Antenor.*]—Ver. 95. Antenor was a noble of the court of Priam, to whom he was related, and who, together with Priam, disapproved of the conduct of Paris, and advised that Helen should be restored to her injured husband, and that an end should be thereby put to the war. After the fall of Troy he was suffered by the Greeks to depart with a colony of his countrymen, whom he conducted into Italy, and settled there.

tion to them. 'Tis a scandalous beginning, to prefer a woman carried off, to thy country; thy cause is a disgraceful one; her husband is waging a righteous war. And do not, if thou art wise, promise thyself that this Laconian woman<sup>23</sup> will prove faithful, who has so readily betaken herself into thy embraces. As the younger son of Atreus is now exclaiming at the violation of the ties of his dishonoured bed, and, injured by the intrigues of a foreigner, is grieving, so wilt thou too be exclaiming.

Chastity, once sullied, can by no skill be recovered; for ever it is lost. She now burns with love for thee; thus, too, did she love Menelaüs: easy of belief, he is now lying in a deserted bed. Happy Andromache,<sup>24</sup> married happily to a constant husband! After the example of thy brother, I should have been kept as thy wife. Thou art more fickle than the leaves, at the time when, made dry by the inconstant winds, without the weight of moisture, they are flying about; and there is less firmness in thee than in the tops of the wheat, which, parched by the constant sunshine, stand stiff in their lightness.

This (for I recollect it) did thy sister once prophesy.<sup>25</sup> Thus did she foretell to me with her dishevelled locks. "What art thou doing, CEnone? Why art thou committing the seed to the sand? Thou art ploughing the sea-shore with oxen to no purpose. The Grecian heifer<sup>26</sup> is coming, to ruin thee, and thy

<sup>23</sup> *Laconian woman.*]—Ver. 99. Helen is called 'Lacæna,' because her husband Menelaüs reigned over Laconia; 'Lacæna' being the feminine of Lacon, 'an inhabitant' or 'a native of Laconia.'

<sup>24</sup> *Andromache.*]—Ver. 107. Andromache was the daughter of Eëtion, and the wife of Hector. CEnone here refers to Hector and Andromache, as an illustration of true conjugal happiness. She considers that her own affection has merited an equal return, and therefore mentions Hector as an example that deserves imitation.

<sup>25</sup> *Sister once prophesy.*]—Ver. 113. She alludes to Cassandra, the sister of Paris and Hector, whom Apollo loved; and, upon whom, when she had promised to yield to his desires, he conferred the gift of prophecy. On finding himself afterwards deluded, being unable to recall that which he had once granted, he rendered the gift ineffectual, by adding this to it, that no credit should ever be given to any of her prophecies. CEnone now reflects upon that fatality, by means of which she was so far blinded, as not to hearken to the predictions of Cassandra, which now, alas! turn out to have been too well founded.

<sup>26</sup> *The Grecian heifer.*]—Ver. 118. She probably calls Helen by this name on account of her unchaste conduct. Some writers, however, suppose that the epithet is merely used in the prophecy for, the purpose of

country, and thy home; O, avert it. The Grecian heifer is coming. While it may be done, ye Gods, overwhelm the foul bark in the deep: alas! how is it freighted with Phrygian blood." Thus she said: the female servants bore her off<sup>27</sup> while still inspired; but my yellow locks stood on end. Alas! too true a prophet hast thou proved for wretched me! Lo! that heifer is in possession of my pastures! Although she is beauteous in person, yet she is an adulteress beyond a doubt; captivated by her guest, she has deserted her country's Gods. Theseus, (unless I am mistaken<sup>28</sup> in the name) one Theseus, I know not who, before *this*, carried her off from her country. Let her, *forsooth*, be supposed to have been restored a virgin, by a youth,<sup>29</sup> and *that* an amorous one.<sup>30</sup>

Do you ask whence I learned this so accurately? I am in

rendering her meaning the more obscure, without reference to the character of Helen.

<sup>27</sup> *Bore her off.*]—Ver. 121. Cassandra was carried off before she had finished her prediction, as some say, by command of her father Priam; but more probably by her own attendants, lest her life should be endangered by the violence of her agitation. Lycophron indeed says, that Priam gave a general order to the attendants of Cassandra to shut her up in her chamber, whenever she began to utter her prophecies, as he supposed her to be deranged.

<sup>28</sup> *Unless I am mistaken* ]—Ver. 127. The Poet does not wish to represent a damsel whom he has depicted as chaste and innocent, as being too-well skilled in the history of past events, and especially in that of so worthless a character as Helen. Although, however, she speaks with such diffidence, she proves to be right as to the fact; for we are told by Hyginus and Apollodorus, that Helen was carried off, when very young, by Theseus, who afterwards restored her, intact, to her brothers Castor and Pollux.

<sup>29</sup> *By a youth.*]—Ver. 129. Varro tells us that the age of 'juventus,' or 'youthfulness,' lasted up to the end of the forty-fifth year. If such is the fact, Ovid may have some little excuse for here calling Theseus 'juvenis,' as he was not far off his fiftieth year when he carried Helen off.

<sup>30</sup> *An amorous one.*]—Ver. 129. Cœnone hopes, by throwing discredit on her rival by her inuendos, to recommend herself in the eyes of Paris. The more faithless Helen has proved throughout her past life, the less confidence can now be placed in her, and the more ought she herself to be valued, who has proved constant. She insinuates that this is not the first time that she has suffered herself to be seduced; and that one who has since so misconducted herself, must have been a consenting party. She then surmises, that, whatever may have been asserted to the contrary, it is very unlikely that one, of the disposition of Theseus, would restore untouched an object so attractive as Helen.

love.<sup>31</sup> Though thou shouldst call it violence, and disguise her faultiness by its name, she, who has been so often carried off, has allowed herself to be carried off. But CEnone continues faithful to a deceiving spouse; and, *still*, thou thyself mightst have been deceived, after thy own precedent. The nimble Satyrs,<sup>32</sup> (I concealed myself in the woods<sup>33</sup>) a wanton crew, sought me with hasty feet; Faunus, too, having his horned head wreathed with sharp pine-leaves, where Ida swells with its boundless ridges. The builder of Troy, so famed for his lyre, loved me; he gathered the spoil of my virginity. And yet, that against my struggling; still, with my nails I tore his locks, and his face was made rough with my fingers. I asked for neither gems nor gold as the price of my ravishment: presents disgracefully purchase the body that is free.<sup>34</sup>

He himself, deeming me worthy, entrusted me with the healing art, and admitted my hands to his own functions. Whatever herb is powerful for healing, and *whatever* root useful for a cure grows in all the world, it is my own. Unhappy me! that love can be healed by no herbs! Skilled in my art, by my own skill am I deserted. The inventor of the *medical art* is said himself to have fed the cows of Pheræ,<sup>35</sup> and by a passion

<sup>31</sup> *I am in love.*]—Ver. 130. Her meaning is, that Love is very quick-sighted at discerning a change in the person beloved, and is ever ready to cause numerous enquiries relative to such persons as may probably stand in its way.

<sup>32</sup> *The nimble Satyrs.*]—Ver. 135. Directly she mentions the Satyrs, remembering that the fact of being in the company of individuals of such doubtful reputation might possibly not appear to redound to her credit, she is careful to add, that she hid herself in the woods at the time when she met them.

<sup>33</sup> *In the woods.*]—Ver. 135. To the perfidy and inconstancy of Helen, she opposes her own inviolate chastity. Pan and the Satyrs have pursued her in vain. Even Apollo was unable to obtain her without a severe struggle; for he bore the marks of her resentment. He is called ‘munitor Trojæ,’ because, with Neptune, he was said to have raised the walls of Troy, for a reward promised to them by king Laomedon.

<sup>34</sup> *Body that is free.*]—Ver. 144. She says that it is disgraceful for a free-born woman to be unchaste, implying, that she leaves it to slaves (as only becoming their degraded position) to sell their charms for lucre. The Latin word ‘meretrix’ is derived from ‘mereo,’ ‘to earn money:’ *i. e.* by prostitution.

<sup>35</sup> *Cows of Pheræ.*]—Ver. 151. The poets in general say that Apollo did not betake himself to feeding the herds of Admetus, the king of

for me was he wounded. Thou art able to give me an aid, which neither the earth, *so* fruitful in producing plants, can give, nor yet the Divinity. *This* thou both canst do, and I deserve it; have pity on the damsel who *thus* merits it.

I am not, together with the Greeks, wielding blood-stained arms. But I am thine, and with thee have I been from my early years: and for the time that remains, do I pray to be thine.

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## EPISTLE VI.

### HYPSEIPYLE TO JASON.

PELIAS, the son of Neptune, was warned by an oracle that his death would be near at hand, when one barefooted should approach him while sacrificing. While engaged in the celebration of certain annual rites, Jason, the son of Æson, having lost his shoe in the mud of the river Anaurus, met him, while hastening to be present at the sacrifice. Pelias, remembering the oracle, endeavoured to persuade Jason to undertake an expedition to Colchis, to obtain the Golden Fleece, hoping that he would never return, inasmuch as he had heard that it was a work beyond human power to accomplish. Jason, being possessed of great courage, readily engaged in the attempt; and having associated with himself, a number of gallant adventurers, he set sail in the ship *Argo*, from Thessaly, and soon after arrived in the Isle of Lemnos. Not long before this period, the women of Lemnos had murdered, in one night, all the men on the island, with the exception of Hypsipyle, the daughter of Thoas, who had saved her father, under the pretence of having slain him, and who at this time was reigning in Lemnos. Con-

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*Pheræ*, in Thessaly, through love, as *Ænone* seems here to hint, but because he was flying from the wrath of Jupiter, whom he had offended, by slaying the Cyclops, the founders of his thunderbolts. Callimachus, however, assigns a similar reason for the retirement of Apollo, and his entering the service of Admetus, to that here given by Ovid; inasmuch as he says that he was prompted by his love for *Alcestis*, the daughter of Pallas, to that step. The poet Quintus Calaber relates, that when Paris had been wounded with an arrow by Philoctetes, he betook himself to *Ænone*, and confiding in her medical skill, entreated her to cure his wound. This she refused to do, and, on his return, he died on Mount Ida. The shepherds having placed the body on the funeral pile, *Ænone*, who was present at the ceremonial, leaped amid the flames, and was consumed together with the body. Dictys the Cretan varies the narrative, by saying that the body of Paris was carried to *Ænone*, to receive from her the rites of sepulture, and that she, recollecting her former passion, fell dead on beholding the corpse.



ceiving a passion for Jason, she not only proffered him the greatest hospitality, but even admitted him to her bed. After remaining two years in Lemnos, his companions urged him to proceed on the intended expedition; on which he set sail for Colchis, leaving Hypsipyle pregnant. Medea, the daughter of Æetes, king of Colchis, having become enamoured of him, by her magic arts she lulled asleep the watchful dragon, and the bulls with brazen feet, and by her aid, he obtained the Golden Fleece; then, leaving Colchis, he carried off Medea, who readily accompanied him. Hypsipyle, enraged that Medea has been preferred to her, sends this Epistle to Jason, congratulating him on his safe return. Then, exposing the cruelty and enchantments of Medea, she endeavours to bring her into contempt, and to make him sensible of her own superior deserts. She concludes by loading both Jason and Medea with imprecations.

HYPsipYLE of Lemnos,<sup>36</sup> the descendant of Bacchus, communes with the son of Æson; but in her words how small a portion is there of her feelings.

Thou art reported to have touched the shores of Thessaly with thy returning bark, enriched by the fleece<sup>37</sup> of the golden sheep. I congratulate thee on thy safety, so far as<sup>38</sup> thou dost permit: still, of that same thing ought I to have been informed by thy own writing. For thou mayst not have had *propitious* winds, so as not to return past my realms, as thou didst promise, even hadst thou desired it. *Still*, though the wind is ever so contrary, a letter might<sup>39</sup> be written; I, Hypsipyle, was worthy of a salutation being sent.

Why did report come to me, before a letter as thy messenger, how that the bulls, sacred to Mars,<sup>40</sup> had come be-

<sup>36</sup> *Hypsipyle of Lemnos.*]—Ver. 1. The two commencing lines—

Lemnia Hypsipyle, Bacchi genus Æsone nato

Dicit; at in verbis pars quota mentis erat.

are generally considered to be spurious.

<sup>37</sup> *By the fleece.*]—Ver. 2. The recovery, by Jason, of the Golden Fleece, is narrated at length in the Seventh Book of the *Metamorphoses*.

<sup>38</sup> *So far as.*]—Ver. 3. Because she had heard how Jason had preferred Medea to herself: and therefore she had reason to fear that her congratulation might not be very cordially received.

<sup>39</sup> *A letter might.*]—Ver. 7. Some critics, with too refined acumen, as it would seem, remark that the third person is here used designedly, and that the Poet makes Hypsipyle, from indignation, avoid mentioning the very name of Jason. Certainly, in one of the scenes of Terence, Sostrata chides a person, though present, in the third person; but here the use of that person seems entirely accidental.

<sup>40</sup> *Bulls sacred to Mars.*]—Ver. 10. These bulls, which were sacred to Mars, had brazen feet, and breathed forth smoke and flames. Jason

neath the bending yoke? How that the harvest of men had sprung up when the grain was sown,<sup>41</sup> and how that they did not need<sup>42</sup> thy right hand for their destruction? How that the wakeful dragon<sup>43</sup> had watched the spoil of the ram, and yet that the yellow fleece had been carried off by thy vigorous arm? If I could have been enabled to say to those who believed these things with hesitation—"He himself has written to me to this effect?" how glad should I have been! Why do I complain that the respect of my delaying husband *towards me* has failed? If I am still thine, I receive the height of devotion.

A barbarian sorceress<sup>44</sup> is said to have come with thee, received to a share of that bed which was promised to me. Love is a credulous thing; I wish that I may be pronounced rash in accusing my husband on a false charge! A Thessalian guest lately came to me from the Hæmonian shores; and scarcely was the threshold well reached; "How fares my Jason, the son of Æson?" said I. With shame he stood silent, fixing his looks upon the ground beneath *him*: at once, I sprang forward; and tearing my garments from my breast, I exclaimed:—"Does he *still* live? or do the Fates summon me away as well?" "He does live," said he: and, in his confusion, I compelled him to swear to me. Hardly, when a God attested,<sup>45</sup> was I convinced of thy existence.

was instructed by Medea how to tame them; without which step, the Golden Fleece, the object of his voyage, could not be obtained.

<sup>41</sup> *Grain was sown.*]—Ver. 11. She alludes to the teeth of the dragon, which Jason, having killed that monster, was next obliged to sow, and from which sprang up armed men.

<sup>42</sup> *They did not need.*]—Ver. 12. Jason, by the advice of Medea, throwing stones among them, they turned their arms against, and slew each other. Apollodorus, however, informs us, that falling into dissensions among themselves, they were all slain by Jason.

<sup>43</sup> *The wakeful dragon.*]—Ver. 13. Besides the brazen-footed bulls before mentioned, there was a dragon of enormous size, which kept watch over the Golden Fleece, and slept neither by day nor night.

<sup>44</sup> *Barbarian sorceress.*]—Ver. 19. She alludes to Medea, whom she here calls 'venefica,' a 'sorceress,' or 'enchantress.' Her history is related in the Seventh Book of the *Metamorphoses*. Whatever served to pervert or disturb the mind, was, by the ancients, called 'venenum.'

<sup>45</sup> *A God attested.*]—Ver. 30. Though the stranger, by an oath, called the Gods to witness the truth of his asseverations, she could hardly believe that Jason was still living. She means thereby to make him sensible of her anxiety and concern, that could hardly be satisfied as to his welfare without the strongest proofs,

When my senses had returned, I began to enquire about thy deeds. He told me how that the bulls of Mars, with the brazen feet, had ploughed; how that the teeth of the dragon were cast into the earth for seed, and how that men, suddenly produced, had wielded arms; how that *these* people sprung from the earth, cut off in civil warfare, had filled their allotment of life, limited to one day.<sup>46</sup> The dragon conquered, once more I enquire if Jason is alive; hope and fear by turns act on my belief. While he is relating each thing; in his earnestness and in the thread of his discourse he reveals the wounds that have been made in thy heart.<sup>47</sup>

Alas! where is thy plighted faith? Where the marriage tie? And *where* the torches more deserving to go beneath the pile about to be lighted?<sup>48</sup> By no stealth was I known to thee; Juno was present as the presiding Divinity, and Hymen having his temples wreathed with garlands. But neither Juno nor Hymen, but sad Erinnyes, besmeared with blood, bore the inauspicious torches before me. What had I to do with the Minyæ?<sup>49</sup> What with the Tritonian bark?<sup>50</sup> What, pilot Tiphys,<sup>51</sup> hadst thou to do with my country? Here was no ram beautiful in his golden fleece; nor was Lemnos the court of the

<sup>46</sup> *Limited to one day.*]—Ver. 36. Because they were cut off on the same day on which they had sprang to life.

<sup>47</sup> *In thy heart.*]—Ver. 40. 'Tuo' seems a preferable reading here to 'suo,' 'his heart.' 'Suo' will be admissible, if we consider the stranger as speaking of Jason in the third person.

<sup>48</sup> *Pile about to be lighted.*]—Ver. 42. She says that the marriage torch, which had been used at their nuptials, was more fitted to be used at funereal rites, for the purpose of lighting the pile. It was the custom for the nearest relative of the deceased to set fire to the pile with his face turned away.

<sup>49</sup> *The Minyæ.*]—Ver. 47. The Argonauts are so called from the Minyæ, a people of Iolcos, in Thessaly, who had formed part of the forces of Jason, in his expedition to Colchis. They were originally from Orchomenus, a town of Bœotia.

<sup>50</sup> *Tritonian bark.*]—Ver. 47. The ship, Argo, is called 'Tritonis pinus,' from Pallas, who assisted in the building of it. Pallas is often mentioned by the ancients, under the name of 'Tritonia,' from the marsh Tritonis, in Africa, near which locality she was said to have been born.

<sup>51</sup> *Pilot Tiphys.*]—Ver. 48. Tiphys was the pilot of Jason's ship. The Poet, by making her exclaim against things both animate and inanimate, as though present, admirably expresses the disorder of her mind produced by the result of that expedition, so fatal to her happiness.

aged Æetes.<sup>52</sup> At first I had determined (but my unhappy destiny overruled me) to expel the stranger band with a female hand. The Lemnian women too know but too well how to conquer men.<sup>53</sup> By troops, thus brave, were my coasts<sup>54</sup> to be defended. I beheld a man in my city, and with my hospitality and my heart did I receive him; here did the summer twice,<sup>55</sup> and twice the winter pass on for thee.

It was *now* the third harvest; when thou, forced to set sail,<sup>56</sup> didst interrupt such words as these with thy tears: "I am taken away *from thee*, Hypsipyle: but (if the Fates only allow of my return) hence do I depart as thy husband: thy husband will I ever be. Still, may that *pledge* of ours which is concealed

<sup>52</sup> *Aged Æetes.*]—Ver. 50. Æetes, or Æeta, was the son of Phœbus or Apollo, and the father of Medea. He was reigning in Colchis, when Jason went thither in quest of the Golden Fleece. The complaints of Hypsipyle here depicted, are extremely natural. When any disaster happens to us, we are apt to reflect upon the train of circumstances that contributed to it, and to murmur at the course of events.

<sup>53</sup> *To conquer men.*]—Ver. 53. Venus having been surprised in adultery with Mars, in the isle of Lemnos, the women, in sacrificing to the Deities, neglected her; in consequence of which, she infected them with a malady that rendered them loathsome to their husbands; who, for the purpose of avoiding them, went to the wars in Thrace. The females greatly resenting this, they formed a conspiracy to destroy them on their return; which design they put in execution. Hypsipyle, however, secretly spared her father Thoas, who was carried by Bacchus to the island of Thoas. In the meantime, she pretended that her father was dead, and raised a funeral pile in her palace, as if to celebrate his obsequies, placing another person upon it in his stead.

<sup>54</sup> *Were my coasts.*]—Ver. 54. The usual reading here is 'vita,' but 'ripa,' meaning, 'the coast,' or 'shore,' seems to be the proper reading; as it has been justly observed, that the life of no one was at stake in the contest, but that the women of Lemnos at first opposed the landing of the Argonauts in their island.

<sup>55</sup> *The summer twice.*]—Ver. 56. But Valerius Flaccus gives only four months as the duration of the stay of Jason in the island of Lemnos. Ovid may possibly have, at the moment, assigned a longer visit to Jason, inasmuch as Hypsipyle had by him two sons, Euneus and Deiphilus, or, according to some writers, Thoas. If so, he forgot the circumstances that these sons were twins, at least, according to the testimony of Statius, in the Thebaid, B. v. l. 464, and as it would seem, according to the true meaning of the 121st line of the present Epistle. On the other hand, Valerius Flaccus represents her in the Second Book of the Argonautics, l. 425, as pregnant of but one child.

<sup>56</sup> *Forced to set sail.*]—Ver. 57. He was pressed to depart by Hercules and others of his companions.

in thy pregnant womb, live on,<sup>57</sup> and of the same *offspring* may we both be the parents." Thus far *didst thou speak*; and, as tears flowed down thy deceitful face, I remember that thou couldst not say the rest. After all thy companions<sup>58</sup> didst thou embark in the sacred Argo:<sup>59</sup> *onward* it flew,<sup>60</sup> and the wind filled its swelling sails.

The azure waves recede from before the impelled ship; by thee the earth, by me the waters are beheld. A tower open<sup>61</sup> on every side looks down upon the waves: hither do I betake myself, and my face and my bosom<sup>62</sup> are bedewed with tears. Through my tears do I view *thee*; and my eyes, favouring the eagerness of my feelings, see farther than usual. I add chaste prayers, and vows mingled with apprehensions, that even now should be performed since thou art safe. Shall I then fulfil *those* vows? Shall Medea reap<sup>63</sup> the advantage of those vows? My heart is sorrowing, and love is overflowing, mingled with rage. Shall I carry offerings

<sup>57</sup> *Live on.*]—Ver. 62. She promises that, in spite of the barbarous determination of the females of her island, in case she should be delivered of a son, he shall not be put to death. The destruction of female children was not uncommon in the early ages, throughout the heathen world.

<sup>58</sup> *After all thy companions.*]—Ver. 65. If we translate ‘*ultimus sociis*’ quite literally, it is, ‘The last of thy companions thou didst, &c.’ a form of expression not unlike the famous line of Milton, ‘And fairest of all her daughters, Eve.’ Apollonius Rhodius says, that Jason was the first to embark. It has, however, been justly remarked that, Apollonius was more desirous to paint Jason as a hero and a skilful leader, than as an attentive lover; on the other hand, Valerius Flaccus, though he does not distinctly say that Jason was the last to go on board, states that he, with Castor and Pollux, lingered behind in the embraces of the Lemnian females.

<sup>59</sup> *The sacred Argo.*]—Ver. 65. The ship Argo is called ‘*sacra*,’ because it was built under the auspices, and by the instructions of Minerva. It was also built, in part, of wood, from the sacred forest of Dodona, which had been cut down by the direction of Minerva.

<sup>60</sup> *Onward it flew.*] Ver. 66. In saying that the ship flew, she alludes to its name, which denoted its speed; it being derived from a Greek word signifying swift.

<sup>61</sup> *A tower open.*]—Ver. 69. See the *Metamorphoses*, Book ii. l. 393, and the Note to the passage.

<sup>62</sup> *And my bosom.*]—Ver. 70. The word ‘*sinus*’ may here mean either the folded or plaited part of the garment that covered the bosom, or perhaps, figuratively, the bosom itself.

<sup>63</sup> *Shall Medea reap.*]—Ver. 75. These words are prompted by a just indignation at her wrongs, which she here very pathetically sums up.

to the temples, because I lose Jason, *but living still?* Must the smitten victim fall for my misfortunes? Never, indeed, was I free from apprehension, and I was always in fear lest my father should be choosing a daughter-in-law from an Argive city.<sup>64</sup> The Argive women did I dread: a barbarian rival has done me the injury; from an unlooked-for enemy have I received my wound.

Neither by her beauty nor by her accomplishments is she pleasing; but by her incantations has she influenced thee; and with her enchanted sickle does she reap the dreadful plants.<sup>65</sup> She endeavours to draw down the struggling Moon from her chariot; and to envelope the horses of the Sun in darkness. She bridles the waves, and stops the winding rivers: she moves the woods and the firm rocks from their spot. Amid the tombs<sup>66</sup>

<sup>64</sup> *An Argive city.*—Ver. 80. ‘Argolica urbe’ here probably means ‘from some Thessalian city,’ as there was a city there called the Pelasgian Argos, which was the capital of a small territory. It may, however, possibly be intended as a term to extend to the whole of Greece.

<sup>65</sup> *The dreadful plants.*—Ver. 84. Of the herbs used in the magic arts, some were to be plucked up by the roots, and others to be cut with a sickle or scythe. Regarding the latter kind, we learn from Virgil, that they were cut with a brazen knife by the light of the moon.

<sup>66</sup> *Amid the tombs.*—Ver. 89. The tombs appear to have been the favourite haunts of all the magicians and unnatural characters of olden time, from the enchantresses and magicians of Ovid and Apuleius, down to the Ghouls of the Arabian Nights’ Entertainments. Among the Greeks the corpses that were not burnt were buried in coffins, which were made of various materials, but usually of baked clay or earthenware. The dead were generally buried outside the towns, as it was thought that their presence in the city brought pollution on the living. At Athens the dead were formerly buried in their own houses, but in historical times, none were allowed to be buried within the city. Lycurgus, with the view of removing all superstitions relative to the dead, allowed of burial in Sparta; and at Megara they were also buried within the town. Persons who possessed lands in Attica were often buried in them; but the tombs were mostly by the side of roads, and near the gates of the city. These tombs were regarded as private property, and belonged exclusively to the families whose relatives had been buried there. Sometimes they were mounds of earth or stones, while they were occasionally built of stone, and were frequently ornamented with great taste. The Romans, in the most ancient times, buried their dead, although they adopted the custom of burning them at an early period. Those who were buried were placed in a coffin which was frequently made of stone, and sometimes of that from Assos in Troas, which consumed all the body with the exception of the teeth, in forty days, whence it obtained the name of ‘Sarcophagus,’

does she wander without her girdle, her locks all dishevelled, and certain bones<sup>67</sup> does she collect from the warm piles. Those afar off does she curse; she pierces, too, the images of wax,<sup>68</sup> and into the wretched liver does she thrust the fine

which was gradually extended to other stone coffins. The urns which contained the ashes of the dead were placed in sepulchres, which were mostly outside of, though in a few instances we read of them being buried within, the City. The places for burial were either public or private: the public were of two kinds, one for illustrious citizens, who were buried at the public expense, and the other for the poor. The former were in the Campus Martius, which was ornamented with the tombs of the dead, and in the Campus Esquilinus; while the latter was also in the Campus Esquilinus, and consisted of small pits or caverns. Private places for burial were usually by the sides of roads leading into Rome, and on some of these roads, such as the Appian way, the tombs formed an almost uninterrupted street for many miles from the gates of the City.

<sup>67</sup> *And certain bones.*]—Ver. 90. Some MSS. have ‘cuncta,’ ‘all,’ instead of ‘certa,’ ‘certain,’ as applied to the bones, but the latter is considered to be the better reading, inasmuch as the sorcerers of old are said to have been very fanciful in their selections, preferring the skulls, and the parts about the joints, while they were content with scrapings or parings of some of the other portions.

<sup>68</sup> *Images of wax.*]—Ver. 91. Magic spells and incantations were very numerous among the ancients, who put considerable faith in their efficacy. Diana was frequently resorted to for assistance in cases of desperate love and unlawful desires, being invoked under the name of ‘Thessalis’ and ‘Lamia,’ by witches and enchanters, in set forms, with potent spells: the influence of which, it was thought, could be dispelled by the sound of brazen instruments. Her presence was, by these incantations, supposed to be compelled, and she was said to appear accompanied by howling dogs. Thessaly was the original, and, indeed, the most celebrated seat of this superstition: thence was probably derived the use of herbs and their juices, and other ingredients in philtres for compelling love, appeasing or averting it. The belief in ghosts was connected with the magic art, and was very prevalent, they being supposed to haunt sepulchres, and to be under the control of incantations. The spirits of the departed were consequently worshipped with great reverence. Ovid, in the present instance, enumerates many articles of the magic code; charms muttered over, herbs cut with an enchanted sickle, the Moon brought down, and the Sun darkened by her invocations, the waves and the tides stopped in their course, the woods and rocks moved from one locality to another; rites, too, performed amid the tombs, and bones culled from the pile yet warm. He finally speaks of images being made of wax, and then pierced with needles, in the part where the liver is situate; which latter plan was adopted for the purpose of torturing the person intended to be represented by the image. This be-

needles. *Other things*, too, which 'twere better I should be unacquainted with. Love is wrongfully acquired by herbs, which should be won by merit and by beauty.

*And canst thou embrace her?*<sup>69</sup> And, left in the same chamber, canst thou enjoy sleep, in the silent night, without alarm? In truth, just as the bulls,<sup>70</sup> so has she forced thee to bear the yoke, and by the arts, by which she charms the raging serpents, *does she charm* thee as well. Besides, she takes pleasure in being connected with the exploits of thy chieftains and thyself; and the wife detracts from the praises<sup>71</sup> of the husband. Some, too, of the party of Pelias<sup>72</sup> impute thy deeds to sorcery, and they have people to believe them. "'Twas not the son

lief seems to have extended down to comparatively recent periods. English history presents a memorable instance in the penance inflicted on the unfortunate wife of Humphrey, the good Duke of Gloucester, who was accused of having practised incantations upon a waxen image of the Regent in the minority of Henry the Sixth. Lord Hastings and Jane Shore were also accused of having conspired in similar practices against Richard the Third.

<sup>69</sup> *Canst thou embrace her?*—Ver. 95. One could almost fancy that she had read what happened to Beder, when, sleeping in Queen Labè's chamber, he saw her stealthily arise and prepare the diabolical cake which was to play so important a part in his intended transformation. See the story of Beder and Giauharè in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments.

<sup>70</sup> *Just as the bulls.*—Ver. 97. The artifice and ingenuity of the Poet in these passages are admirable; and truly wonderful is the skill which he shows in making each circumstance answer his purpose. Hypsipyle is not here endeavouring to gain Jason's affection, so much as to withdraw it from Medea. For this purpose she represents her in such a light as may create horror and aversion. She endeavours to excite his fears, and would persuade him that he cannot with safety trust himself in her company. Lastly, under the appearance of weakening her own arguments, she adds double strength to them. She insinuates that his case is desperate, and that he is a mere slave, and unable to shake off the yoke. Knowing his disposition, she trusts that, to clear himself from such an imputation, he will endeavour to subdue this hateful passion.

<sup>71</sup> *From the praises.*—Ver. 100. She here persists in inveighing against Medea. She now endeavours to arouse his jealousy, and to work upon his passion for glory. 'Medea,' she says, 'boasts to have had the chief hand in your exploits, and carries away all the honour. The partisans of Pelias take advantage of this, and the world, in general, is too ready to believe them.'

<sup>72</sup> *Party of Pelias.*—Ver. 101. She alludes to the partisans of Pelias, who had dispossessed his brother, Æson, the father of Jason, of the throne.



of Æson, say they, but the Phasian<sup>73</sup> daughter of Æetes that carried off the golden fleece of the sheep of Phryxus."<sup>74</sup> Thy mother, Alcimede,<sup>75</sup> approves not of her; take the advice of a mother; nor yet does thy father *approve of* a bride who comes from the chilling North.<sup>76</sup> Let her seek for herself a husband from the Tanais<sup>77</sup> and the marshes of swampy Scythia,<sup>78</sup> and even from the regions of the Phasis.

Fickle son of Æson, more inconstant too than the breezes of spring, why are thy words destitute of their promised weight? Hence didst thou depart as my husband, as my husband thou didst not thence return: I ought to be the wife of thee returning, as I was of thee when setting out. If noble descent and honourable names *at all* influence thee, behold! I am said to be the daughter of Thoas,<sup>79</sup> sprung from Minos. Bacchus was my grandsire;<sup>80</sup> the wife of Bacchus, encircled by her crown,<sup>81</sup> outshines the lesser Constellations with her stars.

<sup>73</sup> *The Phasian.*]—Ver. 103. Phasis was the name of a river of Colchis.

<sup>74</sup> *Sheep of Phryxus.*]—The Golden Ram carried Phryxus and Helle over the Hellespont, on which occasion the latter was drowned; their story is told at length, both in the *Fasti* and in the *Metamorphoses*.

<sup>75</sup> *Mother Alcimede.*]—Ver. 105. According to some, Alcimede, was the daughter of Clymenus, according to others, of Autolykus. Some call the mother of Jason by the name of Rhea or Polymela. According to Apollodorus, the mother of Jason hanged herself.

<sup>76</sup> *The chilling North.*]—Ver. 106. That is from Colchis, which was a cold climate, in comparison with Greece, as being situate much farther to the North. She makes this reference in a spirit of contempt and disdain, intimating that he has made choice of a barbarian. She, therefore, exaggerates the reflection, by telling him that he has brought a wife from the icy pole; although Colchis was far enough distant from it. It may be here remarked, that Ovid little anticipated, when he penned these lines, that the time would come when he himself would have to feel, and to mourn amid the regions of, the 'gelidus axis,' of the Colchian climate; the coast of Pontus being situate on the opposite side of the Caspian sea.

<sup>77</sup> *From the Tanais.*]—Ver. 107. This river is now called the Don, and empties itself into the sea of Azof, formerly the 'Palus Mæotis.'

<sup>78</sup> *Scythia.*]—Ver. 107. Scythia was the general name for the Northern parts of Europe and Asia. She speaks with indignation against Medea, whom she represents as being a more suitable wife for a barbarian than for a Greek.

<sup>79</sup> *Daughter of Thoas.*]—Ver. 114. Thoas, the father of Hypsipyle, was the son of Ariadne, the daughter of Minos.

<sup>80</sup> *My grandsire.*]—Ver. 115. Bacchus was the father of Thoas, by Ariadne.

<sup>81</sup> *By her crown.*]—Ver. 115. She here alludes to the crown of

Lemnos shall be thy marriage gift,<sup>82</sup> a land fruitful for the cultivator; thou couldst take me as well among such possessions.

Now too have I brought forth; Jason, congratulate us both. In my pregnancy the father had made the burden a pleasing one to me. In the number too am I blessed;<sup>83</sup> and Lucina favouring, a twin offspring, a twofold pledge have I produced. Shouldst thou enquire whom they are like;<sup>84</sup> by them mightst thou be recognized. They know not how to deceive; the other *features* of their father do they possess. To my envoys<sup>85</sup> I had almost given them to be borne in place of their mother: but their cruel step-mother<sup>86</sup> impeded the intended journey. I dreaded Medea; more *cruel* than *any* step-mother is Medea; the hands of Medea are ready for every crime. She who could scatter the mangled limbs of her brother<sup>87</sup> over the fields, would she be merciful to these pledges of mine? And yet, O madman, demented by the Colchian philtres, thou art reported to have

Ariadne, which was placed among the Constellations by Bacchus. The Poet admirably depicts female jealousy, in making Hypsipyle aim at securing glory to herself from every possible incident.

<sup>82</sup> *Marriage gift.*—Ver. 117. She could with justice say, that Lemnos was her dowry, inasmuch as it was the determination of the Lesbian women that Thoas should cease to reign there, and she had doubly earned the kingdom by her dutiful conduct in saving his life.

<sup>83</sup> *Am I blessed.*—Ver. 121. It would appear from this passage, that it was considered lucky to become the mother of twins.

<sup>84</sup> *Whom they are like.*—Ver. 123. She hopes hereby to excite his compassion, and at the same time insinuates her own chastity and fidelity, while by her inuendo in the next line, she deals a severe blow at his want of constancy.

<sup>85</sup> *To my envoys.*—Ver. 125. If we read, 'legatos,' in this line, it will mean that she had some thoughts of sending her children to act as her envoys, by appealing to his feelings. If 'legatis' is read, it will mean that she had intended to give them to some envoys, who were to act in the place of their mother in presenting them.

<sup>86</sup> *Cruel stepmother.*—Ver. 126. The ancients seem to have had a very bad opinion of stepmothers in general, in relation to their conduct towards their stepchildren; much worse, it is to be hoped, than was really justified by fact.

<sup>87</sup> *Limbs of her brother.*—Ver. 129. She alludes to the story which is related by Ovid, in the *Tristia*, how Medea cut her brother Absyrtus into pieces, and scattered his limbs in the way, that her father Æetes, who was in pursuit of her, might be stopped by the necessity of gathering them up, whereby she might the more readily effect her escape. From this circumstance, Tomi, the place to which Ovid was afterwards banished, received its name.

preferred this woman to the couch of Hypsipyle. Basely did that adulteress associate with my husband; the chaste *nuptial* torch gave me to thee, and thee to me. She betrayed her father;<sup>88</sup> I rescued Thoas from death. She deserted Colchis; my own Lemnos retains me.

What avails it, if in her wickedness she triumphs over one virtuous, and if by her very criminality she is dowried, and has *so* earned a husband?<sup>89</sup> The crimes of the Lemnian dames do I censure, Jason, *and* not admire. Indignation itself<sup>90</sup> supplies any arms to the enraged. Come tell me, if, (as was thy duty) driven by adverse winds thou hadst entered, thou and thy companion, my harbour; and if I had gone forth to meet thee, attended by my twin offspring, (the ground no doubt would have been implored to yawn for thee,) with what countenance, perjured man, wouldst thou have seen thy children, with what, myself? Of what death wast thou deserving, as the reward of thy perfidy? Thou thyself, indeed, through me wouldst have been safe and unhurt; not because thou wast worthy, but because I was indulgent. I myself would have sated my eyes, and *thine* too, which she has charmed by her sorceries, with the blood of my rival. To Medea I would have proved a Medea.

And if, in any degree, thou Jupiter, on high, art thyself propitious to my prayers, may that supplanter of my bed<sup>91</sup> feel the same sorrows for which Hypsipyle is *now*

<sup>88</sup> *Betrayed her father.*]—Ver. 135. Because she had assisted Jason in his project of carrying off the Golden Fleece. Æetes, according to one account, was afterwards slain by Meleager in a skirmish that took place between him and the Argonauts on the sea shore. In contrasting her own conduct with that of Medea, Hypsipyle omits no opportunity of disparaging her rival, and making herself appear to advantage.

<sup>89</sup> *Earned a husband.*]—Ver. 138. Medea chiefly recommended herself to Jason by her infamous and premeditated treachery in deserting and betraying her father. This is a circumstance too favourable to the design of Hypsipyle to be passed over in silence.

<sup>90</sup> *Indignation itself.*]—Ver. 140. ‘Dolor,’ in this verse, signifies indignation or resentment at wrongs; for the Lesbian wives had been slighted by their husbands, who, on going to the wars in Thrace, brought home with them on their return women from that country. ‘Quælibet’ is adopted as the reading in this line.

<sup>91</sup> *Supplanter of my bed.*]—Ver. 153. The word ‘succuba’ has been suggested as the proper reading, instead of ‘subnuba,’ which has the same signification—a ‘supplanter,’ ‘rival,’ or ‘concubine.’ Heinsius, however, thinks that the word ‘succuba’ is hardly Latin.

grieving, and may she herself follow her own precedent;<sup>92</sup> and as I am deserted, a wife and a mother of two children, may she be deprived of<sup>93</sup> as many children, and of her husband. And may she not long retain what she has so disgracefully acquired; and more disgracefully may she abandon them: may she be an exile, and may she be seeking a refuge over all the world. As *cruel* a sister as she has proved to her brother, as *cruel* a daughter to her wretched father; so cruel may she prove both to her children, and to her husband.

When she has traversed the sea, *and* when, the earth, let her attempt the air; may she wander destitute, hopeless, bloody in her death. These things do I, the daughter of Thoas, pray, wronged of my nuptial tie; live on, both bride and husband, with a bed accursed.

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## EPISTLE VII.

### DIDO TO ÆNEAS

AFTER the destruction of Troy by the Greeks, Æneas, the son of Anchises and Venus, having saved his household Gods from the flames, and having collected some of the vanquished Trojans, put to sea with twenty ships. Being overtaken by many storms, and having wan-

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<sup>92</sup> *Her own precedent.*]—Ver. 154. Her meaning is, ‘As Medea has thought it no crime to disturb the marriage tie, and to entice away the husband of another, may she herself meet with the same usage.’

<sup>93</sup> *She be deprived of.*]—Ver. 156. This passage is greatly commended by Scaliger for its beauty. The imprecations of Hypsipyle against Medea were afterwards fulfilled; for Jason, attracted by the charms of Creüsa, the daughter of Creon, king of Corinth, deserted Medea, who murdered the two children which she had had by him. She then sent a combustible composition in a cabinet, or, as some say, in a dress, to Creüsa, who opening it, the fire burst forth, and consumed her and the whole palace. According to Hyginus, Jason also perished in the flames. Other writers, however, assert the contrary, and say that he was preparing to punish and even to kill Medea for this outrage, on which, she, for farther revenge, then, and not before, killed her children in his presence, and then fled to Athens, where she became the wife of the aged Ægeus, and had by him a son called Medus. At length, being divorced from Ægeus, she raised a storm of clouds and wind, amid which she was carried by her winged dragons through the air, with her son, into that part of Asia, which, from her, was afterwards called Media.

dered from shore to shore, he was at last thrown upon the coast of Libya, where, at that time, according to the fiction of Virgil, Dido was reigning. This princess was the daughter of Belus, and the wife of Sichæus, the priest of Hercules. Her brother, Pygmalion, king of Tyre, being of an avaricious disposition, and imagining that Sichæus possessed great treasures, murdered him, for the purpose of gaining his wealth. When Dido discovered this, she departed from Tyre, accompanied by such as were disgusted with the tyrant, and landing in Africa, founded the city of Carthage. The city was approaching completion, when Æneas is represented by the poets to have been driven upon that coast, and to have been most hospitably entertained by Dido. After some time, being admonished by Mercury, he prepared to set sail for Italy, the country promised to him by the Fates. Dido, who had been seized with a violent passion for him, having a presentiment of this, endeavours, in the present Epistle, to divert him from the prosecution of his design, and threatens, in case of his refusal, to put an end to her own life.

DESCENDANT of Dardanus,<sup>94</sup> receive the lines of Elissa<sup>95</sup> about to die; the words that thou dost read, thou readest as the last words from me.

Thus does the<sup>96</sup> white swan, as he lies on the wet grass, when the fates summon him, sing at the fords of Mæander.<sup>97</sup> Nor do I address thee because I hope that thou canst be moved by my entreaties: for that, against the will of the Deity, have I wished.<sup>98</sup> But since I have unfortunately lost a merited return, and my good name, and my chastity of body and mind,

<sup>94</sup> *Descendant of Dardanus.*]—The Latin text of these two lines is,  
Accipe, Dardanide, morituræ carmen Elissæ;  
Quæ legis, a nobis ultima verba legis.

However well they may agree with what follows, they are to be found in but few of the MSS., and are generally considered to be spurious.

<sup>95</sup> *Lines of Elissa.*]—The reading is sometimes 'Elisa,' but it is more correctly written 'Elissa.' The word is said, in the Punic language, to have meant 'a divine woman.'

<sup>96</sup> *Thus does the.*]—Ver. 1. The abrupt commencement of this Epistle, denoting the indignation and distress of mind of the writer, is worthy of remark.

<sup>97</sup> *Fords of Mæander.*]—Ver. 2. The Mæander was a river of Asia Minor, not far from Troy. It ran into the Ægean Sea, and was so full of windings, that it often seemed to be taking its course backwards. It was a common notion with the ancients, that the swan sang melodiously just before its death. This belief is very frequently referred to by the poets.

<sup>98</sup> *Have I wished.*]—Ver. 4. 'Vovimus' seems here to be a more appropriate reading than 'movimus,' which, however, is more generally adopted. Heinsius prefers 'vovimus.'

'tis a trifling thing to lose *a few* words. Still then art thou determined to go, and to forsake the wretched Dido; and the same winds will bear away thy sails, and thy promises.<sup>99</sup> Thou art determined, Æneas, with thy ships to part with thy vows, and to go after Italian realms, *while* thou knowst not where they are. Neither rising Carthage,<sup>1</sup> nor its growing walls influence thee; nor the supreme rule conceded to thy sceptre. Thou dost fly from *a city* built: thou dost seek one to be erected:<sup>2</sup> the one region must be sought throughout the world, the other has been reached by thee.

And yet, shouldst thou find the land, who will give it thee to possess? Who will deliver up his own fields to be occupied by persons whom he knows not? Another love awaits thee to be entertained, and another Dido, and another vow must be plighte for thee once again to break. When will it be that thou shalt found a city equal to Carthage, and aloft from thy citadel look down on thy multitudes? Though all *this* should come to pass, and thy wishes should meet with no impediment, whence will come thy wife, to love thee as *I*? I burn, as the waxen torches tipped with sulphur; as the pious frankincense poured on the smoking altars. Æneas is ever placed before my eyes as I watch: both night and day bring back Æneas to my mind. He, indeed, is ungrateful and deaf to my deserts; and one whom I could fain be without, were I not demented.

Still, though he intends what is wrong, I do not hate Æneas: but I complain that he is faithless, and having complained, the more distractedly do I love him. Venus, show mercy to thy daughter-in-law, and do thou, Love, his brother, embrace

<sup>99</sup> *Thy sails and thy promises.*—Ver. 8. It is a common fault with Ovid, for the sake, either of alliteration, or of a fancied curtness of expression, to combine phrases, which have a literal, with those which have a figurative signification, making use of the same verb. He here says, 'the winds will bear away thy sails and thy promises.' In the next line, he uses the words, 'cum fœdere solvere naves,' which literally means, 'to loosen his ships together with his promise': while 'solvere fœdus' means, 'to break an engagement,' and 'solvere naves' is, 'to weigh anchor,' or 'to set sail.'

<sup>1</sup> *Rising Carthage.*—Ver. 11. Dido was then engaged in building her new city of Carthage. The word 'Carthage,' in the Punic language, signifies 'the new city.'

<sup>2</sup> *One to be erected.*—Ver. 13. She alludes to the city which Æneas supposed that he was destined by the Fates to found,

thy brother ; let him fight under thy banners. Or else I *will*, who have begun<sup>3</sup> to love (and, indeed, I deny it not) ; *only* let him afford an object for my passion. I am deceived ; and that image is falsely suggested to me. He differs from the disposition of his mother. Stones and mountains,<sup>4</sup> and oaks growing on the lofty rocks, *and* savage wild beasts have begotten thee ; or else the ocean, just as thou seest it now, agitated by the winds ; which still thou dost prepare to pass with its hostile billows. Whither dost thou fly ? The storm prevents thee ; may the favour of the storm be to my advantage. Behold how Eurus is raising the foaming waves. Let me owe that to the tempests, which I had rather *owe* to thee. The winds and the waves are more righteous than thy feelings. (Although thou dost deserve it, deceiver,) I am not of that value, that thou shouldst perish, while thou art flying from me over the extended main.

Thou dost give way to a costly hatred, and of amount *too* great ; if that, so that thou avoid me, 'tis a trifling thing for thee to die. Soon will the winds be lulled ; and the waves, in their stillness, being becalmed, Triton will run amid the seas with his azure steeds. Would that thou, too, couldst be changed, together with the winds ! And unless thou dost exceed the oak in hardness, thou wilt be. Just as if thou wast ignorant of what the raging sea can do ! How rashly dost thou trust the waves that thou hast so oft experienced ? Though, the deep inviting, thou shouldst even weigh thy anchor, still, many a danger does the wide ocean contain. It is not the interest of those who tempt the main, to violate their oath. That place exacts retribution for perfidy. Especially when Love has been injured ; because the mother of Love is said to have been born naked in the waves of Cythera.<sup>5</sup>

Lost, I am apprehensive of destroying thee, or of injuring thee who hast injured me ; lest my enemy, shipwrecked, may

<sup>3</sup> *Who have begun.*]—Ver. 33. ‘*Quæ cœpi*’ seems to be a preferable reading to ‘*quem cœpi*.’

<sup>4</sup> *Stones and mountains.*]—Ver. 37. She here addresses Æneas as though he were present, and with great propriety ; because, in the former verse, she mentions the deceitful image which she had formed to herself of him.

<sup>5</sup> *Waves of Cythera.*]—Ver. 60. Cythera was an isle off the coast of Laconia, whither Venus was borne when she arose from the sea.

swallow the waves of the deep. Live on, I pray; thus would I rather lose thee, than by thy death. Mayst thou rather be esteemed the cause of my destruction. Come, suppose that thou art overtaken by a fierce hurricane (let there be no meaning in the omen); what *then* will be thy feelings? At once will recur the perjuries of thy deceiving tongue, and Dido, compelled by Phrygian perfidy<sup>6</sup> to die. The form of thy beguiled wife will be standing before thy eyes, disconsolate and bloodstained, with dishevelled locks. "Depart, whatever it is, I have deserved it all," thou mayst say; and the lightnings that shall fall, thou wilt think to be hurled against thee.

Give a short respite for the madness of the sea and thine own; a safe voyage will be the great reward of thy delaying. Let no regard be had for me; let regard be had for the boy Iulus; 'tis enough for thee to have the credit of my death. What has the boy Ascanius<sup>7</sup> deserved? What have the Penates, *thy household* Gods, deserved? The waves will overwhelm

<sup>6</sup> *Phrygian perfidy.*]—Ver. 68. Whatever is here said of the loves of Dido and Æneas, is altogether founded upon a fiction of Virgil, who introduces this story into his poem, for the purpose of embellishing it. Carthage, according to the computation of the best Chronologers, was founded only 132 years before Rome; and Rome was not built until 432 years after the destruction of Troy; so that Æneas must have lived very long before the time of Dido. The poet Ennius was said to be the first who suggested this fabulous story, for the purpose of gratifying the vanity of the Roman people. Ausonius has an epigram on this subject, supposed to be spoken by a statue of Dido, which he has translated from the Greek. The following is a literal translation of it: 'I am that Dido, whom, stranger, thou dost behold *in me*, resembling her wondrously in her beauty. Such was I, but not such was my mind, as Maro has depicted: nor yet was my life pleased with unchaste joys. For neither did Trojan Æneas ever behold me, nor did he arrive in Libya with the Ilian fleet; but flying from the rage and arms of the lustful Iarbas, I preserved, I confess, my chastity by my death. My breast transfixed, 'twas not madness, or grief, excited by slighted passion, that prompted the chaste sword. 'Twas thus it pleased me to die. I lived without a spot to my fame; having avenged my husband, having erected my walls, I went to meet him. Why, envious Muse, didst thou excite Maro against me, that he might invent a slur against my chastity? Do you, readers, believe rather the historians about me, than those who sing of the stealthy loves and intrigues of the Gods. Untrue bards are they, who blemish the truth by their lives, and attribute to the Gods the frailties of men.'

<sup>7</sup> *Ascanius.*]—Ver. 77. Ascanius, who was also called Iulus, was the son of Æneas. She asks why he and the household Gods should be borne over the seas at the mere caprice of Æneas?



the Divinities rescued from the flames. But neither dost thou carry them with thee ; nor, what thou dost boast of, perfidious man, to me, have the sacred things, and thy father burdened<sup>8</sup> thy shoulders. All this thou dost invent ; nor, indeed, does thy tongue begin to deceive with me, nor am I the first to suffer. If you ask<sup>9</sup> where is the mother of the beauteous Iulus, she has perished, left alone by her cruel husband. This didst thou<sup>10</sup> relate to me ; and *yet* it moved me not ; torment me *thus* grieving ; through my own punishment will thy culpability be the less.

But my mind is not in doubt, but that thy own Divinities condemn thee. Over seas, over lands, the seventh winter is buffeting thee. Cast ashore by the waves, I received thee in a harbour of safety, and having hardly heard thy name, I offered thee my realm. Still, with these kind offices do I wish that I had been content ; and that the report of our intercourse had been buried *in oblivion*. That day proved my ruin,<sup>11</sup> on which the lowering storm, by its sudden rain, drove

<sup>8</sup> *Thy father burdened.*]—Ver. 80. Virgil gives to Æneas the especial epithet of ‘pious,’ because he rescued his father and the images of the Gods from the flames of Troy, and bore them upon his shoulders to a place of safety. Painters have adopted this story, and frequently represent Æneas as bending beneath the pious burden.

<sup>9</sup> *If you ask.*]—Ver. 83. We are to consider Dido as transported by her resentment, and disposed to view everything in the worst light. She reproaches him with having abandoned his wife Creüsa, who was the daughter of Priam, and the mother of Ascanius. This is affirmed by some writers, while others go so far as to say, that he slew her with his own hand. Virgil gives a different account. According to him, Æneas, on his escape from Troy, missing his wife, whom he had directed to follow him to an appointed place, went back into the burning city in quest of her, and exposed himself to many dangers amid the swords of the enemy, but in vain : the Fates had decreed their separation, and destined for Æneas another country, and another wife.

<sup>10</sup> *This didst thou.*]—Ver. 85. The readings of this and the following lines are very corrupt, and the meaning of the whole passage is extremely obscure. It seems, however, to be this : ‘You yourself had told me how perfidiously you had abandoned your wife ; from which I ought to have formed a more correct estimate of your disposition ; but this, alas ! had no effect on me, and, on the contrary, I pitied you, and received you with hospitality, and even loved you. I deserve, then, to be still slighted by you ; and the greater my blame in that respect, the less is the punishment which you deserve.’

<sup>11</sup> *Proved my ruin.*]—Ver. 93. The Poet here alludes to what is re-

us into the arched cave, I heard a noise; I thought the mountain Nymphs made the outcry;<sup>12</sup> the Furies gave the signal for my doom. Offended Chastity, *thus* violated, exact satisfaction for Sichæus, to whom, ah wretched me! filled with shame, I am hastening.

*A statue of Sichæus* has been consecrated by me in a marble temple, branches, hung up, and white wool conceal it. Four times from that spot did I hear myself called by a well-known voice; in low accents it said—"Elissa, come."<sup>13</sup> There is no delay; I am coming; I am coming, a wife due to thee *alone*: but still detained by shame at my crime. Grant pardon to my error; an apt contriver of *it* beguiled me; he diminishes the guiltiness of my fault. His mother a Goddess,<sup>14</sup> and his aged father, the affectionate burden of his son, gave me hopes of a husband that would be firmly attached. If I was to err, my error has a fair excuse; give him *but* constancy; *then*, in no respect will it be to be regretted. That course of fatality which existed before, continues to the last, and attends the closing moments of my existence. My slaughtered husband<sup>15</sup> falls at the concealed altars; and my brother has the reward of criminality so great.

lated by Virgil, in the Fourth Book of the *Æneid*, how that *Æneas* and *Dido* being driven into a cave by a sudden storm, their intercourse first commenced on that occasion.

<sup>12</sup> *Made the outcry.*—Ver. 95. 'Ululo' is a word of ambiguous signification, being sometimes taken in a good, and sometimes in a bad sense: the latter more frequently, however. Here it seems to be meant in a favourable sense.

<sup>13</sup> *Elissa, come.*—Ver. 102. *Sichæus* is thought appropriately to call her 'Elissa;' as the name of 'Dido,' which is supposed, in the Punic language, to have signified 'a bold woman,' was not given her until after her death. Some writers, however, say that she herself assumed that name after she had founded Carthage.

<sup>14</sup> *Mother a Goddess.*—Ver. 107. She here takes occasion to enumerate all the circumstances which may serve to lessen her guilt. She had every reason to believe that he would prove constant, and a faithful observer of his vows. Being the son of *Venus*, he had a Goddess for his mother. He had given strong proof of his filial affection, in the care which he had taken of the aged *Anchises*; whom, when *Troy* was in flames, he had borne upon his shoulders out of the reach of danger. These were strong grounds for her confidence and trust; and she could never have supposed it possible that a man, who had given such evidence of a humane and pious disposition, would treacherously abandon her.

<sup>15</sup> *My slaughtered husband.*—Ver. 113. Her husband, *Sichæus*, was

An exile<sup>16</sup> am I banished, and I leave both the ashes of my husband and my native land; and, my enemy pursuing<sup>17</sup> me, I am driven into laborious wanderings. I am thrown upon *coasts* unknown; and escaping both my brother and the ocean, I purchase that shore,<sup>18</sup> which, perfidious man, I have offered to thee. I build a city, and I erect walls extending<sup>19</sup> far and wide, that raise the envy of neighbouring spots.<sup>20</sup> Wars threaten; a stranger and a woman, I am harassed by wars; and with difficulty do I prepare the unfinished gates of my city and my arms. A thousand suitors have I pleased; who have combined,<sup>21</sup> complaining that I have preferred,<sup>22</sup> I

the high priest of Hercules, and was slain by her brother Pygmalion. The 'internæ aræ,' 'concealed' or 'interior altars,' may either mean those of the shrine of Hercules, or the altars of his own Penates, or household Gods. Virgil supports the latter construction.

<sup>16</sup> *An exile.*]—Ver. 115. For some time after the murder of Sichæus by Pygmalion, his ghost was in the habit of visiting Dido by night, and, after informing her what had happened, of exhorting her to fly from her country and the cruelty of her brother. It also pointed out to her where his treasures lay, advising her to carry them along with her, as likely to prove serviceable in her exile. By means of these, she was enabled to purchase the ground whereon Carthage was afterwards founded.

<sup>17</sup> *My enemy pursuing.*]—Ver. 116. This was her brother, who pursued her closely. Dido is careful to amplify every circumstance, and gives a long account of the difficulties she had to encounter. Her husband murdered, and that by her own brother; herself an exile, and a settler amidst strangers.

<sup>18</sup> *Purchase that shore.*]—Ver. 118. It is related of Dido that, upon her arrival in Africa, she purchased of Iarbas, king of Gætulia, as much land as she could encompass with a bull's hide. This she cut into small thongs, and enclosed within them that piece of ground whereon she afterwards built the city of Carthage.

<sup>19</sup> *Walls extending.*]—Ver. 120. She means walls, which, by their greatness and strength, raised the jealousy of neighbouring states.

<sup>20</sup> *Neighbouring spots.*]—Ver. 121. Iarbas, king of Gætulia, being offended that she refused to marry him, was threatening her with war.

<sup>21</sup> *Who have combined.*]—Ver. 123. Some would read, 'in me,' after 'qui,' in this line; while some MSS. have 'me cupiere,' or 'me petiere.' But the common reading is to be preferred, if we omit the preposition 'in,' upon the authority of the best copies. The construction is, 'querentes me præposuisse,' 'complaining' that I have preferred.' 'Coiere' has, in this passage, the same meaning with 'convenire:' as in the Eighth Book of the *Metamorphoses*, 'Lecta manus juvenum, coiere cupidine laudis.'

<sup>22</sup> *That I have preferred.*]—Ver. 124. She says this in a spirit of con-

know not whom, to their alliance. Why dost thou hesitate<sup>23</sup> to deliver me up in chains to the Gætulian Iarbas? I would yield my arms up to thy criminality. There is my brother, too, whose impious hand, stained with the blood of my husband, may be stained with mine.

Put down thy Gods, and the sacred things, which, by touching them, thou dost pollute; an impious right-hand but ill worships the *Gods* of heaven. If thou wast<sup>24</sup> about to be their worshipper when they had escaped from the fire, the Gods regret that they did escape. Perhaps, too, perjured man, thou dost leave Dido in a state of pregnancy; and a part of thyself lies concealed in my body. To the destiny of its mother, a wretched infant will be added, and thou wilt be the cause of the death of one not yet born; with its mother will die as well the brother of Iulus, and one doom will carry off the two together. But a God commands<sup>25</sup> you to be gone. I wish he had forbidden you to come, and that the Punic ground had not been trodden by the Trojans. Under this guide (a God forsooth), thou art buffeted by unfavourable winds, and thou dost waste the slowly passing time on the boisterous seas; Pergamus ought hardly to be sought again by thee with

tempt and disdain. A person to whom I was an utter stranger, whose birth and rank I learned only from himself.

<sup>23</sup> *Dost thou hesitate.*]—Ver. 125. By this, she would insinuate that, Æneas has forfeited his claim to piety and humanity, since he has been so far from relieving the sorrows of one who deserved well of him, that, on the contrary, he has plunged her into them, and has then cruelly abandoned her.

<sup>24</sup> *If thou wast.*]—Ver. 131. Her meaning here is, ‘The Gods will repent of having escaped from the flames, if you are to be their adorer. They would rather have dispensed with your agency, and have perished with their country, than receive the homage of a votary so impious.’

<sup>25</sup> *A God commands.*]—Ver. 139. She repeats the objection which Æneas has been in the habit of making to prolonging his stay. He has told her, that a God commands him to be gone. She means, doubtless, either Mercury or Apollo, by whose command he sought to settle in Italy, as he himself tells us in the Fourth Book of the Æneid:

‘Sed nunc Italiam magnam Grynæus Apollo,  
Italiam Lyciæ jussère capessere sortes.’

‘But now Grynæan Apollo has commanded me to repair to Italy; the Lycian responses, too, have commanded me *to go* to Italy.’ Dido, however, is speaking in an ironical vein; she says, ‘Since you are so scrupulous in obeying the mandates of the Gods, I only wish they had ordered you not to come here.’

labour so great, if it were as great as it was when Hector was alive.

Thou art not seeking thy native Simoïs, but the waves of the Tiber ; shouldst thou arrive, forsooth, where thou dost wish, thou wilt be a stranger. And as this region, which thou dost seek, lies concealed, and, hidden, avoids thy ships, it will hardly be met with by thee when an aged man. Receive rather, all wanderings laid aside, this people for my dower, and the wealth of Pygmalion,<sup>26</sup> which I have brought. More propitiously, transfer Ilium to a Tyrian city, and hold both this, the place of thy sovereignty, and the sacred sceptre. If thy mind is greedy for warfare, if Iulus is seeking whence a triumph may be gained, acquired by his warlike skill ; that nothing may be wanting, we will find here an enemy for him to subdue ; this spot is adapted to the regulations of peace, *and* to arms.

Do thou only, by thy mother, and by the weapons of thy brother,<sup>27</sup> his arrows, and by the Gods, companions of thy flight, the sacred relics of Troy (then, may they survive, whoever thou art bringing with thee from thy nation, and may that cruel war prove the limit of<sup>28</sup> thy woes, and may Ascanius happily fill up *the measure of* his years, and in repose may the bones of aged Anchises rest), spare, I pray, that house, which offers itself to be possessed by thee. What crime dost thou lay to my charge, except that I have loved ? I am not a woman of Phthia,<sup>29</sup> or one sprung from great Mycenæ, nor have my husband and my father ever been in arms against thee.

If thou art ashamed of me as a wife, I may be called not thy bride, but thy entertainer. So long as Dido is thine, she will

<sup>26</sup> *Wealth of Pygmalion.*]—Ver. 150. Dido carried with her into Africa, not only the immense treasures of Sichæus, but also a great part of the wealth of Pygmalion.

<sup>27</sup> *Of thy brother.*]—Ver. 157. She here alludes to Cupid, the son of Venus, as his brother.

<sup>28</sup> *The limit of.*]—Ver. 160. ‘May that cruel war which proved so fatal to your country, be the last you shall ever be engaged in, and may no future wars distress you.’

<sup>29</sup> *Woman of Phthia.*]—Ver. 165. In saying that she is not from Phthia, she means that she is no Greek, not a countrywoman of Achilles, nor yet, she adds, from Mycenæ, the native place of Agamemnon and Menelaüs.

endure to be anything.<sup>30</sup> The seas that beat<sup>31</sup> against the African shore are known to me ; at certain seasons they both give and deny a passage. When the gales shall allow of a passage, thou shalt open thy canvass to the winds.—Now, worthless seaweed surrounds<sup>32</sup> thy ship, cast up. Entrust it to me to watch for the opportunity ; with greater safety wilt thou depart ; and shouldst thou thyself desire it, I will not allow thee to stay. Thy companions, too, require rest, and thy shattered fleet, *only* half repaired, requires a little delay. In return for my kindnesses, and if, even beyond that, I should be under any obligation to thee, in place of my hope of thy marriage ties do I implore a little respite ; until the waves and my passion are assuaged ; until by time and experience I learn to be able with fortitude to endure my sorrows. But if not, I have determined to pour forth my life : to me thou art not able for long to be cruel.

<sup>30</sup> *To be anything.*—Ver. 168. It has been remarked of Ovid, by some critics, that he would appear to greater advantage, were his lines, in many instances, transposed ; because his sentiments are often introduced at a wrong time, and would suit other parts of the Epistle better than that in which they are found. Here they would seem to have considerable reason for animadversion : for Dido, after having loaded Æneas with reproaches, has recourse to supplication. This would appear, at least, in some degree, to savour of absurdity. And yet, it may be the result of consummate tact and delicacy. May it not, very possibly, be his intention to describe the giddy and inconstant nature of, at least, some part of the fair sex.

<sup>31</sup> *Seas that beat.*—Ver. 169. Dido still persists in her endeavours to dissuade Æneas from his intended voyage. She enumerates all the dangers which he will probably encounter by hazarding a voyage at this time of the year, when the sea is unsettled and tempestuous ; and she then assures him, that when it becomes navigable he shall not only be allowed to depart, but shall be even urged to it ; while a short delay, for the present, is necessary, that his companions may recover from their fatigue, and his ships may be refitted. Finally, she will by that time have learnt to bear a separation with patience and resolution ; and therefore, out of regard to one who has deserved so well of him, he ought not to deny a request so reasonable.

<sup>32</sup> *Seaweed surrounds.*—Ver. 172. Crispinus thinks that by this she means, that the ships being surrounded by seaweed thrown up, show how adverse are the winds, and how boisterous is the sea ; and that this ought to act as a warning to him, not at present to trust to the clemency of the waves. This seems to be much more probable than Davison's suggestion, that she means that the seaweed is floating around the ships in such quantities that they cannot get away.

I wish that thou couldst see what is my appearance as I write! I am writing; and in my lap there is the Trojan sword: along my cheeks the tears are falling, too, upon the drawn sword which soon will be bathed in blood, in place of tears. How well do thy gifts agree with my destiny! At small expense dost thou prepare my sepulchre.<sup>33</sup> And not now for the first time is my breast smitten by a weapon: that spot has a wound from cruel Love. Anna, my sister,<sup>34</sup> my sister Anna! unfortunately the confidant of my error, soon wilt thou be presenting *thy tears*, the last gifts, to my ashes. And, consumed on the pile, I shall not have the inscription, “Elissa, the wife of Sichæus:” but on the marble of my tomb will there be this epitaph—“Æneas afforded<sup>35</sup> both the cause and the instrument of her death. Dido fell,<sup>36</sup> having herself employed her own hand.”

<sup>33</sup> *Prepare my sepulchre.*]—Ver. 188. It was a frequent practice with the ancients to adorn the sepulchres of the dead at a great expense, and to throw gold, rich vestments, and armour, upon the funeral pile. Dido, in allusion to this, tells Æneas, in the bitterness of her reproach, that the sword which he had presented to her, shall be the instrument of her death, and the ornament of her sepulchre.

<sup>34</sup> *Anna, my sister.*]—Ver. 191. She addresses her absent sister, who had accompanied her to Carthage. When Dido intended to stab herself, she dismissed her sister, under some feigned pretence, that she might not be interrupted in the prosecution of her design.

<sup>35</sup> *Æneas afforded.*]—Ver. 195. Ovid adopts the story related by Virgil, and intends to represent her as killing herself. Ausonius has a witty distich upon the fate of Dido:—

‘Infelix Dido, nulli bene nupta marito,  
Hoc pereunte fugis, hoc fugiente peris!’

‘Unhappy Dido, married under no good auspices to either husband; the one dying, thou didst fly, the other flying, thou didst die.’ The same has been very prettily translated into French:—

‘Pauvre Didon, où t’a réduite,  
De tes amants le triste sort!  
L’un en mourant cause ta fuite,  
L’autre un fuyant cause ta mort.’

Justin says, that Dido being threatened with war by Iarbas, the king of Gætulia, if she should persist in her refusal to marry him, and being prompted by her subjects to comply with his desires, named a day for propitiating the shade of her husband. Having ascended a lighted pile, with her subjects standing around her, she told them that she was about to visit her husband, and then leaped into the flames.

<sup>36</sup> *Dido fell.*]—Ver. 196. Among the Greeks, the inscriptions upon funeral monuments usually contained the name of the deceased persons,

## EPISTLE VIII.

## HERMIONE TO ORESTES.

HERMIONE, the daughter of Menelaüs and Helen, was betrothed, during the absence of her father at the Trojan war, to Orestes, the son of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra, by Tyndarus, her maternal grandfather, to whom Menelaüs had entrusted the care of his family. Menelaüs, in the mean time, ignorant of what had been done by Tyndarus, promised his daughter to Pyrrhus, the son of Achilles, who, by virtue of this engagement, claimed her on his return from Troy, and carried her away by force. Hermione, being averse to an union with Pyrrhus, and passionately fond of Orestes, sent him word how she might be recovered from Pyrrhus; on which, Orestes slew Pyrrhus in the temple of Apollo, and thus recovered her. In the present Epistle, she entreats him to hasten to her assistance.

I, HERMIONE,<sup>37</sup> address him who was lately my cousin and my husband, now my cousin *only*: the name of husband another possesses.

Pyrrhus,<sup>38</sup> the son of Achilles, impetuous after the fashion of his father, holds me in confinement against both right and justice. So far as I could, I resisted; that I might not<sup>39</sup> against my will be detained; more, female hands could not do. "What art thou doing, descendant of Æacus?"<sup>40</sup> said I, "I

and that of the demus, or borough, to which he belonged, as well as frequently some account of his life. The epitaph upon the Roman urns or tombs began with the letters D. M. S., or only D. M., that is, 'Dis Manibus Sacrum,' 'sacred to the Manes,' followed by the name of the deceased, and generally the length of his life. The tombs of the rich were usually built of marble, and the ground was enclosed with an iron railing or wall, and planted round with trees.

<sup>37</sup> *I, Hermione.*]—Ver. 1. This and the following line are wanting in most of the MSS., and Heinsius thinks it to be spurious, although it is inserted in most of the editions. Indeed, it does not seem to be inferior to the usual style of Ovid, and is not an inappropriate commencement of the Epistle.

<sup>38</sup> *Pyrrhus.*]—Ver. 3. Pyrrhus is said to have been so called from his father Achilles, who, when he was concealed at the court of king Lycomedes, in female apparel, was known by the name of Pyrrha; so, at least, we are told by Hyginus.

<sup>39</sup> *That I might not.*]—Ver. 5. The negative 'ne' is put in this passage for the affirmative 'ut,' which would not suit the measure.

<sup>40</sup> *Descendant of Æacus.*]—Ver. 7. Pyrrhus was the great-grandson of Æacus, whose son was Peleus, and grandson, Achilles, the father of Pyrrhus.



am not without an avenger. This damsel of thine has a master of her own." More deaf than the ocean, he dragged me with my dishevelled locks into his abode, as I called upon the name of Orestes.<sup>41</sup> What worse could I have endured as a captive, if, Lacedæmon taken, a barbarian multitude had carried off the Grecian dames? Less did victorious Achaia afflict Andromache,<sup>42</sup> at the time when the Grecian flames consumed the Phrygian wealth.

But, Orestes, if affectionate regard for me influences thee, lay thy intrepid hands<sup>43</sup> on *what is thy right*. Should any one carry off the herds from the enclosed folds, wouldst thou not wield arms? *and*, thy wife carried off, wilt thou be hesitating? Let thy father-in-law be thy example, the reclamer of his wife, when borne away; for whom a female was, in his affection, the cause of warfare. If thy father-in-law<sup>44</sup> had sat down idle in his deserted house, my mother would *still* be the wife of Paris, as formerly she was. And do not thou prepare a thousand ships, and the swelling sails, or numbers of Grecian soldiers: do thou come thyself. And yet, thus ought I to be demanded back: and it is no disgrace to a husband to wage a dreadful war for a beloved wife.

Besides, have we not the same grandfather, Atreus, the son of Pelops?<sup>45</sup> and wast thou not my husband, *still* thou art

<sup>41</sup> *Name of Orestes.*—Ver. 9. Hermione here uses great artifice to move Orestes in her favour. She says that she not only loves him, but that she has had the boldness to assert it before Pyrrhus, and to declare that she depended upon him for redress.

<sup>42</sup> *Afflict Andromache.*—Ver. 13. Andromache, the wife of Hector, falling to the share of Pyrrhus, after the overthrow of Troy, was carried captive by him to Epirus, and given in marriage to Helenus, one of the sons of Priam, on whom he bestowed a part of his kingdom. It is with reason, therefore, that Hermione complains that even Andromache met with better usage from Pyrrhus than she had received.

<sup>43</sup> *Thy intrepid hands.*—Ver. 16. 'Injice,' here used, is a legal term; for 'injicere manus' signified 'to recover forcibly one's right, without recourse to authority'; or, as we say, 'to take the law in one's own hands.'

<sup>44</sup> *Thy father-in-law.*—Ver. 21. Menelaüs, her father.

<sup>45</sup> *Son of Pelops.*—Ver. 27. She is here using her best arguments to persuade Orestes to interest himself in her behalf. Among other grounds, she urges him from motives of consanguinity, as they were both of the same race. Pelops, the son of Tantalus, was the father of Atreus, Plisthenes, and Thyestes. Plisthenes was, according to some accounts, the father of Agamemnon and Menelaüs, who were adopted by Atreus. Agamemnon was the father of Orestes, and Menelaüs, by Helen, of Hermione.

my cousin. Husband, help thy wife, I entreat, cousin, *aid* thy cousin: two titles are demanding thy sympathy. Tyndarus, a giver of weight both by his life and by his years, bestowed me on thee; the grandsire had the disposal of his granddaughter. But, not knowing what had past, my father promised me to the descendant of Æacus: still, my grandsire, who was first in time, ought to have most weight. When I was married to thee, my marriage affected no person; should I be united to Pyrrhus, thou wilt be offended at me. My father, Menelaüs, too, will forgive our affection: he himself fell a victim to the weapons of the winged God. That love which he indulged in himself, he will indulge in his son-in-law: my mother *so* beloved, will aid us by her example.

Thou art to me<sup>46</sup> what my father was to my mother: the part which the Dardanian stranger once acted, Pyrrhus acts. Let him boast without ceasing of the acts of his father: thou, too, hast the deeds of a parent to relate. The descendant of Tantalus<sup>47</sup> ruled over all, and *even* Achilles himself; the one was a part of the expedition: the other was the leader of the chiefs. Thou hast also Pelops for thy ancestor, and the father of Pelops: shouldst thou reckon aright, thou art the fifth from Jove. Nor art thou wanting in valour: thou hast wielded arms, a cause of reproach:<sup>48</sup> but what couldst thou do? 'Twas thy father caused thee<sup>49</sup> to assume them. I could have

Thyestes was the father of Ægisthus, who, having seduced Clytemnestra, the wife of his cousin Agamemnon, while engaged in the Trojan war, conspired with the adultery to kill him on his return home, which was accordingly effected.

<sup>46</sup> *Art to me.*]—Ver. 41, 'Tu mihi quod matri pater es.' The meaning is, 'As my father was lawful husband to my mother Helen, so are you to me; and as Paris was no lawful husband to my mother, but a ravisher, so does Pyrrhus act the same part to me, in detaining me from Orestes, who is my lawful husband.'

<sup>47</sup> *Of Tantalus.*]—Ver. 45. Tantalus, the father of Pelops, was the great-grandfather of Agamemnon; who was chosen commander of all the Grecian troops in the expedition against Troy, and consequently had command over Achilles himself, in whose valour Pyrrhus gloried so much.

<sup>48</sup> *Cause of reproach.*]—Ver. 49. Her meaning is, 'Though your virtues are not publicly known, you are not therefore destitute of them; but you have unhappily assumed arms in an ungracious cause.' She speaks thus because he had killed his mother Clytemnestra in revenge for his father, whom, in conjunction with Ægisthus she had murdered. Hermione industriously conceals this act of dreadful vengeance, and mentions only Ægisthus.

<sup>49</sup> *Father caused thee.*]—Ver. 50. In this line, instead of 'induit illa

wished that, on a better occasion, thou hadst been brave ; the task was not chosen,<sup>50</sup> but was allotted to thy agency. Still thou didst fulfil it ; and, his throat pierced, Ægisthus stained with his blood the dwelling that once thy father did. The descendant of Æacus blames thee, and turns thy praises into reproach : and yet does he endure my looks.<sup>51</sup>

I am distracted, and my cheeks as well as my feelings swell with rage ; my breast, too, suffers, parched with the fires within. And shall any one, in the presence of Hermione, dare to blame Orestes ? I have no strength ; nor have I the hostile sword. At least I may weep : by weeping do we dissipate our anger ; and adown my breast do my tears flow like a stream. These alone<sup>52</sup> do I ever possess, and ever let fall : my neglected cheeks are moistened by a continual stream.

By this fatality of our race, which extends even to our years, are we matrons of the house of Tantalus, a sure prey. I will not mention<sup>53</sup> the device of the swan of the stream : nor will I complain that Jove lay concealed beneath the feathers. Where the Isthmus,<sup>54</sup> extending afar, divides the two

pater,' most of the MSS. read 'induit illa patrem;' and the sentence is then understood to refer to the method by which Clytemnestra contrived the death of Agamemnon, namely, by killing him at a moment when his hands were impeded by a garment which he was putting on, and of which the arms were purposely sewed up. But 'induit illa pater' is undoubtedly the correct reading ; the word 'pater' in this place signifying the same as 'pietas erga patrem,' 'filial piety,' or, 'just resentment on the death of a father.'

<sup>50</sup> *Task was not chosen.*]—Ver. 52. She excuses the deed as not having been voluntary, but the effect of necessity and constraint.

<sup>51</sup> *Endure my looks.*]—Ver. 56. We must suppose this to be said with extreme indignation, either at the presumption of Pyrrhus in reproaching to her face her relative and the man whom she loved, or at the tameness of Orestes, in thus quietly leaving her to endure the insults of a rival. In l. 59, 'quisquam' is the reading adopted.

<sup>52</sup> *These alone.*]—Ver. 63. This portion of the Epistle is very affecting. She says that tears are now her only refuge ; these come always at her command, and these she sheds in abundance.

<sup>53</sup> *I will not mention.*]—Ver. 67. She here makes use of a rhetorical artifice, in telling a thing by declining to do so. She touches upon the story of Leda, who was her grandmother by the mother's side, and whom Jupiter was said to have seduced under the shape of a swan, of which intrigue Castor and Pollux, and Helen and Clytemnestra, were the fruit.

<sup>54</sup> *Where the Isthmus.*]—Ver. 69. The Isthmus here mentioned is

seas, Hippodamia<sup>55</sup> was borne on the stranger chariot. By Castor of Amyclæ,<sup>56</sup> and by Amyclæan Pollux, was their Tænarian sister rescued from the Mopsopian city.<sup>57</sup> That damsel of Tænarus, borne over the seas by the stranger from Ida, summoned the Argive bands in arms for her. For my part, hardly do I remember it; still I do remember it. All *places* were full of mourning, all were full of anxious apprehensions. My grandsire, Tyndarus, was weeping, and her sister, Phœbe,<sup>58</sup> and her twin brothers; to the Gods was Leda praying, and to her own Jove.

I myself, having my hair, not as yet<sup>59</sup> so *very* long, cut short, used to exclaim, "Mother, dost thou depart without me, me left behind?" For her husband was away. Lest I should be supposed not to be of the race of Pelops, lo! I

that of Corinth, near which lived Œnomaüs, the king of Pisa and Elis, and the father of Hippodamia. Being solicited in marriage by many who admired her extreme beauty, her father proposed as his terms to the suitors, that they should contend with him in a chariot race. If they should be overcome, they were to lose their lives; while the first that should prove victorious, was to have her as his prize. Pelops the Phrygian, having first bribed Myrtilus, the charioteer of Œnomaüs, to draw the lynch-pin from the wheel of his master's chariot, overcame him in the contest, and bore off Hippodamia, as the reward of his victory.

<sup>55</sup> *Hippodamia.*]—Ver. 70. Commentators are at a loss to account how Leda and Hippodamia can with any propriety be reckoned among those whom, a little before, Hermione called "matres Tantalides." This difficulty may, however, be readily obviated. Hippodamia is so called, because she was the wife of Pelops, the son of Tantalus, and the mother of the race of Tantalidæ that sprang from him; Leda for a similar reason.

<sup>56</sup> *Amyclæ.*]—Ver. 71. Amyclæ was a city of Laconia, where Castor and Pollux were said to have been born.

<sup>57</sup> *Mopsopian city.*]—Ver. 72. Strabo says that Attica was called Mopsopia from one of its ancient kings. She here alludes to the recovery of Helen from Theseus by Castor and Pollux. The city here alluded to was Aphidna, to which place Theseus had carried her. Helen is called 'Tænaris,' from Tænarus, the promontory of Laconia.

<sup>58</sup> *Her sister Phœbe.*]—Ver. 77. We learn, on the authority of Euripides, in his 'Iphigenia,' that Leda had, besides Helen and Clytemnestra, a daughter named Phœbe.

<sup>59</sup> *Not as yet.*]—Ver. 79. Most of the MSS. read 'nunc,' but one reads 'tunc,' which appears more conformable to sense, for it would be absurd in Hermione to say that the hair, which was cut short before the beginning of the Trojan war, had not had time to grow, even then, when the war had been long concluded.

have formed a prey for Neoptolemus.<sup>60</sup> Would that<sup>61</sup> the son of Peleus had escaped the bow of Apollo! the father would have condemned the insolent doings of the son. It neither pleased<sup>62</sup> Achilles formerly, nor would it now have pleased him, that a husband should mourn, bereft of his ravished wife. What crime of mine has made the *Gods* of heaven *thus* hostile? What star (unhappy that I am!) shall I complain of as hostile to myself?

When little, I was deprived of my mother; my father was wielding arms; and, though the two were alive, of the two was I deprived. I did not, my mother, in my early years, when a child, pour forth to thee fond accents uttered with lisping tongue. I did not embrace thy neck with my little arms: I did not sit, a pleasing burden, on thy lap. No care of my education hadst thou; nor, engaged to a husband, did I enter the new bridal chamber, my mother preparing it.<sup>63</sup> I came out to meet thee at thy return; and (I will confess the truth), the face of my parent was not recognized by me. Still I knew thee to be Helen, because thou wast most beautiful; thou thyself didst make enquiry which was thy daughter. The only circumstance<sup>64</sup> that turned out to my advantage was

<sup>60</sup> *Neoptolemus.*—Ver. 82. Pyrrhus having gone to the Trojan war when very youthful, obtained the surname of Neoptolemus in consequence. It was decreed by the Fates that Troy should not be taken without the presence of one of the descendants of Æacus.

<sup>61</sup> *Would that.*—Ver. 83. She says that the brave and heroic spirit of Achilles would have highly blamed an action so base; had he been alive, he would probably have done her justice. The arrows of Apollo are mentioned, because Achilles was slain in the temple of Apollo, by an arrow directed by the hand of Paris, but said to have been guided by Apollo to the heel, the only vulnerable part of the body of Achilles.

<sup>62</sup> *It neither pleased.*—Ver. 85. For Achilles, when Briseis was unjustly taken from him, carried his resentment so far, that he refused to join his countrymen in prosecuting the Trojan war, and actually withdrew from the Grecian camp, to which he could not be prevailed upon to turn, till Briseis was restored to him. Hermione, by this, artfully intimates to Orestes that he ought to imitate the example of Achilles, and act with the same firmness and resolution.

<sup>63</sup> *Mother preparing it.*—Ver. 96. It was the custom for either the mother, or the nearest female relative, to conduct the bride into the nuptial chamber.

<sup>64</sup> *Only circumstance.*—Ver. 101. Hermione, after giving a detail of her misfortunes, says that there was one point in which she had accounted herself happy, and that was the being affianced to Orestes; and yet even

Orestes for my husband ; he, too, unless he shall fight on his own behalf, will be torn away from me.

My father returned and victorious, Pyrrhus possesses me *thus* ravished ; and ruined Troy<sup>65</sup> has conferred on me this advantage. But when Titan, on high,<sup>66</sup> presses on with his radiant steeds, then, in my distress, I enjoy a greater freedom from sorrow. When night has consigned me to my chamber, shrieking and giving utterance to bitter lamentations, and *when* I have laid me down on my sorrowing couch, in place of sleep, my eyes are filled with gushing tears ; and so far as I can, I fly from my husband, as though from an enemy. Often am I bewildered by my sorrows ; and, unmindful both of circumstances and of the place, with unconscious hand I touch the limbs of him of Scyros.<sup>67</sup> Soon as I am sensible of my error, I start from the body that I have unfortunately touched ; and I believe myself to have polluted hands.

Often, instead of the name of Neoptolemus, the name of Orestes escapes *me* ; and I am pleased with the mistake of my words, as an omen of *good*. By our unhappy race<sup>68</sup> do I swear, and the parent of our race,<sup>69</sup> who shakes the seas, the

here, as if the Fates had decreed that her life should be uniformly unhappy, she is likely to meet with the strongest opposition ; nor can Orestes in any way maintain his right but by the sword.

<sup>65</sup> *Ruined Troy.*]—Ver. 104. This seems to be said by way of antithesis to what had happened to her mother. Troy when standing, sent Paris, as a ravisher, to carry off Helen ; when destroyed, it sent Pyrrhus to act the same part to her.

<sup>66</sup> *Titan, on high.*—Ver. 105. She here mentions the nature of her grief, which, though it lay heavy upon her at all times, was the most sensibly felt during the night. Then it was that she wept incessantly, the images of her distress occurring to her more vividly, and affecting her more strongly.

<sup>67</sup> *Him of Scyros.*]—Ver. 112. She speaks of the ‘*Scyria membra,*’ ‘those Scyrian limbs,’ in a tone of contempt : Pyrrhus was born in the island of Scyros, while Achilles was concealed in female apparel among the daughters of Lycomedes, that he might avoid going to the Trojan war, whence it had been prophesied that he would never return.

<sup>68</sup> *Our unhappy race.*]—Ver. 117. This family was remarkable for the number of rapes and murders that were perpetrated by and on its members ; insomuch that the writers of Tragedy very frequently borrowed their subjects from it.

<sup>69</sup> *Parent of our race.*]—Ver. 117. This was Jupiter, who was said to have been the father of Tantalus.

earth, *and* his own realms ; by the bones of thy father, my uncle, which are indebted to thee, that, thou having bravely avenged them, they are lying in the tomb ; either will I prematurely die, and be cut off in my early years ; or I, a descendant of Tantalus, will be the wife<sup>70</sup> of one descended from Tantalus.

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EPISTLE IX.

DEIANIRA TO HERCULES.

JUPITER being inflamed with a passion for Alcmena, assumed the form of her husband, Amphitryon, and by that stratagem obtained possession of her, and became the father of Hercules. Juno, burning with jealousy and hatred at the innocent offspring of this stolen embrace, prompted Eurystheus, king of Mycenæ, to join her in attempting to destroy him ; an object which he endeavoured to effect, by urging Hercules to many perilous undertakings ; in which, however, he had always the good fortune to be victorious. After subduing many monsters and robbers, the hero married Deianira, the daughter of Ceneus, king of Ætolia, who had been betrothed to Acheloüs, and from whom Hercules won her in a contest of strength. On crossing a river, Nessus, the Centaur, offered his assistance in carrying her over ; but, treacherously waiting till Hercules had gained the other side, he attempted to ravish her. Perceiving his design, the hero pierced him with an arrow that had been poisoned with the blood of the Hydra. Nessus, while dying of the wound, presented Deianira with a garment dipped in his own blood ; assuring her that it would prevent her husband from wavering in his affection towards her. It was not long before Hercules gave proof of his inconstancy ; for, becoming enamoured of Iole, the daughter of Eurytus, king of Eechalia, he applied to her father for permission to marry her. His suit being rejected, he captured the city, slew the king, and carried off the princess. His passion for her became so extravagant, that, at her desire, he laid aside his club, his lion's skin, and the other insignia of valour, and, putting on woman's apparel, was not ashamed to spin among her maids. Deianira, hearing of this degeneracy, and giving credit to the words of the Centaur, sent him the poisoned garment. This circumstance is supposed to be followed by the Epistle now before us, in which she upbraids him with his unmanly weakness, and endeavours to awaken him to a sense of glory, by reminding him of his former ex-

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<sup>70</sup> *Will be the wife* ]—Ver. 122. Hermione was more fortunate than most of the heroines of Ovid, as she obtained her wish. Orestes slew Pyrrhus in the temple of Apollo, and afterwards married Hermione, and had a son by her.

plots. But on hearing, before she has concluded the Epistle, the fatal effects of the garment, she exclaims most vehemently against her own rashness, and threatens to end her life by her own hands.

I, THIS letter,<sup>71</sup> the confidant of her feelings, am sent by his wife to Alcides, if, *indeed*, Deïanira is thy wife.

I congratulate thee that *Æchalia*<sup>72</sup> is added to thy glories :<sup>73</sup> I lament that<sup>74</sup> the conqueror has succumbed to the conquered. A report of thy dishonour has suddenly reached the Pelasgian cities,<sup>75</sup> and one that by thy deeds must be contradicted ; *namely*, that Iole has imposed the yoke upon him, whom Juno, and the endless series of his labours, could never subdue. This would Eurystheus<sup>76</sup> desire ; this would the sister of the Thunderer desire ; and joyous would be thy step-mother<sup>77</sup> at this stain upon thy life. But he would not desire

<sup>71</sup> *I, this letter.*—These first two lines are generally considered to be spurious :—

‘Mittor ad Alciden a conjuge conscia mentis  
Litera, si conjux Deïanira tua est.’

<sup>72</sup> *Æchalia.*—Ver. 1. Ancient writers make mention of three cities of the name of *Æchalia* ; one in Thessaly, one in Arcadia, and a third in Eubœa. Commentators generally suppose that the last is the one which is here meant. : Deïanira is here speaking ironically.

<sup>73</sup> *To thy glories.*—Ver. 1. The general reading is ‘*nostris* ;’ but ‘*vestris*’ seems to be the more correct ; as it is not likely that Deïanira would assume credit to herself for an event which had caused her so much uneasiness as the capture of *Æchalia*.

<sup>74</sup> *I lament that.*—Ver. 2. ‘I rejoice in your victory ; but I complain that you are now the slave of those whom you have conquered, by suffering Iole to gain possession of your heart, and submitting to her disgraceful exactions.’

<sup>75</sup> *Pelasgian cities.*—Ver. 3. The Pelasgi were the most ancient of all the people of Greece, and derived their name from Pelasgus, the son of Jupiter. The appellation of ‘*Pelasia*’ was at first given to only a part of Thessaly, afterwards to Peloponnesus, and latterly it became a common appellation for the whole of Greece.

<sup>76</sup> *Eurystheus.*—Ver. 7. Eurystheus was the son of Sthenelus and the king of Mycenæ. Wishing to destroy Hercules, Juno applied to him ; and, by her solicitations, prevailed so far, that he engaged Hercules in several hazardous attempts, in the hope that he might miscarry, and be slain. But all this tended only to increase his fame, and to place his glory in a more conspicuous point of view ; for he had the good fortune to be always the conqueror, and thus gained the character of a hero.

<sup>77</sup> *Thy stepmother.*—Ver. 8. Juno being the wife of the father of Hercules, was consequently his stepmother



it, for whom (if credit is only given) one night was not sufficient<sup>78</sup> for *one* so great as thee to be begotten. Venus has injured thee more than Juno. The one, by depressing thee, elevated thee; the other keeps thy neck beneath her lowly foot.

Look around upon the world, at peace<sup>79</sup> through thy avenging might, wherever the azure Nereus surrounds the extended earth. To thee, the earth in peace,<sup>80</sup> to thee all seas are indebted; either abode of the Sun hast thou filled with thy deserts. The heavens which will support thee, thou thyself didst first support; Hercules placed beneath, Atlas bore the stars. What is it but<sup>81</sup> notoriety gained for thy shocking lapse, if thou dost blemish thy former exploits by the stain of unchasteness? Do they say that, with firm grasp, thou didst strangle the two serpents, at the time when, a babe in the cradle,<sup>82</sup> thou wast worthy of Jove? With more honour didst thou begin than thou dost close; the last *scene* falls short of the first; *how* unlike are the present man and the child of that day. Him, whom a thousand monsters, whom the son of Sthenelus, his enemy, *whom* Juno could not overcome, Love subdues.

But I am considered to be honourably wedded, because I am styled the wife of Hercules; and *because* he is my father-in-law, who thunders aloft on his furious steeds. In the

<sup>78</sup> *Not sufficient.*]—Ver. 9. She here alludes to Jupiter, who was said to have united three nights into one when he begot Hercules.

<sup>79</sup> *World at peace.*]—Ver. 13. She alludes to the fact of Hercules having cleared the earth of robbers, monsters, and tyrants.

<sup>80</sup> *Earth in peace.*]—Ver. 15. The Greeks attributed numberless exploits to Hercules. They said that he traversed the whole earth, and established peace and tranquillity in all the kingdoms through which he passed. It is most probable that there were several heroes of that name, the enterprizes of all of whom were ascribed by the Greeks to the Theban Hercules.

<sup>81</sup> *What is it but.*]—Ver. 19. This may be thus paraphrased: 'What have you gained by all your mighty achievements, but the propagation of the fame of your sad degeneracy?' Marius, in the Jugurthine war of Sallust, expresses himself nearly to the same effect; 'Majorum gloria posteris lumen est, neque mala eorum in occulto patitur.' 'The bravery of our ancestors is a light to their posterity; nor does it suffer their failings to be concealed from public notice.'

<sup>82</sup> *Babe in the cradle.*]—Ver. 21. She alludes to the serpents sent by Juno, which he killed while he was yet an infant in the cradle.

same degree that oxen of unequal size are badly matched for the plough, so is a wife of inferior rank injured by an illustrious husband. 'Tis no honour,<sup>83</sup> but a burden; a distinction destined to injure her who supports it. Should any of you women wish to marry happily, marry your equal. My husband is for ever absent, and a stranger is better known to him than his wife; and he is *always* in pursuit of monsters,<sup>84</sup> and dreadful wild beasts.<sup>85</sup> I, myself, in my forlorn dwelling, sacrificing with chaste vows, am living in torment, lest my husband should fall by the hand of the hostile foe. Amid serpents am I distracted, and wild boars, and ravenous lions, and dogs that eat with their three mouths. The entrails of victims,<sup>86</sup> and the empty phantoms of sleep, and the forebodings<sup>87</sup>

<sup>83</sup> *'Tis no honour.*]—Ver. 31. Her meaning may be thus paraphrased: 'To be married to one so much above us is no honour, but a burden; it is a dignity that hurts the person on whom it is conferred. One thus matched has many hardships to encounter, must bear sometimes with ill-usage without daring to complain, and must pretend to feel greatly honoured by every instance of favour.'

<sup>84</sup> *Of monsters.*]—Ver. 34. Such as the Hydra of Lerna, which had seven, nine, or according to some, a hundred heads, Cerberus, Cacus, and others.

<sup>85</sup> *Wild beasts.*]—Ver. 34. Such as the lion of Nemæa, and the wild boar of the Erymanthian forest.

<sup>86</sup> *Entrails of victims.*]—Ver. 39. The examination of the 'fibræ,' or 'exta,' the entrails of beasts, devolved upon the persons who were called 'aruspices,' or 'haruspices,' who explained the will of the Gods from the appearance of the entrails of the animals offered in sacrifices, and also from lightning, earthquakes, and the other extraordinary phænomena of nature. The art of the 'aruspices' originally came to Rome from Etruria, and resembled that of the augurs in many respects; but it appears that these soothsayers themselves had little religious authority, and were only regarded as a means of ascertaining the will of the Gods. In the time of the Emperors, we read of a 'collegium,' or order of sixty 'aruspices,' but the time of its institution is not known. At one period of the Republic this art was considered so important, that the Senate decreed that a certain number of youth from Etruria, belonging to the principal families in the state, should always be instructed in it. The Senate sometimes consulted the 'aruspices,' as also did private persons. In later times, however, their art fell into disrepute among the well-educated Romans, and Cicero relates a saying of Cato, that he wondered how one 'aruspex' could refrain from laughing when he met another.

<sup>87</sup> *The forebodings.*]—Ver. 40. By the word 'omina,' some would here understand 'auguries;' while other Commentators think it to mean 'oracular responses,' or 'prophecies.' It probably means neither; but merely random conceptions, formed from any objects, indifferently, during

formed in the stilly night are *for ever* tormenting me. In my misery I am *ever* watching after the whisperings of doubtful reports; and by doubtful hopes my fear is dispelled, and *then*, by fear my hopes.

Thy mother is absent;<sup>88</sup> and she regrets that she had charms for the mighty God; neither thy father, Amphitryon, nor thy son, Hyllus,<sup>89</sup> is here. Eurystheus, the minister of the unjust rage of Juno, is felt by me, the prolonged wrath, too, of *that* Goddess. To endure this is too little; thou dost add thy passion for strangers: and any woman may become a mother by thee. I will not make mention of Auge,<sup>90</sup> deflowered in the Parthenian vales,<sup>91</sup> nor *yet*, Nymph, daughter of Ormenus,<sup>92</sup> of thy offspring; the Sisters,<sup>93</sup> the Teuthranthe night; for nothing is more common, with the ignorant and timid, than to convert the screeching of an owl, the ticking of a death-watch, or the most trifling circumstances in nature, into omens and prognostics of ill.

<sup>88</sup> *Mother is absent.*]—Ver. 43. She here enumerates the several circumstances of her distress. Not only has she been abandoned by her husband, but she has no friend, even to console her. She tells him that his mother Alcmena is not with her; for Hercules having at an entertainment slain the cup-bearer of Æneus, had retired to the court of Ceyx, at Trachyn, in which place he had left Deïanira.

<sup>89</sup> *Thy son, Hyllus.*]—Ver. 44. Hyllus was the son of Hercules, by Deïanira. He had, before this, been sent into exile by Eurystheus. According to Strabo, Amphitryon, who was the putative father of Hercules, was at this time engaged, together with Cephalus, in fighting against the Teleboans and the Taphians.

<sup>90</sup> *Of Auge.*]—Ver. 49. Auge was the daughter of Aleus, king of Arcadia, and, being seduced by Hercules, she had a son by him, named Telephus.

<sup>91</sup> *Parthenian vales.*]—Ver. 49. 'Parthenian' is here an epithet, signifying 'Arcadian'; for 'Parthenius' was a mountain of Arcadia, which derived its name from the sacrifices offered on it to Venus, by a select company of virgins, in Greek called *παρθενοί*.

<sup>92</sup> *Of Ormenus.*]—Ver. 50. She here alludes to Astydamia, the daughter of king Ormenus. Hercules demanded her in marriage from her father; but he refused, knowing him to be already married to Deïanira. On this, Hercules, being enraged at the rejection of his addresses, made war upon him, took his city by storm, and slew him. Astydamia was made prisoner by the conqueror, and afterwards bore to him a son, named Ctesippus.

<sup>93</sup> *The Sisters.*]—Ver. 51. This refers to the fifty daughters of Thespius, the son of Erectheus, king of Athens. All these, according to some writers, Hercules debauched in one night, and begot fifty sons, who were called Thespiades. The story is, however, told in a different manner by other authors. According to them, Hercules visited Thestius, the king of the Thespians, at the time when he was about to engage the

tian throng,<sup>94</sup> shall not be a reproach against thee; of whose number not one was omitted by thee. One paramour,<sup>95</sup> a recent transgression, is preferred before me; through her am I become the step-mother of Lydian Lamus.<sup>96</sup> Mæander, who wanders so many times in the same spots, who turns back so often to himself his weary waters, has beheld the necklace<sup>97</sup> hanging on the neck of Hercules; that *neck*, to which the heavens were an easy load.

He was not ashamed to encircle his strong arms with gold,<sup>98</sup> and to fit the gems on his solid muscles. And yet<sup>99</sup> under

lion of Cithæron. Being entertained there for fifty days, each night one of the fifty daughters of Thestius was admitted to the couch of the hero; as Thestius was anxious to propagate the race of the son of Jupiter. Hercules, being unaware of his design, all the time imagined that only one of the maidens had been admitted to his embraces. Revolving time, however, beheld fifty of his progeny. Thestius is frequently called by the name of Thespius.

<sup>94</sup> *Teuthrantian throng.*]—Ver. 51. Commentators are somewhat at a loss to know why the Thestiades are here called ‘Teuthrantia turba,’ ‘the Teuthrantian multitude.’ Stephanus suggests that Teuthras, the son of Pandion, was the father of Thestius, or Thespius; but the most probable conjecture is, that they are so called from Teuthrantus, a town of Attica, where was to be seen a most masterly picture, in which this story of Hercules was represented.

<sup>95</sup> *One paramour.*]—Ver. 53. This is not to be understood of Iole, but of Omphale, the queen of Lydia, to whom Hercules subjected himself in the most degrading manner; receiving with abject submission all her commands, which Deianira enumerates here at length.

<sup>96</sup> *Lydian Lamus.*]—Ver. 54. Lamus was the son of Omphale by Hercules.

<sup>97</sup> *The necklace.*]—Ver. 57. On the necklaces worn among the ancients, see the Note to Book x. of the *Metamorphoses*, l. 113. The beauty and splendour, as well as the value of their necklaces, were considerably enhanced by the insertion of pearls and precious stones; and for this purpose, as we learn from Juvenal, emeralds, or stones of a greenish hue, were often employed. Amber necklaces are also mentioned in the *Odyssey*. Necklaces of great value were often presented as offerings to Venus, Minerva, and other Goddesses.

<sup>98</sup> *Arms with gold.*]—Ver. 60. She alludes to either bracelets or armlets, or rings set with gems. For an instance of the servitude of Hercules, see the *Fasti*, Book ii. l. 305.

<sup>99</sup> *And yet.*]—Ver. 61. Astonished at her husband’s effeminacy, she breaks out into reproaches, and endeavours to make him sensible of his degeneracy, by comparing his past with his present conduct: in which the disproportion is too manifest not to make him ashamed of his recent behaviour. She tells him that those powerful arms, which were formerly more than a match for the lion of Nemæa, and were since adorned with

these arms did the Nemæan plague breathe forth his life ; from which his left shoulder derives its covering. Thou didst go so far as to encircle thy shaggy hair with the cap ;<sup>1</sup> the white poplar<sup>2</sup> was better suited to the locks of Hercules. And dost thou not think it unbecoming for thee, after the manner of a wanton girl, to be encircled with the Mæonian girdle ?<sup>3</sup> The form of<sup>4</sup> savage Diomedes<sup>5</sup> did not *then* recur to thee, who barbarously fed his mares on human flesh. If Busiris<sup>6</sup> had beheld thee in that garb, thou wouldst have been, forsooth, a conqueror for the conquered to be ashamed of. Antæus would have torn off the ribands<sup>7</sup> from thy hardy neck ; that he might not be disgraced, in having submitted to an effeminate man. Amid the Ionian damsels,<sup>8</sup> thou art said to have held the work-basket,<sup>9</sup> and to have trembled at the threats of thy mistress. his skin as a token of their victory, are now decked with bracelets, and employed in the unmanly exercises of spinning and weaving.

<sup>1</sup> *With the cap.*]—Ver. 63. For some account of the ‘mitra,’ see the Note to the *Metamorphoses*, Book xv. l. 654.

<sup>2</sup> *White poplar.*]—Ver. 64. Hercules is said to have adorned his head with a garland of poplar, when he went down into the infernal regions, in quest of Cerberus. Hence, the white poplar became sacred to Hercules, and those who sacrificed to him were crowned with it.

<sup>3</sup> *Mæonian girdle.*]—Ver. 66. ‘She gives him her fine-wrought gown, dyed with Gætulian purple ; she gives him the net-work zone, with which just now she had been girt. The zone is too small for his girth ; she unlooses the laces of the gown, that he may get his huge hands through.’ *Fasti*, Book ii. l. 319—324.

<sup>4</sup> *The form of.*]—Ver. 67. The note of interrogation at the end of the next line seems to be unnecessary.

<sup>5</sup> *Savage Diomedes.*]—Ver. 67. According to the ancient writers, Diomedes was a cruel king of Thrace, who was in the habit of feeding his horses with the flesh of strangers whom he had murdered, and of sometimes nailing their heads to the gates of his palace. Hercules slew him, and subjected him to the cruel usage he had shown to others.

<sup>6</sup> *If Busiris.*]—Ver. 69. This king of Egypt is said to have been in the habit of sacrificing strangers, in order to procure from the Deities a favourable inundation of the Nile. Orosius says, that he was in the habit of drinking the blood of his victims in honour of his Gods. Intending to put Hercules to death, he was slain by that hero.

<sup>7</sup> *The ribands.*]—Ver. 71. For the ‘redimicula,’ which consisted probably of ribands, or bows, see *Metamorphoses*, Book x. l. 265, and the Note.

<sup>8</sup> *Ionian damsels.*]—Ver. 73. The maids of Omphale are called ‘*Ionicæ puellæ*,’ from the circumstance of Ionia being adjacent to Lydia. In some MSS., however, we find ‘Mæonia,’ which signifies ‘Lydian,’ and is perhaps a preferable reading.

<sup>9</sup> *The work-basket.*]—Ver. 73. The ‘calathus,’ the diminutive of

Dost thou not hesitate, Alcides,<sup>10</sup> to place those hands that have been victorious in a thousand toils, upon the smooth baskets? And art thou drawing out the coarse threads with thy stout fingers, and returning thy task<sup>11</sup> in its full weight to thy illustrious mistress? Oh! how often, while thou art twisting the threads<sup>12</sup> with thy hardy fingers, have thy too powerful hands destroyed<sup>13</sup> the spindles. Thou art believed,<sup>14</sup> unfortunate man, trembling at the thongs of the

which was 'calathiscus,' usually signified the basket in which women placed their work and materials for spinning. These baskets were generally made of osiers and reeds, but sometimes of more valuable materials, such as silver, and in such cases, probably of filagree work. Baskets of this kind were also used for other purposes, such as carrying fruit and flowers. The name was of Greek origin, and was also given to a kind of cup for holding wine. The term 'rasisis,' here used, may possibly apply to the twigs, as being peeled or scraped.

<sup>10</sup> *Alcides.*—Ver. 75. Alcides was a name given to Hercules, as some say, from his grandfather Alcæus; though, according to others, and with more probability, it was derived from the Greek ἀλκη, 'strength.'

<sup>11</sup> *Returning thy task.*—Ver. 78. 'Pensum' was the portion weighed out to female slaves, for the purpose of being dressed or spun: when that was completed, they returned it to their mistress, first weighing it again, (repentes) as in the present instance, to show that they had returned the full quantity. A few words here may not be inappropriate as to the method of spinning among the ancients. The spindle, which was called 'fusus,' was always accompanied with the distaff, 'colus.' The wool, or flax, having been prepared and dyed, was rolled into balls loose enough to allow of being easily pulled apart. The upper part of the distaff being inserted in this mass, the lower part was held in the left hand, under the left arm, in such a position as was found convenient for the process. The fibres were drawn out and twisted chiefly by the use of the fore-finger and thumb of the right hand; and the thread so produced was wound upon the spindle, which was turned by a wheel. The distaff was about three times the length of the spindle, and commonly made of a stick or a reed, but sometimes of richer materials, and highly ornamented. Theocritus has left a poem composed on his sending an ivory distaff to the wife of a friend. Golden spindles were also sometimes sent as presents to ladies of high rank. In the rural parts of Italy, women were forbidden to spin while travelling on foot, the act being considered to be of ill omen. The spinning wheel was a favourite implement in incantations and magical operations. See the *Fasti*, Book ii. l. 577.

<sup>12</sup> *Twisting the threads.*—Ver. 79. 'Stamen' signifies not only the warp, but also the thread of which the warp was made.

<sup>13</sup> *Hands destroyed.*—Ver. 80. She accuses him of clumsiness in such trivial pursuits, for which his fingers were never made.

<sup>14</sup> *Thou art believed.*—Ver. 81. This and the following line are wanting

whip,<sup>15</sup> to have crouched down before the feet of thy mistress. Thou didst talk of thy surpassing glories,<sup>16</sup> the vaunted praises of thy triumphs, and the exploits which ought to have been concealed by thee. *And dost thou say*, forsooth, how that in the cradle thy youthful hand grasped the huge serpents with their tightened jaws? How, *too*, the Tegeæan boar<sup>17</sup> fell upon Erymanthus that bears the cypress, and oppressed the ground with its vast weight? Are not the heads, suspended in the Thracian abodes, passed over by thee in silence, *and are not* the mares fattened by the slaughter of men? The threefold monster, too, Geryon, abounding in Iberian herds, although he was three in one? Cerberus, also, branching from one trunk into as many dogs, his hair wreathed with threatening snakes? The serpent, too,<sup>18</sup> which, in its fecundity, multiplied by its teeming wounds, and itself became enriched by its own losses? He, too, who hung,<sup>19</sup> his throat having been squeezed between thy left side and thy left arm, an enormous burden? in many of the MSS., and the distich is supposed by Heinsius to be spurious.

<sup>15</sup> *Thongs of the whip.*]—Ver. 81. She represents him here as submitting even to the lash, the instrument of the punishment of slaves in ancient times. The ‘scutica’ was a simple whip, while the ‘flagellum’ was probably an instrument of shocking severity, the lash being made of cords or thongs of leather, or the raw hide of an ox. The ‘flagellum’ is thought to have been generally used for the torture of slaves, and is justly called by Horace, ‘horribile flagellum,’ as it was knotted with bones or pieces of metal, or terminated by hooks, in which case it was called by the name of ‘scorpio.’ The punishment was generally inflicted by another slave, who was called ‘lorarius,’ and death was frequently the result.

<sup>16</sup> *Surpassing glories.*]—Ver. 83. This distich is also suspected by Heinsius to be spurious. Deianira alludes to the pomp and magnificence of the triumphs of Hercules, that the idea of his lying prostrate at the feet of his mistress, may, by the contrast, appear the more ridiculous.

<sup>17</sup> *Tegeæan boar.*]—Ver. 87. Tegeæa was in Arcadia. The Erymanthian boar was brought alive by Hercules to Eurystheus.

<sup>18</sup> *The serpent, too.*]—Ver. 95. This was the Hydra of Lerna, from whose body whenever one head was cut off, two sprang up from the blood in its place. Hercules overcame this difficulty, by causing Iolaus to apply a brand to the neck whence the head was cut, by which means the flow of the blood was stopped.

<sup>19</sup> *Who hung.*]—Ver. 97. This is in allusion to Antæus, whom Hercules, to deprive him of the continual supply of strength which he received from his mother Earth, lifting him up with his left arm, strangled with his right.

The troop also of horsemen,<sup>20</sup> who, vainly trusting in their feet and their double-limbed figure, were driven from the mountain ridges of Thessaly?

Canst thou tell of *all* these things, when decked out<sup>21</sup> in the Sidonian garb? Is not thy tongue silent, shamed by *this* dress? The nymph, the daughter, too, of Iardanus,<sup>22</sup> has adorned herself with thy armour, and has carried off the well-known trophies<sup>23</sup> from the captive hero. Come now, arouse thy courage, and recount thy warlike deeds. Because thou wast not so rightfully, she has become the hero. Than her thou art as much inferior, as it was a greater thing for her to conquer thee, the greatest man in the world, than to conquer men whom thou *thyself* hast conquered. To her accrues the renown of thy exploits. Yield thy advantages; thy mistress is the inheritor of thy fame.

For shame! Has the rough hide torn from the ribs of the shaggy lion covered her soft sides? Thou art deluded, and

<sup>20</sup> *Of horsemen.*]—Ver. 100. When Hercules was on his road, for the purpose of capturing the Erymanthian boar, he was hospitably entertained by Pholus the Centaur, the son of Silenus and of the Nymph Melia. The Centaur set before his guest roasted meat, though he himself fared on it in a raw state. Hercules asking for wine, Pholus told him that he was afraid to open the jar, which was the common property of the Centaurs; but upon being pressed by the hero, he consented to uncloset it for him. The fragrance of the wine spread throughout the mountain, and soon brought all the Centaurs, armed with stones and staves, to the cave of Pholus. Anchius and Agrius, the first who ventured to enter, were driven back by Hercules with burning brands; and he pursued the remainder with his arrows to the Malian promontory, in the South of the Peloponnesus. Eurytion fled to Pholoë, Nessus to the river Evenus, and Neptune took the rest into his protection. When Hercules returned to the cave of Pholus, he found his entertainer lying dead among several others; for, having drawn the arrow out of the body of one of them, while he was wondering how so small an object could destroy beings of such magnitude, it dropped out of his hand, and sticking in his foot, he died instantly of the wound. Hercules buried him, and then set out to hunt the boar, the object of his search.

<sup>21</sup> *When decked out.*]—Ver. 102. See the comical story of the mistake made by Faunus, in consequence of this interchange of garments by Hercules and Omphale, related in the *Fasti*, Book ii. l. 307, *et seq.*

<sup>22</sup> *Of Iardanus.*]—Ver. 103. Omphale was the daughter of Iardanus, king of Lydia.

<sup>23</sup> *Well-known trophies.*]—Ver. 104. Many copies have ‘*bina tropæa*,’ making one trophy refer to his love, the other to the spoils with which she had decked herself.



thou knowest it not; that is not the spoil of the lion, but thine own; and thou art the conqueror of the monster; she, of thee. A woman has wielded the weapons black with the venom of the Lernæan *Hydra*, who was hardly well fitted to support the loaded distaff; she has armed her hand too with the club of the subduer of wild beasts, and in a mirror has she viewed the arms of her spouse. Still, these things I *only* heard; *and* it was permitted me not to believe report. Lo! the softened grief<sup>24</sup> is removed from my ears to my feelings. Before my eyes is brought a foreign rival,<sup>25</sup> and I am not permitted to conceal from myself what I suffer. Thou allowest me not to shun *her*; through the midst of the city the captive comes, to be beheld by my unwilling eyes: and she comes not, after the wont of captives,<sup>26</sup> with dishevelled locks, confessing her fate by concealing her features. She enters,<sup>27</sup> conspicuous far and wide, with plenteous gold;<sup>28</sup> just as in Phrygia<sup>29</sup> thou too wast attired. High does she carry her head among the throng subdued by Hercules; you would suppose that, her parent alive, *Æchalia* was *still* standing.

Perhaps, too, the *Ætolian*<sup>30</sup> Deïanira being repudiated, the name of concubine laid aside, she will be thy wife; and a

<sup>24</sup> *Softened grief.*]—Ver. 120. ‘*Mollis*’ here means ‘mollified,’ or ‘softened.’ Deïanira is not willing to provoke her husband beyond redress; and, therefore, after having thrown out against him keen reproaches, she endeavours to soothe him, by showing her readiness to discredit mere reports to his disadvantage; or, at least, she laments that she has had in other instances, too strong and sensible proofs of his baseness and inconstancy.

<sup>25</sup> *A foreign rival.*]—Ver. 121. She alludes to *Iole*, the present favourite of Hercules.

<sup>26</sup> *Wont of captives.*]—Ver. 125. She alludes to the taking of *Æchalia*, the native place of *Iole*, and the fact of Hercules having led her captive, and complains that, on that occasion, she did not present herself in the guise of a captive, with her hair dishevelled.

<sup>27</sup> *She enters.*]—Ver. 127. It has been well observed, that the words ‘late’ and ‘ingreditur’ are very skilfully used here, as indicating the carelessness and freedom of the air which *Iole*, the captive, assumed on finding the conquest she had made of the victorious Hercules.

<sup>28</sup> *Plenteous gold.*]—Ver. 127. Probably, by ‘*lato auro*,’ are meant broad hems of embroidered gold.

<sup>29</sup> *As in Phrygia.*]—Ver. 128. She alludes to the time when Hercules was with *Omphale* in *Lydia*, clothed in female apparel; and thus she deals a two-fold blow at the same moment.

<sup>30</sup> *Ætolian.*]—Ver. 131. Deïanira was the daughter of the king of *Ætolia*.

shameful marriage will unite the disgraced bodies of Iole, the daughter of Eurytus, and of the infatuated Alcides. My mind shudders at the apprehension, and a chill creeps over my limbs, and my hands, becoming numbed, lie upon my lap. Me, too, along with many *others*, didst thou love, but me without a crime; take it not amiss, that twice I was the cause of a contest for thee. Acheloüs,<sup>32</sup> weeping, gathered up his horns on his watery banks, and concealed his mutilated temples in the muddied water. Nessus, the half-man,<sup>32</sup> lay dead in the fatal Evenus: and the blood of the horse-man stained its waters.

But why am I mentioning these things? As I write, report comes, bearing the tidings, that my husband is perishing through the venom in my garment.<sup>33</sup> Ah me! what have I done? Whither has madness impelled me in my love? Unnatural Deïanira, why dost thou hesitate to die? And shall thy husband be rent in pieces in the midst of Ceta?<sup>34</sup> *And* shalt

<sup>31</sup> *Acheloüs.*]—Ver. 139. Acheloüs was the son of Oceanus and Terra; or, according to some writers, of Thetis. He had obtained this property from his mother, that with whomsoever he might engage, he should have it in his power to assume whatever form he should choose. Contending with Hercules for the hand of Deïanira, he fought first in the shape of a serpent, and then of a bull. He was at length overcome, and one of his horns was torn off in the contest. See the Ninth Book of the *Metamorphoses*.

<sup>32</sup> *The half-man.*]—Ver. 141. She alludes to the Centaur Nessus, whom Hercules pierced with an arrow, because in passing over the river Evenus, he attempted to carry off Deïanira. The story is related at length in the *Metamorphoses*.

<sup>33</sup> *In my garment.*]—Ver. 144. This was the tunic poisoned with the blood of the Lernæan Hydra, and of Nessus the Centaur. Hercules, after overcoming the Hydra, dipped some arrows in its blood, that with them he might ensure a mortal wound. It was with one of these poisoned arrows that he pierced Nessus; who, finding himself on the point of expiring, and wishing that his death might not pass unrevenged, called Deïanira, and advised her, if she hoped to secure her husband's love, to dip a garment in the blood that flowed from his wound. Deïanira listened to his advice, and, on hearing that Hercules was captivated by the charms of Iole, sent the garment to him. He had no sooner put it on, than, consumed to the bones by the virulence of the poison, he threw himself on the funeral pile, and caused fire to be set to it. The whole story is related at considerable length in the Ninth Book of the *Metamorphoses*.

<sup>34</sup> *Midst of Ceta.*]—Ver. 147. Ceta was a mountain of Thessaly, where,

thou, the cause of wickedness so great, survive? If I still possess any means of acting, so as to be believed the wife of Hercules, death shall be my confirmation of our union. Thou too, Meleager, shalt recognize in me thy sister.<sup>35</sup> Unnatural Deïanira, why dost thou hesitate to die?<sup>36</sup> Alas! ill-fated house! Agrios is seated<sup>37</sup> on the lofty throne; a be-reaved old age weighs down the forlorn CENEUS. Tydeus, my brother, is an exile on shores unknown;<sup>38</sup> another, while living, was amid the fatal flames. Through her entrails did my mother thrust the sword.<sup>39</sup> Unnatural Deïanira, why dost thou hesitate to die?

This thing alone do I plead *in my own behalf*, by the most hallowed ties of our union, that I may not appear to have contrived thy death. Nessus, when<sup>40</sup> his eager breast was transfixed with the shaft,<sup>41</sup> said, "This blood contains a

by the admonition of the oracle, the pile was erected on which Hercules was consumed.

<sup>35</sup> *Me thy sister.*]—Ver. 151. Inasmuch as her brother, Meleager, met with his death on account of his passion for Atalanta, so is it befitting that she should die in consequence of her extreme and reckless passion for Hercules.

<sup>36</sup> *Hesitate to die.*]—Ver. 152. This is what the critics call 'versus intercalaris,' and is four times repeated by Deïanira as the burden or refrain of her lamentations. Virgil, in his Eclogues, has a similar instance: 'Incipe Mænalios mecum, mea tibia, versus.'

<sup>37</sup> *Agrios is seated.*]—Ver. 153. Agrios, the brother of CENEUS, taking advantage of the disasters in his brother's family, invaded the kingdom of Ætolia, and made himself master of it. This is justly recounted by Deïanira among the calamities of her house.

<sup>38</sup> *Shores unknown.*]—Ver. 154. It has been remarked that 'ignotis,' 'unknown,' cannot well be the correct reading here, as it was known that Tydeus had fled to Argos. Heinsius suggests the reading 'Inachiis,' which was an epithet given to Argos from Inachus, one of its former kings. Her brother, Tydeus, having slain his uncle, or, according to Hyginus, his brother Menalippus, while hunting, fled to Adrastus, the king of Argos, whose daughter Deiphile he afterwards married.

<sup>39</sup> *Thrust the sword.*]—Ver. 147. According to this account, Althæa stabbed herself; but Diodorus Siculus says, that, overcome with remorse for having caused the death of her son Meleager, she committed self-destruction by hanging herself.

<sup>40</sup> *Nessus, when.*]—Ver. 161. She implores to be acquitted of the suspicion of having intentionally caused her husband's death.

<sup>41</sup> *With the shaft.*]—Ver. 161. 'Arundo,' which literally signifies a reed, is here used for 'sagitta,' as the shaft of the arrow was frequently formed of a reed. Hesiod describes three parts of the arrows of Hercules,

power over love." To thee I sent a robe stained with the poison of Nessus. Unnatural Deïanira, why dost thou hesitate to die? And now farewell, both my aged father, and my sister, Gorge,<sup>42</sup> and *thou*, my country, and thou, my brother, torn away from thy country; thou also, the light of this day, the closing light to my eyes, my husband, too, (oh! that thou couldst!<sup>43</sup>) and Hyllus, my child, farewell!

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## EPISTLE X.

### ARIADNE TO THESEUS.

MINOS, the son of Jupiter and Europa, incensed against the Athenians for the murder of his son Androgeus, made war upon them, and at last obliged them to sue for peace, on the condition of their sending each year seven youths and as many virgins, to be devoured by the Minotaur, the offspring of Pasiphæe. The lot falling on Theseus, on his arrival in Crete, he slew the Minotaur; and being instructed by Ariadne how to escape from the Labyrinth, he fled with her to the isle of Naxos, or of Dia. There, according to some accounts, at the desire of Bacchus, he deserted Ariadne, and carried Phædra, her sister, (whom he had also taken away from Crete) with him to Athens. Ariadne, having been left behind in a deep sleep, on awaking, finds herself deserted, and is supposed then to write the present Epistle, in which she accuses him of perfidy and inhumanity, and, after recounting the kindnesses she has shown to him, entreats him to return.

SHE, perjured Theseus,<sup>44</sup> who was left *a prey* to the wild

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the head or point, the shaft, and the feather. The heads of the arrows of the ancients were often made of flint. The Scythians used them of bronze, and the Greeks did the same. They were often three-sided, to make the wound larger and more dangerous. Barbed and poisoned arrows were used among the barbarous nations of antiquity. Ovid, in his *Tristia* and *Pontic Epistles*, mentions this fact in relation to the Sauromatæ and the Gætæ, who lived in the neighbourhood of Tomi, the place of his exile. We learn from other writers that the Arabs, Moors, and Scythians, used the same barbarous practice. The arrows were long, light and smooth; and being frequently made of a cane or reed, thence received the name of 'arundo,' or 'calamus.' The arrows of Hercules were said to have been feathered from the wings of a black eagle.

<sup>42</sup> *Sister, Gorge.*]—Ver. 165. Gorge was her sister, being a daughter of Ceneus and Althea.

<sup>43</sup> *That thou couldst.*]—Ver. 168. 'Sed o possis!' The meaning is, 'Oh! that thou really couldst fare well.'

<sup>44</sup> *Perjured Theseus.*] These two lines in the older editions, and in some of the MSS., commence this Epistle:—

beasts, even yet survives : and you could wish her to endure this with calmness.

I have found<sup>45</sup> the whole race of wild beasts more merciful than thyself : to none could I have been more unsafely trusted than to thee. What thou art reading,<sup>46</sup> I send thee, Theseus, from those shores, whence, without me, its sails bore thy bark ; on which, both my sleep fatally betrayed me, and thou thyself, who shamefully didst watch the opportunity of my slumbers.

It was the season, at which the earth is first besprinkled with the glassy hoar frost, and the birds, concealed by the leaves, utter their complaints. Uncertain whether awake, and languid with sleep, half reclining, I moved my hands to clasp my Theseus. No *Theseus was there* ; my hands I drew back, and again I stretched them forth : and along the couch did I move my arms ; no one was there. Apprehensions dispelled sleep : alarmed, I arose ; and my limbs were hurried from my deserted couch. Immediately, my breast resounded with the striking of my hands ; and just as they were dishevelled from sleep, my locks were torn. The Moon was up : I looked out *to see* if I could perceive any thing but the shore : my eyes had nothing to behold but the sea-shore. Now this way, now that, and both ways, without method, did I run ; the deep

‘ Illa relicta feris etiam nunc, improbe Theseu,  
Vivit, et hæc æquâ mente tulisse velis.’

But, from their meagreness, they are considered by Heinsius and other Commentators to be spurious.

<sup>45</sup> *I have found.*]—Ver. 1. The whole of this Epistle is an expostulation with Theseus for his cruelty and ingratitude. She begins, therefore, with reproaching him as being more cruel than the fiercest beasts. She has felt the effects of his barbarity, in his desertion of her, whereas, hitherto, the wild beasts have given her no disturbance.

<sup>46</sup> *Thou art reading.*]—Ver. 3. Apollonius Rhodius, in the Fourth Book of his Argonautics, says that Dia was the island on which Ariadne was deserted by Theseus. Others, among whom is Plutarch, say that she was left in the island of Naxos. Hyginus, in his Fables, gives the following statement : ‘ Theseus being detained by a tempest in the island of Dia, thinking that if he took Ariadne with him to his own country, she might disgrace him, left her asleep in the island of Dia. Bacchus, falling in love with her, took her to be his wife. Theseus, on setting sail, forgot to change his black sails [for white ones] ; Ægeus, therefore, supposing that Theseus had been devoured by the Minotaur, threw himself into the waves, which thence derived the name of the Ægean Sea. Theseus afterwards married Phædra, the sister of Ariadne.’ Some writers think that Dia was another name of the isle of Naxos.

sand<sup>47</sup> retarded my feminine steps. Meanwhile, as I shouted "Theseus!" along all the shore, the hollow rocks reechoed with thy name; and as oft as *I called on thee*, so oft did that spot call thee *by name*; the spot itself was wishful to give aid to wretched me.

There was a mountain:<sup>48</sup> a few shrubs were seen on its summit: hence, a rock, hollowed out, hung over the hoarse waves. *This* I ascended, (my passion gave me strength) and thus, far and wide did I survey the deep sea with my gaze. Thence did I see (for even by the cruel winds have I been *ill used*) thy canvass swelled by the precipitate South wind. Either I did see this,<sup>49</sup> or even, when I was imagining I saw it, I was colder than ice, and half dead *with despair*. Grief did not long allow me to be motionless: at this I was aroused, *yes*, I was aroused: and with my loudest voice I called upon Theseus. "Whither art thou flying?" I exclaimed, "perjured Theseus, return; change the course of thy ship: she contains not her complement."<sup>50</sup> Thus said I;<sup>51</sup> what was wanting in words I made up in beating *my bosom*: with my words<sup>52</sup> were blows

<sup>47</sup> *The deep sand.*]—Ver. 20. Sand, when half dry, yields to the pressure of the feet, and speedily fatigues them.

<sup>48</sup> *A mountain.*]—Ver. 25. Catullus, Poem lxiv. l. 126, says that the name of this mountain was Dryos, and that thither Ariadne was afterwards taken by Bacchus.

<sup>49</sup> *I did see this.*]—Ver. 30. It is natural to suppose that the concern of Ariadne would readily lead her to exaggerate her misfortunes. She was left by herself on an unknown and desolate island; when she ran down to the shore, she found that the ship had sailed, and was on its way. Her sad case was then irretrievable, and her imagination multiplied the dangers. She accuses the winds of having conspired against her, and as having been too favourable to the fatal project of Theseus: even now, she says, they seemed striving to bear the vessel out of sight.

<sup>50</sup> *Her complement.*]—Ver. 36. 'Your ship has not her full number on board: for Ariadne, whom she brought with her from Crete, is not on board.'

<sup>51</sup> *Thus said I.*]—Ver. 37. The unhappy circumstances of Ariadne are here painted with great spirit and life. Ovid shows extreme skill in depicting the violent emotions and transports of the mind, arising from a sudden conflict of the passions. Her surprise on awaking and missing Theseus, then running instantly to the shore, her despair on seeing his ship under sail, her accusations of the winds, her exclamations, and the beating of her breast, are all so many symptoms of a heart pierced with grief, from the sense of losing what is most dear and valuable.

<sup>52</sup> *With my words.*]—Ver. 38. 'Verbera cum verbis,' 'Blows with

intermingled. If thou couldst not hear, my hands waved aloft gave the signal, that, at least, thou mightst be able to perceive me. I placed, too, a white robe upon a long stick, to remind those who, forsooth, had forgotten me.

And now thou wast withdrawn from my eyes : then at length did I weep : my tender cheeks before had grown rigid with grief. What could my eyes do better than lament my *state*, after they had ceased to look upon thy sails ? Either I wandered alone, with dishevelled locks, just as a Bacchanal inspired by the Ogygian Deity;<sup>53</sup> or else, looking down upon the sea, I sat, chilled, upon the cliff ; and, as much a rock was I, as my seat was a rock. Often did I repair to the bed, which had received us both : but it was not *again* to show those it had *so* received. And, wherever I could, in place of thyself, I touched thy impress, and the bed<sup>54</sup> which had been warmed by thy limbs. I laid me down,<sup>55</sup> and, the couch drenched with my flowing tears, I exclaimed, “We two have pressed thee : bring back those two. Hither we both have come ; why do

words.’ Ovid never loses the opportunity of a play upon words, or a smooth piece of alliteration. Even the grief of Ariadne cannot be proof against so strong a temptation.

<sup>53</sup> *Ogygian Deity.*]—Ver. 48. Bacchus was the son of Semele, the daughter of Cadmus, who founded the city of Thebes, in Bœotia. Ogyges was an ancient king of Bœotia, whom Pausanias calls *αὐτοχθών*, ‘or sprung from the earth.’ He says that his people being destroyed by a pestilence, the country was repopled by the Hyantes and the Aones, up to the period of the arrival of Cadmus, by whom Thebes was founded.

<sup>54</sup> *And the bed.*]—Ver. 54. The ‘strata,’ which we generally call ‘bed-clothes,’ consisted of blankets or counterpanes, which, among the Romans, were often of a very costly description. These were called ‘vestes stragulæ,’ ‘stragula,’ ‘peristromata,’ and ‘peripetasmata.’ The cloth or ticking of which the beds or mattresses were made, was called ‘toral,’ ‘torale,’ ‘linteum’ or ‘segestre.’ Pillows called ‘lecticæ,’ were also used on the beds.

<sup>55</sup> *I laid me down.*]—Ver. 55. Nothing can be more happily conceived, than this description of the behaviour of Ariadne. The whole picture is extremely natural, and suits so well her present situation, that a reader is apt to think that she could not have acted otherwise, and fancies that the same sentiments must occur to every one when placed in a similar position ; a sure sign that the description is faithful to nature and truth. Horace admirably describes this test of true poetry in his Art of Poetry :

‘——— Ut sibi quivis  
Speret idem, sudet multum frustra que laboret  
Ausus idem.’

we not both depart? Perfidious couch, where is the more valued half of us?" What shall I do?<sup>56</sup> Whither, deserted, betake myself? The island is without cultivation: I see no traces of men, none of oxen. The sea surrounds every side of the land; nowhere is there a mariner: no ship to go upon its veering path. Suppose both companions, and winds, and a ship to be granted me; what shall I attempt? My native land denies me access. Suppose, in a bark favourably speeding, I traverse the appeased seas; though Æolus should moderate the winds, I shall be an exile.

Crete, I shall not behold thee, divided into thy hundred cities,<sup>57</sup> a land known to Jove in his childhood. For my father, and the land ruled by my great parent, names *so* dear, have been betrayed by my agency; at the time when, for thy guidance, I gave thee the clue which was to guide thy footsteps, that thou victorious mightst not perish in the winding abode;<sup>58</sup> when thou didst say to me, "By these very dangers do I swear that thou shalt be my own, while each of us shall sur-

<sup>56</sup> *What shall I do?*—Ver. 59. The island being uninhabited and uncultivated, the cruelty of Theseus was the more remarkable.

<sup>57</sup> *Hundred cities.*—Ver. 67. The hundred cities of the isle of Crete are often mentioned in the writings of the ancients; and for this proof of its populousness, it was especially famous. The notion most probably took its rise from Homer; but we may suppose, that the small towns, and even villages, were included in that number.

<sup>58</sup> *Winding abode.*—Ver. 71. She means the Labyrinth, from which Theseus extricated himself, after he had conquered the Minotaur, by means of a clue which he had received from her. Although the Cretan Labyrinth is repeatedly mentioned by ancient authors, yet none of them speak as having ever seen it; indeed, Diodorus Siculus and Pliny the Elder expressly state that not a trace of it was to be seen in their days. This fact, together with the extreme difficulty of accounting for the reasons which could have induced the king of an island of but moderate size to construct such a building, have induced most modern writers to doubt the existence of the Cretan Labyrinth. This opinion is supported, not only by the testimonies of some of the ancients, but, in some measure, by the peculiar nature of the island. The author of the 'Etymologicum Magnum' calls the Cretan Labyrinth 'a mountain with a cavern;' and Eustathius, in his Commentary on the Odyssey, Book xi., calls it 'a subterraneous cavern.' Such caverns still exist in some parts of Crete, especially in the neighbourhood of the ancient town of Gortys; perhaps some such cavern in the neighbourhood of Cnossus, where Minos resided, gave rise to the story of a Labyrinth built there in his reign. The word 'Labyrinth' is supposed to be of Greek origin, though an Egyptian derivation has been suggested by some scholars.



vive." We do survive; and, Theseus, I am not thine; if only thou dost survive, a woman, entombed by the treachery of thy perjured husband. Me too, perjured man, thou shouldst have slain with the club with which *thou didst slay* my brother; the vow which thou hadst uttered would have been cancelled by my death.<sup>59</sup> Now, not only do I bring to mind the things which I am destined to suffer, but whatever any female, when deserted, can endure. A thousand shapes<sup>60</sup> of destruction suggest themselves to my mind; and death is a less punishment than the delay of death.

Each moment do I apprehend that, this way or that, the wolves are about to come to tear my entrails with ravening teeth. Perhaps, too, this land nourishes tawny lions; who knows whether this isle does not contain the savage tigers? The seas, also, are said to send forth huge sea-calves:<sup>61</sup> what prevents the sword,<sup>62</sup> too, from piercing my side? Only may I not, as a captive,<sup>63</sup> be bound in cruel chains; and may I not with the hand of servitude draw out my weary task—I, whose father is Minos, whose mother is the daughter of Phœbus; and, what I better recollect, I, who was promised to thee. If I behold the sea, the earth and the ex-

<sup>59</sup> *By my death.*]—Ver. 78. The note of Crispinus on this passage is worth transcribing: 'Because Theseus had only plighted his faith as long as both of them were living.—The idea is an ingenious one; as though he had been guilty of such a crime, that, had he slain his wife, he would have then appeared to keep his word.'

<sup>60</sup> *A thousand shapes.*]—Ver. 81. She says that death presents himself before her imagination in a thousand shapes. She finds herself left on a desolate island, without even one person to protect her; and, as she apprehends, surrounded with wild beasts. We must not wonder, then, if she is alarmed by the apprehension of dangers that may turn out to be imaginary. Such fear is natural and fully to be expected, under the circumstances of the case.

<sup>61</sup> *Huge sea-calves.*]—Ver. 87. Pliny says, that the sleep of the seal, or sea-calf, is sounder than that of any other animal.

<sup>62</sup> *The sword.*]—Ver. 88. This, of course, as the island was uninhabited, must mean the sword of any person who might chance to land there, such as pirates, or other lawless characters.

<sup>63</sup> *As a captive.*]—Ver. 90. Slavery is what she is most in dread of. It appears shameful for her, the daughter of a king and a descendant of Phœbus, and, above all, one who has been united to Theseus, to be made a captive, and to be subjected to the imperious humour of a mistress, who, without regard to her birth, may require the most servile submission and obedience.

tended shore, greatly is the land threatening to me, greatly the seas. The heavens *still* remain:<sup>64</sup> I dread the forms of the Gods. I am left a prey and a food for ravening wild beasts. Or, if men cultivate and inhabit *this place*, them do I distrust: *once* a sufferer, I have learned to dread strange men.<sup>65</sup>

Would that Androgeus<sup>66</sup> had lived; and that thou, land of Cecrops, hadst not atoned for thy impious deeds, by the death of thy natives! that thy right hand, too, Theseus, lifted on high, had not slain with the knotted club *him who was*, partly a man, partly a bull! And would that I had not given thee the clue to show thee how to return; the thread so oft wound up by thy tightened hands! For my part, I wonder not that victory rests with thee, and the prostrate monster stained *with its blood* the Cretan ground. A heart of iron could not be pierced by his horn; even though thou hadst not covered thyself, with thy breast thou wast safe. There dost thou bear flint, there, *too*, adamant.<sup>67</sup> There, Theseus, thou hast that which surpasses flint-stones. Cruel slumbers,<sup>68</sup> why did you keep me in unconsciousness? Rather ought I, at once, to have been overwhelmed with eternal night. You, too, cruel winds, and far too well prepared *against me*; and you, ye breezes, ready causes of my tears.

<sup>64</sup> *Still remain.*]—Ver. 95. Burmann thinks that this line is spurious, and that the original one has been lost. Ariadne may mean by the expression ‘*simulacra Deorum*,’ either the various frightful or fanciful forms into which the Gods were in the habit of changing themselves, or, perhaps, the Constellations, which were known under the names of serpents, Centaurs, and other monsters.

<sup>65</sup> *Strange men.*]—Ver. 98. The ill-usage which she has received at the hands of strangers, makes her suspicious and distrustful. In so saying, she intends especially to reflect on Theseus, who was a stranger to her native country, and had deceived and forsaken her.

<sup>66</sup> *Androgeus.*—Ver. 99. She wishes that her brother, Androgeus, had not been slain by Ægeus; and that the penalty had not been imposed by Minos upon the Athenians, of sending yearly the young men and virgins to be devoured by the Minotaur.

<sup>67</sup> *Adamant.*]—Ver. 109. ‘*Adamas*’ means ‘adamant,’ and, figuratively, any thing extremely hard or impenetrable. The Greek word *ἀδάμας*, in Homer, is supposed to mean ‘steel.’ Our word ‘diamond’ is a corruption of the word ‘adamant.’

<sup>68</sup> *Cruel slumbers.*]—Ver. 111. Nothing could be more natural than to represent her as inveighing against sleep, during which Theseus took the opportunity of deserting her

Cruel *was* the right hand, which has slain both myself and my brother ;<sup>69</sup> and *you*, vows, an empty name, plighted at my request. Against me conspired sleep, and the winds, and vows ; but one maiden, by three causes was I betrayed. And shall I then,<sup>70</sup> when about to die, behold no tears of my mother ? And will there be no hand to close my eyes ? Will my mournful soul<sup>71</sup> go forth in foreign air ? and will no friendly hand anoint<sup>72</sup>

<sup>69</sup> *My brother.*—Ver. 115. Like her sister Phædra, she is not ashamed to acknowledge her relationship to this monster, and to complain that Theseus had put him to death.

<sup>70</sup> *Shall I then.*—Ver. 119. The particle ‘ergo’ is not here introduced as drawing towards a conclusion, but because she is full of indignation. She is unable, without horror, to reflect on her desolate situation. It brings back all her miseries to her mind, and occasions a sad remembrance of those enjoyments of which she is now, apparently for ever, deprived.

<sup>71</sup> *Mournful soul.*—Ver. 121. Crispinus thinks that this manner of speaking, in Ariadne, proceeds from her innocent simplicity, as though she thought that, thus dying at a distance from her friends, her spirit would be doomed to wander through strange regions of air. Her soul would, according to the belief of the ancients, be especially ‘infelix,’ as, her body being unburied, it would have to hover about the banks of the Styx for a hundred years.

<sup>72</sup> *Hand anoint.*—Ver. 122. The following rites are said to have been performed by the Greeks, immediately after the death of a person. It was the custom at once to place in his mouth an ‘obolus,’ or small coin, with which he might pay Charon, whose duty it was to ferry him over the river Styx to the Shades. The body was then washed and anointed with perfumed oil, and the head was crowned with such flowers as might be in season. The deceased was then dressed in a handsome robe, in order that, according to Lucian, he might not be cold on his passage to the Shades, or be seen by Cerberus in a state of nudity. These duties were performed by the women of the family. The corpse was afterwards laid out on a bed, with a pillow supporting the head and back, and by the side of the bed were placed earthen vessels, which were buried with the body. Among the Romans, immediately after death, those who were present called on the deceased by name, or made a loud noise, for the purpose of recalling the person to life, if he should be only in a trance. The corpse was then taken from the bed, and washed with warm water, perhaps to try to restore it to life. When so removed from the bed, the body was said to be ‘depositus.’ Ovid says, in the *Tristia*, Book iii. El. iii. l. 40: ‘depositum nec me qui fleat ullus erit?’—‘will there be no one to lament me, laid out?’ The funeral was then ordered of the ‘Libitinarius,’ or ‘undertaker.’ These persons were so called from ‘Venus Libitina,’ near whose temple their establishments were situated. The Libitinarii furnished the ‘pollinctores,’ ‘vespillones,’ ‘præficæ,’ and other requisites for the funeral, at a certain rate of payment. The business of

my limbs, laid out? Shall the sea birds stand upon my unburied bones? Is that a sepulchre worthy of my deserts? Thou wilt repair to the Cecropian harbour, and, received into thy country, when thou shalt be standing aloft, in the citadel of thy city, and shalt be joyously telling of the death of *him*, both bull and man, and the rocky abode, divided into intricate passages; relate, as well, how I was abandoned in a solitary land; I must not be omitted amid thy exploits. *Surely* Ægeus is not thy father,<sup>73</sup> and thou art not the son of Æthra, the daughter of Pittheus: the rocks and the ocean are thy parents. Oh! that the Gods had granted that thou hadst beheld me from the stern<sup>74</sup> of thy ship! *My* mournful figure would have moved thy eyes.

Even now, regard me, not with thy eyes, but, as thou canst with thy imagination, hanging over the rocks which the dashing waves beat against. Behold the dishevelled hair over my features as I weep; my garments, too, heavy

the 'pollinctor,' who was a slave, was to anoint the body with oil and perfumes. The corpse was then clad in a garment suitable to his rank; but free persons always wore the 'toga,' and those of magisterial rank, who wore the 'toga prætexta,' were buried in it. When the 'pollinctor' had completed his task, the corpse was laid on a bed, which was often strewed with flowers. A branch of cyprus was usually placed at the door of the house, if the deceased was a person of consequence, and a censer was placed near the bed on which the body lay. It is doubtful whether a small coin was placed in the hand or mouth of the corpse, as among the Greeks.

<sup>73</sup> *Not thy father.*]—Ver. 131. It has been remarked that this censure of Ariadne is well founded, inasmuch as, by many, Theseus was considered to be the son, not of Ægeus, but of Neptune; and the poets generally depict the offspring of Neptune, as being of cruel and repulsive character. 'Ægeus,' she probably means to say, 'was susceptible of the tender passion; whereas, so far from being capable of loving, you are destitute of common humanity.'

<sup>74</sup> *From the stern.*]—Ver. 133. She appropriately mentions the stern, 'puppis,' because it was elevated above the other parts of the deck, and on it the helmsman had his seat. It was rounder than the prow, and, like it, was adorned in various ways, but especially with the image of the tutelary Deity of the vessel. In some representations a kind of roof is formed over the head of the steersman, and the upper part of the stern often had an elegant ornament, called 'aplustre,' which formed the highest part of the poop. It is not improbable that the form of it was borrowed from the tail of the fish. The 'aplustre,' rising behind the pilot, served, in some measure, to shelter him from the wind and rain. A lantern was sometimes suspended from it.

with tears, as though with a shower. My body trembles like the standing corn, shaken by the North winds; and the letters described by my trembling fingers are irregular. I do not entreat thee by my deserts, since they have turned out to my disadvantage. Let there be no thanks due for my deeds. But still,<sup>75</sup> let there be no ill-treatment; if I have not been the cause of thy safety, still, there is no reason why thou shouldst be the cause of my destruction. These hands, in my misery, do I extend to thee over the wide seas—*hands* wearied with beating my wretched breast. Of these tresses<sup>76</sup> which remain *to me*, in my sorrow do I remind thee. By those tears do I entreat thee, which thy deeds excite; turn, Theseus, the course of thy ship, and shifting thy sails, return. Should I first die,<sup>77</sup> still wilt thou collect my bones.<sup>78</sup>

<sup>75</sup> *But still.*]—Ver. 143. Her meaning is, that if he will make no return for her kind offices, and if he shall think them to be unworthy of a recompense, yet that they are far from meriting that he should thus neglect and cruelly abandon her.

<sup>76</sup> *Of these tresses.*]—Ver. 147. Ariadne is endeavouring, by every argument, to move Theseus to pity, and, if possible, to prevail upon him to return. For this reason, she paints, in the strongest colours, her distressed situation, her fears and anxieties, and the treatment which she has experienced at her own hands during her paroxysms of despair. The whole forms such a natural picture of misery and suffering, that we cannot sufficiently admire the inventive imagination displayed by the Poet, in being thus able to assemble a set of ideas so well fitted to answer the purpose of exciting sympathy and commiseration. With even her bitterest reproaches, she mingles tenderness and affection; and we may easily perceive that love is the most deeply rooted in her heart, while her invectives are the result of impulse, and are prompted by a sense of injury. She concludes in a most affecting manner, by entreating him to return, if only to pay her the last duties, and to collect her scattered bones.—Of the fate of Ariadne, varying accounts are given; but the most commonly received opinion makes her to have afterwards become the wife of Bacchus, by whom according to some accounts, Theseus had been advised or ordered to desert her. Ovid, in the Third Book of the *Fasti*, l. 465, *et seq.*, represents her as afterwards congratulating herself on having got rid of Theseus. ‘What was I mourning for, like a country lass as I was? It was a good thing for me that he was faithless.’ And then, as being again reduced to the necessity of lamenting the faithlessness of Bacchus, who afterwards, on returning to her, places her, and the diadem which he had before given her, in the number of the Constellations.

<sup>77</sup> *First die.*]—Ver. 150. Pæon of Amathus, an ancient author whose works are now lost, related how Theseus left Ariadne on an island, because she was wearied with her voyage, and that he afterwards returned and

## EPISTLE XI.

## CANACE TO MACAREUS.

MACAREUS and Canace, the son and daughter of Æolus, the God of the Winds, indulging a criminal passion for each other, concealed their familiarities under the pretence of consanguinity. At length, Canace, becoming pregnant, was, by the contrivance of her nurse, secretly delivered of a son: Æolus, sitting at that time in council, in his palace, the nurse attempted to carry out the child, under the pretence of being engaged in the celebration of certain sacred rites. But when she had almost made her way through the hall where Æolus was sitting, the unhappy infant betrayed itself to his grandfather by its crying. Æolus, surprised at the noise, on discovery of the truth, was greatly incensed at the impious conduct of his children, and commanded the babe to be exposed to wild beasts. After reflecting on the turpitude of her conduct, he sent an officer to Canace, with a drawn sword, and ordered her to use it in such a way as she was conscious her impiety deserved. With it she slew herself. Before she gives the fatal blow, she is supposed to write this Epistle to Macareus, who has taken refuge in the temple of Apollo. She represents her sorrows, inveighs against the cruelty of her father, and begs her brother to collect the bones of her infant, and to enclose them in the same urn with her own.

THE daughter of Æolus, to the son of Æolus, sends that health which she herself has not, and words penned with an armed hand.

But if any<sup>79</sup> of the characters shall be indistinct through

found her dead, and left a sum of money to ensure to her bones an honourable sepulture. Plutarch, in the life of Theseus, says that after the departure of Theseus, she married a priest of Bacchus, whose name was Onarus. Ion, a poet of Chios, mentioned Cœnopius and Staphylus, as the names of two sons which she had by Theseus.

<sup>78</sup> *Collect my bones.*—Ver. 150. Among the Romans, when the pile had been burnt down, it was the custom for the nearest relatives to collect the bones and ashes of the deceased into a mourning robe; they then sprinkled them with wine, and again with milk, and afterwards dried them on a linen cloth. Perfumes were mingled with the ashes, which were placed in an urn of marble, alabaster, or baked clay. The collecting of the bones from the funeral pile was called ‘ossilegium.’

<sup>79</sup> *But if any.*—Ver. 1. The word ‘tamen,’ in this line, has induced some Commentators to put faith in the genuineness of these two lines, of which the translation is given above,

Æolis Æolidæ, quam non habet ipsa salutem  
Mittit, et armatâ verba notata manu,

but they are generally rejected as spurious. Indeed, on examination, we

blots that obscure them, by the blood of its author will the letter be stained. My right hand holds the pen;<sup>80</sup> the other wields a drawn sword; and the paper is lying unfolded in my lap.<sup>81</sup> This is the *true* picture of *Canace*, the daughter of *Æolus*,<sup>82</sup> as she is writing to her brother: thus do I seem to be able to satisfy a hard-hearted father. I could wish that he himself were present, the spectator of my death, and that the deed were done before the eyes of him who enjoins it. As he is stern, and much more unrelenting than his own Eastern blasts, with dry cheeks would he have beheld my wounds. 'Tis something, forsooth,<sup>83</sup> to dwell with the raging winds; he is suited to the disposition of his subjects. He commands the South wind and the Zephyr, the Sithonian<sup>84</sup> North wind, too, and, boisterous Eurus, thy wings.<sup>85</sup> He controls the winds, alas! he controls not *his own* furious wrath; a realm does he possess, even less *stormy* than his own failings.

shall find that this beginning is superfluous; for *Canace* afterwards relates the matter fully, and her abrupt manner of beginning has a peculiar beauty, which would be completely lost by prefixing the above lines.

<sup>80</sup> *Holds the pen.*—Ver. 3. The 'calamus' was a reed which the ancients used as a pen for writing, when 'papyrus,' or the other substitutes for paper were used. The superior kinds of 'calami' were obtained from *Ægypt* and *Cnidos*. When the reed became blunted with use, it was sharpened with a knife, which was called 'scalprum librarium.' They were used split, like our pens. The ink of the ancients was made from the lees of wine, or the black matter exuded by the 'sepia,' or cuttle-fish, and was more unctuous and durable than that used by us. The ink-stands were either single or double, and had covers to keep off the dust.

<sup>81</sup> *In my lap.*—Ver. 4. The parchment on which she was writing is lying unfolded in her lap. This would seem to be a very awkward position; but it is one which we often see represented in the old pictures of the Evangelists.

<sup>82</sup> *Daughter of Æolus.*—Ver. 5. Servius, in his Commentary on the First Book of the *Æneid*, l. 75, says, that *Macareus* and *Canace* were the children, not of *Æolus*, the God of the Winds, but of another person of the same name. This version, however, is not generally adopted by ancient writers.

<sup>83</sup> *Something forsooth.*—Ver. 11. She here seemingly offers some excuse for her father's cruelty; but it must be considered as expressed in a spirit of indignation and bitter irony.

<sup>84</sup> *Sithonian.*—Ver. 13. *Sithonis* was a mountain situate in the North of *Thrace*.

<sup>85</sup> *Thy wings.*—Ver. 14. The Winds were feigned by the poets to have wings.

What avails it that, raised to the heavens by the titles of my ancestors,<sup>86</sup> I am able to recount Jove among my kindred? Do I any the less, *for that*, wield in my feminine hand the destructive sword, the fatal gift, no weapon suited to me? O Macareus, would that the hour which brought us together, had arrived later than my death! Why, my brother,<sup>87</sup> didst thou ever love me, otherwise than as a brother? and *why* was I to thee that which a sister ought not to be? I, myself, caught the flame as well; and as my breast warmed, I felt some God, I know not which, such I had been wont to hear of. Colour had fled from my features, leanness had shrivelled my limbs; with reluctance<sup>88</sup> did my mouth receive the slightest nourishment. No gentle slumbers had I, and the night was as long as a year to me; and, afflicted with no pain, I used to utter sighs. Why I did this, I was unable to tell myself the cause; and I knew not what it was to be one in love; but I was so.

First did my nurse<sup>89</sup> guess my malady in her aged mind;

<sup>86</sup> *Of my ancestors.*]—Ver. 17. Crispinus, the Delphin Editor, has the following remark on the use here of the word ‘avorum,’ ‘ancestors.’ “The word ‘avorum,’ used here in the plural number, seems designed not only to aid the versification, but to add a dignity to the thing itself. And yet, upon a closer examination, it has quite a contrary effect. For the nearer the Poet places Canace to Jupiter, the more illustrious would be her pedigree, and this he might (justly) have done, inasmuch as, according to some, Æolus was the son of Jupiter. But not to be too rash in passing a censure on the Poet, it must be owned that the race of Æolus is very obscure, and little known, and that the Mythologists differ very much in their opinions on the subject. The Poet then makes it his business to deduce Canace from Jupiter by a long line of ancestors, not only on the mother’s, but on the father’s side.” According to some writers, Æolus was the son of Helen, whose father was Jupiter.

<sup>87</sup> *My brother.*]—Ver. 23. Æolus was said, by some writers, to have had six sons, to whom he gave their sisters for wives. To this tradition, the incestuous Byblis alludes, in the *Metamorphoses*, Book ix. l. 506. ‘But the sons of Æolus did not shun the embraces of their sisters,’ are her words, when she is seeking for a precedent whereby to justify her criminal desires.

<sup>88</sup> *With reluctance.*]—Ver. 28. She says that she has loathed food, and has swallowed it with reluctance. Canace’s describing herself as wholly a stranger to love, and wondering at its effects, as not knowing whence they come, or how they are produced, are admirably depicted by the Poet.

<sup>89</sup> *Did my nurse.*]—Ver. 33. The nurse is here the confidant of the lovesick damsel; but, as there are degrees even in iniquity, notwithstanding her criminal attempts to promote abortion, she does not act quite so disgraceful a part as the nurse of Myrrha did, whose shocking story is related in the Tenth Book of the *Metamorphoses*.



first did my nurse say to me, "Daughter of Æolus, thou art in love." I blushed, and modesty directed my eyes upon my bosom; these signs in one, that spoke not, were sufficiently *the signs* of one confessing. And now did the burden swell of my polluted womb, and the secret weight was pressing down my weakened limbs. What herbs, what drugs,<sup>90</sup> did not my nurse bring to me, and apply them with rash hand, that entirely (this alone did I conceal from thee) the increasing burden might be discharged from my womb? Alas! the infant, too tenacious of life, *still* remained, on the application of our remedies, and was secure in its abode<sup>91</sup> from the enemy. Now, nine times had the most beauteous sister of Phœbus risen, and the tenth Moon was guiding her steeds, bearers of her light. Some reason, I knew not what, caused me sudden pains. I was both a stranger to childbirth, and a mere novice. I suppressed not my cries. "Why," said she, "dost thou betray thy guilt?" and the old woman, my confidant, closed my lips<sup>92</sup> as I cried.

What could I do<sup>93</sup> in my misery? Pain compelled me to utter groans; but fear, and my nurse, and very shame forbade me. I repressed my groans, and checked my words as they escaped; and I was forced, myself, to drink down my own tears. Death was before my eyes, and Lucina denied her aid; and even death, had I expired, was a grievous crime. When, hanging over me, thy garments and thy locks dishevelled, thou didst warm my breast pressed close<sup>94</sup> to thine. And thou

<sup>90</sup> *What drugs.*]—Ver. 39. The newspaper reports of our day show that, even in a Christian world, there are too many, who, for lucre, are ready to tread the path of iniquity which was here trodden by the nurse of Canace.

<sup>91</sup> *In its abode.*]—Ver. 44. She alludes not only to the attempts which the hag had made to procure abortion, but to the herbs and drugs themselves, which had been administered to her.

<sup>92</sup> *Closed my lips.*]—Ver. 50. This description may be pronounced to be natural in the extreme, indeed, painfully so.

<sup>93</sup> *What could I do.*]—Ver. 51. We have here a strong picture of the distress of the unfortunate Canace, at this particular moment. She is urged by contrary and powerful motives, pain on the one hand, and shame on the other. She endeavours to suppress her anguish, which it is not wholly in her power, with all her resolution, to stifle.

<sup>94</sup> *Pressed close.*]—Ver. 58. The whole of this scene, as here represented, is very affecting. Canace is conscious of her guilt, and therefore cannot attempt to vindicate herself. Her main object, then, is to

didst say, "Live, sister, oh, dearest sister, live on, and in the body of one destroy not two. Let hopes for the best afford thee strength; for of thy brother shalt thou be the wife; of him by whom thou art a mother, thou shalt be the wife as well." *Though* dying, (believe me) still, at thy words, did I recover, and the guilt and burden of my womb was brought forth.

Why dost thou<sup>95</sup> congratulate thyself? In the midst of the hall<sup>96</sup> is Æolus seated. The guilt must be removed from the eyes of my parent. The careful old woman conceals the infant amid corn,<sup>97</sup> and boughs of the white olive, and light fillets, and she celebrates feigned rites, and utters the words of prayer. The people make way<sup>98</sup> for the rites; my father, himself, makes way. Now, she was near the threshold; the cry of *the babe* came to the ears of my father, and by its own evidence was it betrayed. Æolus seizes the

move feelings of compassion, in which, to a wonderful degree, she succeeds. By her pathetic representation of her distress, the reader's attention is gradually withdrawn from the consideration of the enormity of her guilt, and he feels compassion take the place of deserved indignation.

<sup>95</sup> *Why dost thou.*]—Ver. 65. She here soliloquises and addresses herself. 'Though you are safely delivered of your burden, the danger is far from being past. This crime must be most carefully concealed from your father Æolus, who will refuse you all forgiveness.' She then proceeds to describe the difficulty that attends this material point. The only way from her apartment lies through the hall, where Æolus is sitting in council; and to carry away the babe, without a discovery, will be next to an impossibility. The nurse then devises an expedient, which, but for an unhappy accident, might have been attended with success.

<sup>96</sup> *Midst of the hall.*]—Ver. 65. It must be remembered that, in general, most of the inner-rooms of the houses of the ancient Romans communicated with the 'atrium,' or room in the centre, so that to pass from thence to the exterior of the building, it would be necessary to pass through the 'atrium.'

<sup>97</sup> *Amid corn.*]—Ver. 67. The corn which the nurse was pretending to carry for the purpose of sacrifice, was the parched barley-meal, mixed with salt, which was strewed on the head of the victim. The 'vittæ,' or 'fillets,' were used for adorning the horns of the victim, while the use of the olive branch was, perhaps, intended to signify that the sacrifice was about to be made in honour of Minerva, to whom it was sacred.

<sup>98</sup> *People make way.*]—Ver. 70. It was the custom on all occasions, and for all classes, to make way for a sacrificial procession, however humble; and it was accounted the height of impiety to interrupt the solemnity.

child, and unveils the feigned solemnity; the palace echoes with his raging voice. As the sea becomes shuddering when it is skimmed over by a light breeze; as the twig of ash is shaken by the warm South wind; so mightst thou have beheld my pallid limbs to shiver; the bed was shaken by my body laid upon it. He rushes in, and by his clamour he publishes my shame; and hardly does he withhold his hands from my wretched face. Filled with shame, to nothing but tears did I give utterance; my tongue, withheld by chilling fears, was benumbed. And now had he commanded his little grandchild to be thrown to dogs and to birds, and to be left in a desert spot. The wretched *babe* uttered cries (thou wouldst have thought it was sensible of it); and with what accents it could, it entreated its grandsire. What, my brother, couldst thou imagine my feelings then to have been (for from thy own feelings thou thyself art able to guess), when in my presence, my foe was carrying off my entrails into the dense woods, to be eaten by the wolves of the mountain?

He had departed from my chamber;<sup>99</sup> then at length<sup>1</sup> I was at liberty to bare my breast, and with my nails to attack my cheeks. In the meantime, a servant<sup>2</sup> of my father came with sorrowing countenance, and uttered with his lips these cruel accents: "Æolus sends thee this sword," and he presented to me a sword; "and commands thee to understand from thy guiltiness what it means." I do know; and boldly will I wield the piercing sword; the gift of my father will I bury in my breast. With these gifts, my parent, dost thou honour my nuptials? With this dowry, my father, will thy daughter be enriched? Deluded Hymenæus, remove afar the nuptial torch; and fly from these accursed abodes with hurried step.

<sup>99</sup> *My chamber.*]—Ver. 91. The 'thalamus,' or *θαλαμὸς* of the Greeks, was properly the principal bedchamber of the house, and here seem to have been kept the principal valuable articles of ornament belonging to the family.

<sup>1</sup> *Then at length.*]—Ver. 91. By 'tunc demum,' she means that she was then at liberty to vent her rage against herself, and to give way to her paroxysm of despair.

<sup>2</sup> *A servant.*]—Ver. 93. It is supposed that the various particulars here enumerated were borrowed from Euripides, whom Plutarch remarks as being skilled in depicting the effects of guilty or unrequited love; the more especially as it is known that one of his Tragedies, of which a few fragments still remain, had the title of *Æolus*

Ye gloomy Furies,<sup>3</sup> brandish against me those torches which you wield, that with those flames my funeral pile may be illumed. Do you, my sisters, under Destinies more propitious, be wedded in happiness; but still be you mindful of my error.

What has my child committed, born for a few hours? Hardly brought forth, by what deeds has it injured its grandsire? If it could be<sup>4</sup> deserving of death, let it be deemed to have been deserving. Alas! to its misfortune, for my criminality is it punished! My child, the grief of thy mother, the prey of ravening wild beasts! Ah! *wretched* me! torn to pieces on the day of thy birth. My son, the luckless pledge of my unfortunate love, this was thy first day *of life*, this thy last. It was not allowed me to bathe thee in the tears thy due, nor yet to place my shorn locks<sup>5</sup> upon thy tomb.<sup>6</sup> Over thee I did not hang, no cold kisses did I snatch; in pieces are the ravenous wild beasts tearing my entrails. I, as well, shall, with wounds, attend thy infant shade; neither will I long be called either thy mother, or childless. But do thou,<sup>7</sup> alas! hoped for in vain by thy wretched sister, collect, I pray, the scattered limbs of thy child; and bear them back to its mother, and place them in their common tomb; and let the *same* urn, small though it be, receive the two. Live, mindful of me, and shed thy tears over my wounds; and thou who didst love, shudder not at the body of her who loved.

<sup>3</sup> *Gloomy Furies.*]—Ver. 103. The Furies were frequently represented in the act of waving torches.

<sup>4</sup> *It could be.*]—Ver. 109. By this seeming admission, she more strongly asserts the innocence of the babe. 'A new-born infant can be guilty of no crime. and to punish it for the guilt of its parents, in which it had no share, is cruel and unjust in the extreme.'

<sup>5</sup> *My shorn locks.*]—Ver. 116. Some Commentators would read the two words 'non tonsas' together, as meaning 'my hair not cut off, but pulled out by the roots.' It seems, however, more likely, that the word 'non' is used to qualify 'licuit,' understood from the preceding line, as meaning 'nor yet.'

<sup>6</sup> *Upon thy tomb.*]—Ver. 116. See the *Metamorphoses*, Book iii., l. 506, and the Note to the passage. The female relatives of the dead were wont to lay their hair, not only on the funeral pile, but on the sepulchre as well.

<sup>7</sup> *But do thou.*]—Ver. 121. From lamenting her own fate, and that of her child, she addresses herself to her brother Macareus, and entreats him to collect the scattered bones of that dear pledge of their former affection, and to deposit them in the same urn with her own.

Do thou,<sup>8</sup> I entreat thee, execute the injunctions of thy most hapless sister; I myself will obey the injunctions of my sire.

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EPISTLE XII.

MEDEA TO JASON.

JASON, upon his arrival in Colchis, was kindly received by Medea, the daughter of Æetes, the king of that country, and she speedily became enamoured of him. The conditions of obtaining the Golden Fleece having been stated to Jason, despairing of success without her assistance, he applied to Medea and having promised to marry her he was enabled, by her instructions, to surmount every difficulty. After obtaining the Golden Fleece, he fled from Colchis with Medea, who, hearing that Æetes was in close pursuit of her, cut in pieces the body of her brother Absyrtus, and strewed his mangled limbs along the road, that her father might be delayed in collecting the bones of his son. By this artifice, the fugitives were enabled to reach Thessaly in safety; where Medea restored Æson, the father of Jason, who was worn out with years, to youth. Jason afterwards transferred his affections to Creüsa, the daughter of Creon, king of Corinth, and married her. Enraged at his perfidy, Medea is supposed to write the present Epistle, in which she charges him with ingratitude, and threatens a speedy vengeance, unless he shall restore her to her former place in his affections.

EXILED, in want,<sup>9</sup> and despised by her new husband, Medea asks whether no leisure can be spared from thy kingly duties?

But (*well* I remember<sup>10</sup>) when queen of the Colchians,<sup>11</sup> I

<sup>8</sup> *Do thou.*]—Ver. 127. This distich is wanting in some MSS., and is rejected by most of the Commentators, and by Heinsius in particular, as unworthy of the poetical genius of Ovid.

<sup>9</sup> *Exiled in want.*]—These two lines,

Exul, inops, contempta novo Medea marito  
Dicit an a regnis tempora nulla vacant?

are wanting in many of the MSS., and are generally rejected as spurious.

<sup>10</sup> *Well I remember.*]—Ver. 1. There is a singular beauty in the Epistle beginning thus abruptly, and with an air of perfect bewilderment. To be deserted by Jason, who had so often vowed eternal fidelity, and whom she had bound to her by such important services! what, of all things, she had the least apprehended, and upon which she could not reflect without extreme astonishment. Many of the Epistles will be found to begin in a similar manner, and this feature forms one of their especial beauties. But injudicious critics, probably in the middle ages, have considered this to be a defect, and have wasted their time in attempts to remedy it.

<sup>11</sup> *The Colchians.*]—Ver. 1. The territory of Colchis lay on the

spared leisure to thee, when thou didst entreat that my skill<sup>12</sup> should give thee aid. Then, ought the sisters who measure out the threads of human life, to have unwound my spindle.<sup>13</sup> Then might I, Medea, have honourably died; whatever portion of my life I have protracted from that time, has been a penalty *to me*. Ah me! why did ever the ship from Pelion,<sup>14</sup> impelled by youthful arms, seek the sheep of Phryxus? Why at Colchis did I ever behold the Magnesian Argo?<sup>15</sup> and why did you, the Grecian band, drink of the Phasian waters?<sup>16</sup> Why, to an unbecoming degree, did thy yellow locks please me? thy gracefulness, too, and the dissembling charms of thy tongue?<sup>17</sup>

Eastern side of the Black Sea, or 'Pontus Euxinus.' Medea calls herself 'regina,' 'queen,' or rather, 'princess' of the Colchians, as being the daughter of king Æetes.

<sup>12</sup> *My skill.*]—Ver. 2. She alludes to her magic arts; as she was famous for her enchantments.

<sup>13</sup> *My spindle.*]—Ver. 4. The 'Parcæ,' or 'Fates,' are here referred to. They were three sisters, Clotho, Lachesis and Atropos, to whom was supposed to be committed the duration of human life. The poets represent this by a thread assigned at birth to each individual; relative to which, each sister had her own particular province. The first was employed in spinning it out, the second in winding it up, and the duty of the third was to cut it, and thereby put an end to life. This may serve to illustrate the mode of expression here used; the strict meaning of which is 'ought to have rolled off the thread —;' or, in other words, 'should have put an end to my life.'

<sup>14</sup> *Ship from Pelion.*]—Ver. 8. She alludes to the ship Argo, which was built of wood cut on mount Pelion.

<sup>15</sup> *Magnesian Argo*]—Ver. 9. Magnesia was a region of Thessaly, in which Pelion was situate, though, according to some accounts, it was only adjacent to Pelion.

<sup>16</sup> *Phasian waters.*]—Ver. 10. The Argonauts were obliged to sail up the river Colchis before they could reach the residence of Æetes, the father of Medea. To drink of the waters of any place is a mode of expression very often used by the ancients to signify the inhabiting of that place, or the arriving at or residing in it for any time. The interrogation here is much stronger than if she merely said that she wished the Argonauts had never seen Colchis.

<sup>17</sup> *Of thy tongue.*]—Ver. 12. She artfully invents an excuse for her own weakness, in becoming so much enamoured of Jason, and breaking through so many obligations for the purpose of assisting him. His charms, she says, were such as might easily ensnare an innocent heart, unversed in guile. Add to this, the irresistible eloquence of a smooth and deceitful tongue.

Either (when the strange ship<sup>18</sup> had for the first time come to our sands, and had brought *those* enterprising men) the ungrateful son of Æson ought, unfortified by spells<sup>19</sup> beforehand, to have met the flames and the hollow nostrils of the bulls. He ought to have sowed the seed; as many enemies, too, he ought to have found; that by his own harvest the sower himself<sup>20</sup> might fall. How much perfidy, perjured man, would have perished with thyself! How many an evil would have been removed from my head! 'Tis some relief to reproach the ungrateful man with the favours he has received. This shall I enjoy; this pleasure alone shall I receive from thee. Commanded to steer thy unproved ship to Colchis, thou didst enter the happy realms of my native land. There was I, Medea, the same that here is thy new-made bride. My father was as opulent as is hers. The one possesses Ephyre,<sup>21</sup> between its two seas, the other all that part of<sup>22</sup> snowy Scythia where the left side of the *Euxine* Sea is situate. Æetes received the Pelasgian youths

<sup>18</sup> *The strange ship.*]—Ver. 13. Some writers assert that the Argo was the first ship in which men ventured upon the sea. The word 'nova,' in this passage, may, however, possibly mean simply 'uncommon;' as a ship was probably an unusual object in a district so remote as Colchis. Indeed, it may have been the first to make its appearance on that coast.

<sup>19</sup> *Unfortified by spells.*]—Ver. 15. 'Not fortified by my drugs and medicines'; for it was by means of Medea's instructions and the magic potions with which she furnished him, that he was enabled to withstand the fiery blasts of the brazen-footed bulls, and to lull to sleep the watchful dragon that guarded the Golden Fleece.

<sup>20</sup> *Sower himself.*]—Ver. 18. Her meaning is, that Jason, who had cast the teeth of the dragon in the earth after the manner of a sower, ought to have perished by the hands of the armed men who sprang from the seed so sown.

<sup>21</sup> *Ephyre.*]—Ver. 27. Ephyre was the ancient name of Corinth. According to Velleius Paterculus, Haletes, the sixth in descent from Hercules, and the son of Hippotes, changed the name of the place from Ephyre into Corinthus. Hyginus says, Fable 275, 'The Nymph Ephyre, the daughter of Oceanus, founded the city of Ephyre, which was afterwards called Corinthus.' Being situate on an Isthmus, between the Ægean and the Ionian seas, the poets frequently gave it the appellation of 'bimaris,' 'between the two seas.'

<sup>22</sup> *That part of.*]—Ver. 28. The reading, 'Scythiæ latus ille nivosa Omne tenet,' seems preferable to that which is most frequently adopted, 'Scythiâ tenuis ille nivosa Omne tenet.'

with hospitality, and you, Grecian bodies, pressed the embroidered couches.<sup>23</sup>

Then did I behold thee; then did I begin to know what thou wast; that was the first downfall of my *peace of mind*. How did I gaze,<sup>24</sup> how did I pine, and how did I burn with flames I knew not *before*; just as the torch of pine-wood<sup>25</sup> burns before the great Divinities. Both thou *thyself* wast

<sup>23</sup> *Embroidered couches.*]—Ver. 30. The ‘torus’ here mentioned is properly the purple or embroidered stuff cushion, which was placed on the ‘lectus,’ or couch, on which the guests reclined while taking their meals. The ‘lecti tricliniaries’ were low, and so were the tables that were spread before them. The ‘lecti’ are supposed to have been very similar to the ‘lecti cubiculares,’ or beds for sleeping in; as they had girths and mattresses, with gorgeous coverlets, and were ornamented with copper, silver, tortoiseshell, and ivory.

<sup>24</sup> *How did I gaze.*]—Ver. 33. The whole account here given of Jason’s first appearance, and the beginning and progress of her passion, is highly poetical. We may compare it with some lines of Virgil on the same subject, and expressed in a very similar manner. The words of Damon in the Eighth Eclogue, when relating the rise and growth of his passion, are as follow:—

‘Sepibus in nostris parvam te roscida mala  
(Dux ego vester eram) vidi cum matre legentem:  
Alter ab undecimo tum me jam ceperat annus;  
Jam fragiles poteram a terrâ contingere ramos.  
Ut vidi, ut perii, ut me malus abstulit error.’

‘I beheld you in your childhood, (for I was your guide) together with your mother, picking dewy apples in our hedges. I was at that time just twelve years old; and I could hardly reach from the ground the brittle branches. How did I gaze, how was I undone, how did a fatal bewilderment seize me!’

<sup>25</sup> *Torch of pine-wood.*]—Ver. 34. The ‘tæda,’ or ‘teda,’ of the ancients was a torch, made of the wood of the fir. The following was the method adopted in making them. A large incision having been made in a pine-tree near the root, the turpentine flowing downwards accumulated in its vicinity. This resinous wood was called by the Greeks ‘δᾶς,’ ‘torch-wood.’ After the lapse of about a year, the part that was thus impregnated was cut out, and then divided into the proper lengths, and as the tree gradually decayed, the heart of the trunk was extracted, and the roots were finally dug up for the same purpose. When persons went out at night they took these torches in their hands, like the links used in this country up to the commencement of the present century. They were also used in nuptial processions. From the present passage it appears, that ‘tædæ’ were burning before the images of the Gods; probably in a frame, like the wax candles which are burnt before the altars and chapels in the churches of Catholic countries.



beauteous, and my destinies were urging me onward; thy eyes had ravished my sight.<sup>26</sup> Perfidious man, thou didst perceive this; for who can successfully conceal love? The flame is manifest, betrayed by its own evidence. In the meantime the conditions<sup>27</sup> are repeated to thee; that with the unwonted ploughshare thou shouldst load the unbroken necks of the fierce bulls. *These* bulls of Mars<sup>28</sup> were more terrible than by reason of their horns *alone*; their breath was dreadful flames. Their feet were solid with brass, and brass was extended over their nostrils; black, too, was this rendered by their breath. Thou art ordered, also, to scatter the seed with thy devoted hand<sup>29</sup> over the wide fields, to give birth to a race, who are to attack thee with the weapons that spring up with themselves. Such is the crop, unfavourable to the husbandman. The last labour is, by some stratagem, to elude the eyes of the keeper, that know not how to yield to sleep.

Æetes had *now* spoken; in sorrow you all arose, and the high table left the purple couches. How far from thee,<sup>30</sup> then, was the kingdom, the dower of Creüsa, and thy father-in-law, and the daughter of the great Creon? In sadness didst thou depart; as thou didst depart I followed thee with tearful eyes, and with a gentle murmur thy tongue said, 'Farewell!' When, fatally wounded, I reached the bed placed in my chamber; that night, long as it was, was passed by me in tears. Before my eyes were both the savage bulls and the dreadful harvest; before my eyes was the ever watchful

<sup>26</sup> *Ravished my sight.*]—Ver. 36. That is, 'my eyes were so immovably fixed on you, that they could regard no other object.' This is said to be one of the characteristics of love.

<sup>27</sup> *The conditions.*]—Ver. 39. Medea, after describing the manner in which her passion began, and its rapid growth, adverts to the many obligations she had conferred on him, the dangers to which he was exposed before he could obtain the wished-for prize, and the care she had taken to fortify him against them: from all which she infers his baseness and ingratitude in deserting her.

<sup>28</sup> *Bulls of Mars.*]—Ver. 41. This and the next line are thought by Heinsius to be spurious, and unworthy of the genius of Ovid. There is probably some ground for this; but yet it does not seem from the context that they could be well dispensed with.

<sup>29</sup> *Thy devoted hand.*]—Ver. 46. Some would render 'devota,' 'consecrated'; it seems rather to mean 'devoted to,' or 'destined for the purpose.'

<sup>30</sup> *Far from thee.*]—Ver. 53. This is said in the most bitter irony.

dragon. On one side was love, on the other, fear; fear increased *that* love. It was *now* morning, and my sister<sup>31</sup> was received in my chamber; she found me, too, with dishevelled locks and lying upon my face, and every thing saturated with my tears. She entreats aid<sup>32</sup> for the Minyæ: one female asks, and another will receive it. What she entreats, that do I give to the youth, the son of Æson.

There is a grove, darksome both with pitch trees and with the leaves of the holm oak, hardly can one enter that by the rays of the sun. In it there was, and there long had been, a shrine to Diana;<sup>33</sup> the Goddess stood in gold wrought by a barbarian hand.<sup>34</sup> Dost thou know it, or has the spot escaped thy memory along with me? Thither did we come; and thus with deceiving lips didst thou begin first to speak.

“ Fortune has given thee the command and the disposal of my safety; and in thy hand is my life and my death. If the power itself delights any one, ’tis enough to be able to destroy; but, preserved, I shall prove a greater honour to thee. By my misfortunes do I pray, of which thou canst be the solace; by thy race, and by the majesty of thy grandsire that sees all things; by the features, and the secret rites of the three-

<sup>31</sup> *My sister.*]—Ver. 62. Chalciopæ was anxious for the safety of the Argonauts, because, according to Hyginus, her four sons by Phryxus were of the number.

<sup>32</sup> *Entreats aid.*]—Ver. 65. There was good reason for this friendly feeling, as Jason had relieved her sons when shipwrecked and in distress.

<sup>33</sup> *Shrine to Diana.*]—Ver. 70. ‘*Delubra Dianæ.*’ It is extremely difficult to say how the ‘*templum*’ of the Romans differed from the ‘*delubrum.*’ Some of the ancient writers think that ‘*delubrum*’ was originally the place at the entrance which contained a vessel filled with water, for the purpose of purification before entering the temple. Other authors again suppose that ‘*delubrum*’ was originally the name for the wooden statue of a Divinity, which derived its name from ‘*liber,*’ ‘the bark’ of a tree, which was removed, (*delibrabatur*) before the tree was wrought into the image, and that in time the name ‘*delubrum*’ was applied to the place where this image was erected. Some, again, think it to have been a sanctuary, or place set apart from the adjacent soil, which was applied to common purposes.

<sup>34</sup> *Barbarian hand.*]—Ver. 70. Though Medea’s own nation was ‘*barbarus,*’ and she was ‘*barbara,*’ she probably means here, that the ‘*barbaricus manus,*’ which made the golden statue, was not that of a person of her own country; but that it was of Phrygian, or probably of Oriental workmanship,

formed Diana ;<sup>35</sup> and if perchance this nation has any other Deities : take pity upon me, O maiden ! take pity on my companions ! by thy good offices, make me thine for all *future* time. And if perchance<sup>36</sup> thou dost not despise a Pelasgian man, (but why *should I imagine* the Gods so propitious, and so favourable to me ?) first may my breath vanish into the yielding air, before there shall be any bride but thee for my nuptial chamber. May Juno, who presides over the conjugal solemnities, be witness, that Goddess, too, in whose marble temple we are.”

These *words*<sup>37</sup> (and how small a part is this of them ?) moved the feelings of a confiding maid ; thy right hand, too, joined to my right hand. I saw tears as well : was a portion of thy deceit<sup>38</sup> in them ? Thus speedily was I, a maid, betrayed by thy words. Thou didst both yoke<sup>39</sup> the brazen-

<sup>35</sup> *Three-formed Diana.*]—Ver. 79. The three-formed Diana was supposed to be the same Divinity as Hecate. Her mysteries were performed in the night-time.

<sup>36</sup> *And if perchance.*]—Ver. 83. We have here a remarkable instance how ready the views and sentiments of mankind are to alter upon a change of circumstances. When Jason was in the capital of Colchis, almost overpowered by the dangers that attended his enterprize, and had no hopes of relief but in the aid of Medea, he addressed her with suppliant humility. He then thought it the greatest happiness to enjoy her favour, and dreaded lest she should despise him as a stranger. Now, however, the case is changed : he has obtained his great object, brought his enterprize to a successful issue, and escaped safe to Thessaly. As he has now no interests of his own to influence him, his heart is open to impressions from others. A more advantageous match presents itself, and Medea is abandoned and reduced to supplicate in her turn.

<sup>37</sup> *These words.*]—Ver. 89. She here endeavours to set his baseness in the strongest light, by representing how many of his promises he had falsified.

<sup>38</sup> *Part of thy deceit.*]—Ver. 91. This is much the same sentiment that the Poet has before expressed in the Epistle from Phyllis to Demophoön :

‘Credidimus lacrymis : an et hæ simulare docentur ?

Hæ quoque habent artes, quaque jubentur eunt ?’

<sup>39</sup> *Didst both yoke.*]—Ver. 93. Medea, after reminding him of the promises made to her, his insinuating address, and the success which it has had in gaining her love, proceeds to relate how, by means of the assistance which she gave him, he had the good fortune to accomplish the several tasks assigned to him by her father. She then proceeds to reproach him with his baseness in deserting her, after he had obtained his aims, and then attaching himself to another, who had only her riches to recommend her, objects which, in the day of his perplexity, were far from his thoughts.

footed bulls<sup>40</sup> with a body not *even* singed, and thou didst cleave the firm earth with the ploughshares, as enjoined. Thou didst fill the fields with the envenomed teeth, in place of seed: it sprang up, and the soldiers wore swords and bucklers. I myself, who had given thee the charms, sat pale, when I saw the men so suddenly spring up, brandishing their arms; until (dreadful catastrophe!) the brothers, sprung from the earth, turned against each other their armed hands. Behold! the ever-watchful dragon, dreadful with his rattling scales, is hissing, and is sweeping the ground with his winding breast. Where, then, were the riches of thy dowry? Where, then, thy royal wife? This Isthmus, too, which divides the waters of the twofold sea? Those flaming eyes did I, by a sleep caused by drugs, withdraw from thee, I, who now at length am become a barbarian to thee, who seem to thee now poor, now a criminal; to thee, too, did I give the fleece to carry away in safety.

My father was betrayed: both my kingdom and my country did I forsake: *and* I considered that there was an advantage in any kind of exile. My virginity became the prey of a foreign robber: my best of sisters was forsaken together with my dear mother.<sup>41</sup> But, my brother,<sup>42</sup> when flying, I did not leave thee without me. In this passage alone is my letter defective.<sup>43</sup> What my right hand has dared to do it dares not to write; thus ought I, but together with thyself, to have been torn in pieces. And yet I<sup>44</sup> dreaded not, (for,

<sup>40</sup> *Brazen-footed bulls.*]—Ver. 93. According to Apollonius Rhodius, these bulls were two in number, and of immense magnitude.

<sup>41</sup> *My dear mother.*]—Ver. 112. By some writers her mother is called Hypsea, by others Idyia.

<sup>42</sup> *My brother.*]—Ver. 113. Her misfortunes have at length opened her eyes to her criminality, and have left her at liberty to reflect upon her crimes in all the hideousness of their guilt. She was before so infatuated by her passion for Jason, that no sacrifice appeared too great, if made for his sake. When she fled from Colchis with Jason, her brother Absyrtus accompanied her. It has been already stated how and for what purpose she murdered that unhappy youth.

<sup>43</sup> *My letter defective.*]—Ver. 114. She avoids a direct mention of her cruelty to her brother, and satisfies herself with barely hinting at it; as though she would say, ‘Of all the things that I have done for you, this is the only one over which shame and the sense of guilt oblige me to draw a veil.’

<sup>44</sup> *And yet I.*]—Ver. 117. Heinsius thus explains the meaning of this

after that, what could I dread?) a woman, and one so guilty, to entrust myself to the waves. Where is the providence of the Gods? Where the Divinities? We should have suffered our deserts on the deep, thou, the penalty of thy treachery, I, of my simplicity. I wish that the Symplegades<sup>45</sup> had crushed us, caught *between them*, and that my bones<sup>46</sup> had been pressed into thy bones! Or, would that ravenous Scylla had sent us to be devoured by her dogs! (Scylla was bound to be injurious to ungrateful men.<sup>47</sup>) Would, too, that she,

passage. 'Although I now dare not write, what I yet dared to commit, I was not however afraid, even at that time, to expose myself to the dangers of the sea. For what would I not have ventured upon, after so many crimes against my brother and my father.' The sea was thought by the ancients to be an especial source of retribution for those who were guilty of heinous offences.

<sup>45</sup> *The Symplegades.*]—Ver. 121. The Symplegades, or Cyanean rocks, were two rocky islands in the Thracian Bosphorus, which were said by ancient writers sometimes to part asunder, and at other times to rush together with great force. It was considered extremely dangerous to sail between them, because if the ship should be by any accident detained a longer time than was originally expected, the rocks, closing together, would be certain to crush it to pieces. Jason is said to have passed between them with imminent danger to his ship; for the rocks, meeting before the Argo had passed quite through, carried away her stern. The fable probably arose from the appearance that these rocks bore to those who sailed between them: for in bearing straight down upon them, while the ship was yet at some distance, they seemed to be joined in one; but as she approached nearer they would appear to open by degrees, and when the vessel had passed through them and had proceeded to some distance on the other side, they would again seem to run together and unite. This, in the first ages of the world, and while navigation was in its infancy, and optical phenomena were little understood, might pass, among ignorant persons, for a real motion of the rocks.

<sup>46</sup> *That my bones.*]—Ver. 122. We are told by Apollodorus that Jupiter, being deservedly indignant at the slaughter of Absyrtus, sent a furious tempest against the Argonauts, by reason of which they were carried beyond the shores of Libya, Gaul, Sardinia and Etruria. They were informed that his wrath would not be propitiated before they had repaired to Ausonia, and had been purified by Circe. It is in allusion to this tempest that Medea here makes mention of Scylla and Charybdis.

<sup>47</sup> *Ungrateful men.*]—Ver. 124. Ovid, by here alluding to the ingratitude of men, falls into his usual error of confounding the Scylla who was changed by Circe, in her jealousy, into a whirlpool, with the Scylla who betrayed her father, Nisus, to Minos. They were, however, different persons. Minos, who made no return to the passion of the latter Scylla, is the 'ingratus vir' here mentioned: though some Commentators think

who<sup>48</sup> so many times vomits forth the waves, and as many times sucks them in again, had buried us beneath the Trinacrian waves!<sup>49</sup>

In safety hast thou returned, a conqueror too, to the Hæmonian cities: the golden fleece is offered to the Gods of thy country. Why should I make mention of the daughters of Pelias,<sup>50</sup> criminal in their affection, and the limbs of their father torn asunder by their virgin hands? Though others should blame me, thou art bound to commend me, for whom so often I have been forced to be guilty. Thou didst dare, Oh —— (words are wanting to the true extent of my grief) thou didst dare to say, “Depart from the house<sup>51</sup> of Æson!” Thus commanded, I was departing from the house, accompanied by my two children, and by that love of thyself that ever attends me. When, suddenly, thy nuptials, honoured with hymns,<sup>52</sup> reached my ears, and the torches<sup>53</sup> gleamed with the lighted

that the passage may refer to the passion of Scylla for Glaucus, the sea God. The story of Scylla, the daughter of Nisus, is told in the Eighth, and that of the other Scylla, in the Fourteenth Book of the Metamorphoses.

<sup>48</sup> *That she who.*]—Ver. 125. Charybdis is here alluded to; a rapid whirlpool on the coast of Sicily, which draws in and throws out the water with tremendous force and swiftness, twice every twenty-four hours. This Charybdis, as the poets feign, was a voracious woman, who stole the oxen of Hercules, on which Jupiter struck her with a thunderbolt, and threw her into the sea, where she retains her former voracity, and swallows up all that comes near her.

<sup>49</sup> *Trinacrian waves.*]—Ver. 126. Sicily was called Trinacria, from the fact of its having a triangular form.

<sup>50</sup> *Of Pelias.*]—Ver. 129. Medea here reminds Jason of another act of kindness which she had done him. Pelias was the king of Thessaly, and uncle to Jason, and, with the view of removing him, suggested to him the expedition for the recovery of the Golden Fleece. He had three daughters, Alceste, Amphinome, and Evadne, who, trusting to the false promises of Medea, cut their father in pieces, as she had made them believe, that after they had done so, she would restore him to youth. Her only object, however, was to remove him out of the way, on account of the ill-will which he bore to Jason. This story is related in the Seventh Book of the Metamorphoses.

<sup>51</sup> *From the house.*]—Ver. 134. ‘Cede domo’ was the formula used in the Roman repudiation or divorce.

<sup>52</sup> *Honoured with hymns.*]—Ver. 137. ‘Hymen cantatus’ :—this alludes to the Hymenæal song, which was sung at the nuptial ceremony.

<sup>53</sup> *And the torches.*]—Ver. 138. ‘Lampades’ may refer either to the torches which were used in the nuptial ceremony, or to the lanterns with which the house was hung on the festive occasion.

flames : the pipe too<sup>54</sup> poured forth the songs of wedded joys to yourselves, but to me more mournful than the funereal trumpet;<sup>55</sup> I was struck with alarm; nor did I as yet suppose that wickedness existed so great; but still there was a chill throughout all my breast.

The crowds rushed on, and "Hymen!" they cried; "Hymenæus!" they shouted with redoubled cries. The nearer the sound came, the more dreadful to me it was. The servants were weeping in different quarters, and were concealing their tears. Who could wish to be the messenger of a calamity so great? To me, too, it was more pleasing to be ignorant of it, whatever it was; but, as though I knew, my mind was saddened. When the younger of my sons, by my order, and through a desire of seeing, stood at the very threshold of

<sup>54</sup> *The pipe too.*—Ver. 139. The 'tibia' was a pipe or flute, and formed the commonest musical instrument among the Greeks and Romans. It was very frequently a hollow cane perforated with holes, in regular order; sometimes it was made of a cylinder of hollowed box-wood, pierced with holes. The Phœnicians used a very small pipe, which was made of a reed or straw, which was called 'gingrus.' The player, when the single pipe was used, was called 'monaulos.' Thus employed, it was much in fashion at Alexandria. It was sometimes bound with metal or ivory rings, and must have then resembled the flageolet or clarinet of modern times. It was much more usual, however, among the Greeks and Romans, to play on two pipes at the same time; the pipes being entirely distinct, and with separate mouth-pieces. The pipe was used at sacrifices, entertainments, and funerals. The worshippers of Bacchus and Cybele used the Phrygian pipe, which had but two holes, and terminated in a bend upwards, somewhat similar to our horn. The Phrygian pipe was also used at funerals. This instrument was also employed to regulate the time in dancing, and was used on private occasions in domestic life, and especially, as in the present instance, on the celebration of nuptials. The Thebans greatly excelled in the use of the 'tibia.'

<sup>55</sup> *Funereal trumpet.*—Ver. 140. The 'tuba,' or 'trumpet' of bronze, was distinguished from the 'cornu,' or curved trumpet, by being straight. The 'tuba' was employed in war and at funeral solemnities, whence probably its epithet in the present instance, 'funesta.' We learn, however, from Aulus Gellius, that those who sounded the trumpet at funerals, were called 'Siticines,' and that their instruments were of a peculiar form. The sound of the 'tuba' was of a harsh nature; Ennius has endeavoured to imitate it in the line;—'At tuba terribili sonitu taratantara dixit.' It is generally supposed to have been of Etrurian origin, and was attributed to Maleus, a fabulous king of Etruria, said to have been the son of Hercules and Omphale.

the folding doors; he said to me, "My mother, begone; my father Jason will head the procession: and, glistening in gold,<sup>56</sup> he is driving the harnessed steeds." Forthwith, tearing my garments, I beat my breast: and my features were not in safety from my hands. My feelings prompted me to rush into the ranks of the midst of the throng, and to tear away the garlands snatched from thy well trimmed locks. Hardly did I withhold myself from thus exclaiming, as I tore my hair, "He is mine," and from laying hands on thee.

My injured father,<sup>57</sup> rejoice: forsaken Colchians, be glad: shade of my brother, receive my sacrifice.<sup>58</sup> I am deserted (my kingdom, my country, and my home, *now* lost,) by my husband: *him*, who alone was all *these things* to me. I could then *subdue* serpents, and raging bulls; and could I not vanquish a single man? And am I, who could control by my skilful potions the raging flames, unable, myself, to escape from my own flames? Do my very charms, and my herbs, and my skill forsake me? Does the Goddess avail nought, do the rites of the powerful Hecate avail nothing? To me the day is not pleasing! the bitter nights are spent in watching; no placid slumber visits my wretched breast. I could lull to sleep the dragon, who cannot *do so* for myself: my art is more useful to any one than to myself.

Those limbs which I have preserved, a rival is embracing; and she is enjoying the fruit of my toil. Perhaps, too, while thou art seeking to exalt thyself<sup>59</sup> before thy silly wife, and to

<sup>56</sup> *Glistening in gold.*]—Ver. 152. According to some Commentators, 'aureus' here means 'arrayed in vestments of gold,' while Burmann thinks that it signifies 'borne in his chariot of gold,' as in the First Book of the Art of Love, l. 214. 'Quatuor in niveis aureus ibis equis.' The 'pompa' is the nuptial procession which Jason is supposed to head, probably in a chariot, resplendent with gold.

<sup>57</sup> *My injured father.*]—Ver. 159. From reflecting upon her own calamities, she turns her thoughts to those whom she has injured, and concludes that her present misfortunes are the judgment of heaven for her past offences.

<sup>58</sup> *My sacrifice.*]—Ver. 160. 'Inferiæ' were the sacrifices which were offered to the 'Manes' or 'shades' of the departed. These were thought to be especially propitiated, when such as had been their enemies died or met with any signal misfortune.

<sup>59</sup> *To exalt thyself.*]—Ver. 175. This notion is very appositely introduced here. Medea had been rejected, and another one occupied her place. We may therefore readily suppose that her thoughts would be intent upon



utter what is agreeable to her hostile ear, thou mayst be inventing *some* new charges against my face and my manners : she, *perhaps*, may be laughing, and may be joyous at my failings. Let her laugh, and let her lie in her vanity on Tyrian purple: she shall weep, and, burnt, she shall transcend my flame.<sup>60</sup> So long as there shall be the sword, and flames, and poisonous potions *to be had*, no enemy of Medea shall be unpunished. And if, perchance, entreaties touch thy obdurate heart, now listen to words less *strong* than my feelings. To thee as much a suppliant am I as thou hast often been to me ; and I hesitate not to throw myself before thy feet. If I am despicable to thee, think of the children of us both : a cruel step-mother will exercise her vengeance against my offspring. And they are too like to thyself : even I am moved by the likeness, and oft as I look *on them*, my eyes are moist *with tears*. By the Gods above do I entreat, by the light of the flames of my grandsire,<sup>61</sup> by my own deserts,<sup>62</sup> and by my two sons, our pledges *of love* ; restore to me my bed ; for which, in my folly, I left so many things : make good thy speeches, and afford me relief.

the good fortune of her rival ; she would be frequently imagining the lovers together, and fancying to herself what might possibly pass between them. In this train of reflection, it would naturally come into her mind that their discourse would sometimes turn upon her ; and as she was no stranger to the infirmities of the human heart, especially when inflamed by love, she readily comes to the conclusion, that Jason, upon these occasions, would endeavour to recommend himself to his new mistress by depreciating and disparaging her charms, and that she, on the other side, would feel a sensible joy in being thus preferred to her rival.

<sup>60</sup> *Transcend my flame.*]—Ver. 180. She threatens her here, with real, and not with figurative flames, a threat which she afterwards acted upon. Apollodorus says, ‘ Medea calling those Gods to witness, by whom Jason had sworn, and abhorring his ingratitude, sent to his wife a garment steeped in poison. Soon as she had put it on, she and her father Creon were burnt with an intense fire.’

<sup>61</sup> *Of my grandsire.*]—Ver. 191. She refers to her descent from Phœbus, or the Sun.

<sup>62</sup> *My own deserts.*]—Ver. 192. It will be observed that she does not confine herself solely to threats ; she mingles with them prayers and entreaties, while her expressions are still full of love and tenderness. Notwithstanding the many reproaches that she throws out against him, she occasionally lets fall some sentence that shews the sure hold he still has on her affections. Her reproaches, too, far from manifesting any decay of her passion, are the clearest evidence of its strength, and flow solely from a sense of ill-requited love.

I am not imploring thee against bulls and men, and that by thy aid the dragon overcome may be lulled. I am asking thee, whom I have purchased; whom thou hast thyself presented to me; with whom, when made a parent, at the same moment I was made a parent. You enquire where my dowry is? In that field have I reckoned it out which had to be ploughed by thee when about to bear away the fleece. That golden ram is my dower, beauteous with his fleece of gold; which, should I say to thee, "Give it me back," thou wouldst refuse me. My dowry *was* thy being in safety; my dowry was the youths of Greece. Go then, perjured man, compare the wealth of Sisyphus<sup>63</sup> *with mine*. That thou art living, that thou art possessing a wife, and a powerful father-in-law, even this very fact, that thou canst be ungrateful, is *all* my own. Whom I this very instant———! but of what use is it to threaten vengeance before-hand? Rage is giving birth to these violent threats. Whither anger shall lead me, thither will I follow.

Perhaps I shall repent of my deeds. I repent too that I assisted a faithless man. Let the God<sup>64</sup> see to it, who now is swaying my breast. My mind for sure, is conceiving something great, to an extent which I know not.

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### EPISTLE XIII.

#### LAODAMIA TO PROTESILAÛS.

WHILE the Greeks were preparing for the expedition against Troy, Protesilaüs, the son of Iphiclus, as we learn from Homer, joined them with forty ships. The fleet being detained by contrary winds at Aulis, the

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<sup>63</sup> *Wealth of Sisyphus.*]—Ver. 204. She alludes to the dowry which he, doubtless, would have received from Creon, the son of Sisyphus, with his daughter Glauca, or Creüsa.

<sup>64</sup> *Let the God.*]—Ver. 211. Jason, paying no regard to the prayers and entreaties of Medea, but commanding her forthwith to leave the city, (for she was at that time in Corinth) she, with some difficulty, obtained of Creon a respite of one day. Disguising herself so as not to be known, and entering the palace in the night, she set fire to it by means of a composition invented by Circe, of which the nature was such that the flames raised by it could not be extinguished. Jason escaped by leaping from the burning mass; but Creon and Creüsa perished in the flames. This is the account given by many authors; though it will be seen to vary from the narrative of Apollodorus above quoted.

oracle was consulted, and an answer was returned, that Agamemnon had offended Diana by killing one of her sacred stags, and that nothing would appease the Goddess for the offence but the sacrifice of one of his children. Iphigenia was thereupon proposed as the victim for obtaining a propitious voyage. During the time that the fleet is lying wind-bound, Laodamia, the daughter of Acastus and the wife of Protesilaüs, who is ardently attached to her husband, and has often been alarmed by ominous dreams, is supposed to write the present Epistle, in which she endeavours to dissuade him from engaging in the war. The Greeks had been told by an oracle, that whoever should first set foot upon Trojan ground was doomed to perish. Laodamia is unable to conceal her concern, and sensible of his undaunted bravery, she desires him, for her sake, to moderate his intrepidity, and to keep in mind that the same wound will prove fatal to them both. She exacts his compliance as a testimony of the continuance of his affection, and tells him that she will judge of his love for her by the care he takes of himself.

LAODAMIA of Hæmonia,<sup>65</sup> both sends health to her Hæmonian husband, and, in her love, wishes it to reach the place whither it is sent. There is a report that thou art detained at Aulis by contrary winds.<sup>66</sup> Alas! when thou didst flee from me, where were those winds? Then ought the seas to have opposed themselves to thy oars. That was the proper season for the waves to be boisterous. Many a kiss would I have given to my husband, and many an injunction; and many things there are which I wished to say to thee.

Suddenly wast thou hurried hence; and the breeze that invited thy sails, was such as the mariners desired, not I. The wind was suited for sailors, not suited for one who loved. I was torn, Protesilaüs, from thy embraces, and my tongue, as I enjoined thee, left its words unfinished, hardly was it able to pronounce the sad farewell. Boreas sprang up,<sup>67</sup>

<sup>65</sup> *Hæmonia.*]—Ver. 2. In addition to the derivation already mentioned, Thessaly was said to have had the name of Hæmonia, or Æmonia, from Æmonia, the daughter of Deucalion.

<sup>66</sup> *Contrary winds.*]—Ver. 3. The fleet being detained at Aulis by contrary winds, Iphigenia, the daughter of Agamemnon, was led to the altar as a propitiatory sacrifice to the wrath of Diana. Virgil and Propertius affirm that she was actually slain; but Ovid (in the Twelfth Book of the *Metamorphoses*), Martial, Juvenal, and other authors, say that she was saved, and that, by the direction of the Goddess, a hind was substituted for her, while she herself afterwards became the priestess of Diana.

<sup>67</sup> *Boreas sprang up.*]—Ver. 15. The North wind would be favourable to Protesilaüs when sailing from Thessaly to Aulis, the place of meeting.

and swelled the sails caught *by him*, and soon was my Protesilaüs far away. So long as I could look on my husband, I was delighted to gaze upon him; and without ceasing did I follow thy eyes with mine. When I could no longer see thee, I could *see* thy sails; long did the sails detain my gaze. But after I beheld neither thyself nor thy flying sails, and there was nothing but sea for me to behold, together with thee, life fled as well; a darkness coming on, I am reported, *turning* pale, to have fallen *fainting* with tottering knees.

Hardly did my father-in-law Iphiclus, hardly did the aged Acastus,<sup>68</sup> hardly did my sorrowing mother, revive me with cold water. They did an affectionate act of kindness, but *quite* useless to me; I am grieved, that in my misery, I was not allowed to die. Soon as my senses returned, my sorrows returned as well; *and* a lawful passion tormented my chaste breast. No care have I to give my hair<sup>69</sup> to be combed;<sup>70</sup> no pleasure have I for my person to be adorned with garments embroidered in gold. Just as those whom the two-horned *Bacchus*<sup>71</sup> is believed, to have touched with his lance clothed

<sup>68</sup> *Aged Acastus.*]—Ver. 25. Burmann, in the list of the Argonauts, which he has prefixed to his edition of Valerius Flaccus, is in doubt whether this Acastus is the same with Acastus, the son of Pelias, and the companion of Jason in the Argonautic expedition. It appears to him that this Acastus could hardly be living at the time of the Trojan war; but it is evident, from a passage of the Troades of Euripides, that Acastus, the son of Pelias, was existing after the destruction of Troy. That person is probably here meant, and the more so, as they were both Thessalians. Iphiclus, the father of Protesilaüs, was one of the Argonauts, and was noted for his great swiftness in running.

<sup>69</sup> *Give my hair.*]—Ver. 31. In early times the Roman women were in the habit of dressing their hair with great simplicity; but in the Augustan period a variety of head-dresses came into fashion, many of which will be found described in the Art of Love, Book iii. l. 136. These head-dresses were sometimes raised to a considerable height by rows of false ringlets. Slaves were trained especially for the purpose of dressing the hair of the Roman ladies; they were called ‘ornatrices,’ and were instructed by masters in the art. One of the simplest modes of wearing the hair was allowing it to fall in tresses behind, and only confining it by a band encircling the head. Another favourite method was that of plating the hair, and confining it with a ‘crinale,’ or hair-pin, behind the head. The Athenian women wore the hair in a knot on the top of the head, which was fastened with a clasp in the shape of a grasshopper.

<sup>70</sup> *To be combed.*]—Ver. 31. On the combs in use among the ancients, see the Note to l. 311, of the Fourth Book of the Metamorphoses.

<sup>71</sup> *Two-horned Bacchus.*]—Ver. 33. Bacchus was frequently repre-

in vine, so do I go to and fro, whither madness impels me. The matrons of Phyllus<sup>72</sup> throng around me, and cry out to me, "Put on, Laodamia, thy royal attire." Shall I myself, forsooth, put on garments steeped in purple,<sup>73</sup> *and* is he to be<sup>74</sup> waging war under the walls of Ilium? Shall I myself have my hair arrayed, *and* must he have his head burdened with a helmet?<sup>75</sup> Shall I myself *put on* new garments, and must my husband wear rugged armour?

So far as I can, I will be said, by my neglected guise, to have imitated thy hardships; and these times of war will I spend in sadness. Paris, *thou* chieftain,<sup>76</sup> son of Priam, beauteous to the destruction of thy family, mayst thou prove as cowardly a foe, as thou wast a treacherous guest. Either, I could<sup>77</sup> have wished that thou hadst disliked the form of the

sententia by the poets as wearing horns: because, as some writers say, in the war with the Giants, he wore a helmet with two horns. The 'pampinea hasta' is the Thyrsus, which he wielded. The persons whom this Deity was supposed to touch with it, were supposed to be immediately seized with a prophetic frenzy.

<sup>72</sup> *Of Phyllus.*]—Ver. 35. Phyllus was a town of Thessaly.

<sup>73</sup> *Steeped in purple.*]—Ver. 37. On the Tyrian purple, see the Notes to the Fasti, Book ii. l. 107.

<sup>74</sup> *Is he to be.*]—Ver. 38. This is the answer of Laodamia to those who urged her to assume the air and appearance of royalty. It is full of affection and tenderness for Protesilaüs. She is so nearly concerned in whatever regards him, that she can take pleasure in nothing, unless he is a participator, and she affects to imitate him, so far as she can, in his very dangers and hardships.

<sup>75</sup> *With a helmet.*]—Ver. 39. The helmets of the Greeks and Romans were originally made of skin or leather, and were adorned with metal, and occasionally, even gold. Those of metal were called 'cassides;' though the words 'galea' and 'cassis' often mean the same object. Felt and sponge were among the materials used for lining helmets. The helmet often had a crest, which was usually made of horse hair. Cheek-pieces and visors were also used.

<sup>76</sup> *Thou chieftain.*]—Ver. 43. Instead of 'dux Paris,' some of the MSS. have here 'Dyspari;' which, adapted from the Greek, would mean 'wretched,' or 'unfortunate Paris.' Homer, in the Third Book of the Iliad, l. 39, uses the expression Δύσπαρι, εἶδος ἄριστε, 'Wretched Paris, most beauteous in form.' The Poet here, most probably, had that line in view; and there is every probability that Heinsius is right in thinking this to be the correct reading, though Burmann does not admit the cogency of his arguments.

<sup>77</sup> *Either I could.*]—Ver. 45. The making Laodamia here trace back the war to its source, is a masterly stroke of art in the Poet. Nothing is more common, when misfortune overtakes us, than to examine each minute circumstance which may have contributed to it, and to lament

Tænarian wife, or that thy own had been displeasing to her. Thou, Menelaüs,<sup>78</sup> who art taking too much pains for her torn from thee, ah me! how fatal an avenger<sup>79</sup> to many a one, wilt thou be! Avert, ye Gods, I pray, the direful omen<sup>80</sup> from me, and let my husband present his vows to Jove, the author of his return. But I am fearful; and so oft as the dreadful war recurs to me, my tears flow just like the snow when melted by the sun. Ilion, and Tenedos,<sup>81</sup> and Simois, and Xanthus, and Ida, are names almost to be dreaded<sup>82</sup> at their very sound.<sup>83</sup>

that it was not prevented. Had Paris found Helen less beautiful, he would never have thought of carrying her away, or have given occasion to that unhappy war, through which Laodamia was deprived of her husband.

<sup>78</sup> *Thou, Menelaüs.*]—Ver. 47. She certainly speaks like a sensible woman, in saying that Menelaüs took too much trouble in recovering his worthless wife.

<sup>79</sup> *Fatal an avenger.*]—Ver. 48. We are usually very quick-sighted in what more nearly concerns ourselves. As Menelaüs was determined, if possible, to recover Helen, and to avenge the injury done to him by Paris, he had engaged almost the whole of Greece to take up arms in his cause, and was conducting into Asia an army, headed by the flower of the Grecian princes. As Troy was a most powerful city, it was natural to think how much blood must be shed in the forthcoming war, and how many thousands must lose their lives. Laodamia, in her apprehensions for her husband, reflects on this, and then prays the Gods to avert the omen from her. She says, that the revenge which Menelaüs is about to take, must prove fatal to many; wives will have to grieve for the loss of their husbands, and children for that of their parents; but she hopes that the Divinities will shield her from such a calamity.

<sup>80</sup> *Direful omen.*]—Ver. 49. It seems to her an ominous presage of future woes, that she has just inadvertently called Menelaüs by the epithet, 'flebilis,' 'Cause of woe.'

<sup>81</sup> *Tenedos.*]—Ver. 53. This was an island within sight of Troy, to which the Grecian fleet retired, while the stratagem of the wooden horse was being brought to completion.

<sup>82</sup> *To be dreaded.*]—Ver. 54. She does not mean to say that the names in themselves are repulsive, but that, from the places being the scenes of future danger to her husband, she dreads the mention of them. Curiously enough, it was these very names that so much enchanted the French Poet Boileau. In his Fourth Epistle to the King of France, relative to the passage of the Rhine, he complains of the difficulty of introducing into rhyme such barbarous names as Woerden, Zuyderzee, Wageningen, &c., and regrets that he has not occasion to mention as the subject of his verse, the harmonious names of the rivers and cities of Asia,

'Oh! que le ciel, soigneur de notre poesie,  
Grand roi, ne nous fit-il plus voisins de l'Asie!

And no stranger would have attempted to carry her off, had he not been able to defend himself; he *well* knew his own strength. He came, as fame reports, bedecked with much gold, and as carrying on his person the wealth of Phrygia; powerful *was he* in ships and in men, by means of which wars are waged; and how small a part<sup>81</sup> of his kingdom attended him? By these, daughter of Leda, sister of the twins,<sup>85</sup> I suspect that thou wast overcome: 'twas these things, I think, that could *so* injure the Greeks. I dread a certain Hector,<sup>86</sup> who he is, I know not. Paris used to say that Hector waged the war with blood-stained hand. Of *this* Hector, whoever he is, if I am dear to thee, do thou have a care: have his name imprinted on thy mindful breast. When thou hast avoided him, remember to avoid the others; and imagine that there is many a Hector there; and take care and say, so oft as thou shall prepare to fight, "Laodamia bade me be mindful of her." If it is ordained for Troy to fall be-

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Il n'est plaine en ces lieux si seche et si sterile  
 Qu'il ne soit en beaux mots partout riche et fertile,  
 La, plus d'un bourg fameux par son antique nom,  
 Veut offrir a l'oreille un agréable son.  
 Quel plaisir de te suivre aux rives de Scamandre,  
 D'y trouver d'Ilion la poetique cendre.'

<sup>83</sup> *Their very sound.*]—Ver. 54. It is very natural for Laodamia to express her apprehensions in this manner. The fame and wealth of Troy, the number of its tributary provinces, and the improbability that Paris would have engaged in an attempt so hazardous had he not known that his strength was equal to it, must all, of necessity, appear terrible to her. The sentiments are admirably adapted both to the person and her circumstances. Fear multiplies dangers and begets a thousand foreboding apprehensions.

<sup>84</sup> *Small a part.*]—Ver. 60. She means to say, that Paris came to Greece attended with a large fleet, and a numerous crowd of followers; and yet these were an inconsiderable part of what his kingdom could furnish. By this she would insinuate to Protesilaüs, that he had engaged in a perilous warfare, of which the success was very doubtful.

<sup>85</sup> *Of the twins.*]—Ver. 61. Pollux and Helen, and Castor and Clytemnestra, were born of the two eggs produced by Leda, when embraced by Jupiter in the form of a swan.

<sup>86</sup> *A certain Hector.*]—Ver. 63. We may suppose, that though the Trojan warfare had not yet commenced, Hector had already by his prowess acquired considerable fame, and that this, though obscurely, had reached the ears of Hippodamia. There is great propriety in the Poet thus making her speak as if she knew him only by name.

neath the Argive force ; may it fall as well with thee receiving no wound. Let Menelaüs fight, and let him march against the opposing foe ; that he may take<sup>87</sup> from Paris, what Paris before *took* from him. Let him rush on ; and him, whom he conquers in *the justice of* his cause, may he conquer, too, in arms : from the midst of the foe is the wife to be recovered by her husband.

Thy case is a different one : do thou only fight to live, and to be enabled to return to the affectionate bosom of thy spouse. Spare, O descendants<sup>88</sup> of Dardanus, this one (I beseech you) out of foes so many : let not my blood flow from that body. He is not one whom it becomes to engage with the naked sword, and to present an undaunted breast to the opposing side. Much more valiantly<sup>89</sup> is he able *to engage*, when he engages in *the contests of* Love. Let others wage the warfare ; let Protesilaüs love. Now I own it ; I wished to call thee back, and my feelings prompted me ; *but* my tongue stopped short, through fear of a bad omen. When thou didst wish to go forth to Troy from thy father's doors, thy foot, by striking against the threshold,<sup>90</sup> gave a presage. When I saw

<sup>87</sup> *He may take.*—Ver. 74. This line and the next are wanting in some few of the MSS. ; but Heinsius thinks that they are genuine, as bearing the authentic marks of being composed by Ovid. In each there is a strained attempt at antithesis, which is more oratorical than poetical.

<sup>88</sup> *O descendants.*—Ver. 79. There is considerable beauty in the manner in which the Poet makes her impulsively address the Trojans. The apprehension of her husband's danger possesses her so strongly, that she fancies herself present on the field of battle : she sees the hands of his enemies lifted up against him, and, in a transport of passion, she entreats them to spare a life so dear to her.

<sup>89</sup> *Much more valiantly.*—Ver. 83. This is most beautifully expressed ; she has been no stranger to the ardour of his love, and as her heart is wholly devoted to him, she can easily think him invincible in that respect. But to his abilities as a warrior she is quite a stranger, and is moreover desirous that his inclinations may not lead him to attempt to excel as such, lest he should be prompted too much to expose himself to danger. Contrary to her anticipations, Protesilaüs may be considered, from the event, to have shown more bravery than any man in the Grecian army.

<sup>90</sup> *The threshold.*—Ver. 88. Stumbling, and being called back when setting out on a journey or expedition, were considered to be ill omens ; Laodamia is sensible of this, but she tries to persuade herself, in spite of her forebodings, that it might be ominous of her husband's safe return.



it, how I sighed, and silently in my heart did I say, "May this, I pray, be a presage of my husband being destined to return."

This, now, do I relate to thee, that thou mayst not be *too* brave in arms; cause all these apprehensions of mine to vanish in the breeze. Fate also<sup>91</sup> destines some one, I know not whom, for an unhappy lot, who shall be the first<sup>92</sup> of the Greeks to touch the Trojan soil. Unhappy she, who shall be the first to lament her husband torn away! May the Gods grant that thou mayst not desire to be *thus* courageous! Amid the thousand ships, may thy bark be the thousandth, and now may it be ploughing the buffeted waves the last of *all*. This, too, do I admonish thee; go forth the last from thy ship: it is not thy native soil for thee to hasten to. When thou shalt be returning, urge on thy bark both with oars and sails, and place thy foot with speed upon thy own shore. Whether Phœbus is concealed, or whether more on high he is visible, thou comest to me by day, thou *comest* to me by night, an anxious care. And yet, by night still more than by day; night is pleasing to the fair, whose neck the arm placed beneath supports. In a forlorn bed am I pursuing empty dreams; while I am deprived of the real ones, false joys are soothing me.

But why does thy pallid form present itself to me? Why does many a complaint arise from thy accents? I arouse my-

<sup>91</sup> *Fate also.*—Ver. 93. The Greeks had been informed by the oracle, that he of their number who should first set foot upon Trojan ground, was doomed to fall. Laodamia, whose fears cause her a thousand apprehensions, begs that he will not be too rash, and expose himself to an unavoidable fate. In the sequel this proved to be the case; for when the Grecian fleet arrived before Troy, all the Greeks, mindful of the prediction of the oracle, scrupled to be the first to land: till, at length, Protesilaüs, full of indignation at such unmanly hesitation, boldly leaped on shore, and soon after fell by the hand of Hector.

<sup>92</sup> *Who is the first.*—Ver. 94. The story of Protesilaüs is thus told by Hyginus, Fable 103. 'It had been foretold to the Greeks that he should perish who should be the first to touch the Trojan shore. When the Greeks had come close to the shore, the rest hesitating, Iolaüs, the son of Iphiclus and Diomeda, was the first to leap on shore from his ship. He was immediately slain by Hector, and all called him Protesilaüs, since he was the first of all to land. When his wife, Laodamia, the daughter of Acastus, heard of his death, she asked of the Gods that she might be allowed to converse with him for three hours. This was granted; and being brought back [from the Shades] by Mercury, she conversed with him for that space of time. After he had died a second time, Laodamia was unable to bear up against her grief.'

self from my sleep, and I adore the shadows of the night; no altar of Thessaly<sup>93</sup> is without the smoke of my *frankincense*. Incense do I present, and on it tears; sprinkled with which the flame burns bright, just as it is wont to arise when wine is poured upon it. When shall I, embracing thee, safe returned, in my longing arms, in my weakness even faint away from my *excess of joy*? When will it be, that happily united to me<sup>94</sup> in the same bed, thou shalt relate the splendid achievements of thy warfare? Whilst thou shalt be relating these to me, although I shall be delighted to hear them, still many a kiss<sup>95</sup> shalt thou receive, many a one wilt thou give. Always, amid these, the words of a narrator are agreeably interrupted; the tongue is more fluent that pauses with delays so sweet.

But when Troy recurs, and the winds and the deep recur to me, flattering hopes, overcome by anxious fears, give way. This, too, alarms me, that the winds hinder<sup>96</sup> your ships from departing; you are ready to go, while the waves are unwilling. Who could wish to return to his country when the winds are against him? From your country, while the sea forbids, you are setting sail. Neptune himself does not afford a passage to his own city.<sup>97</sup> Whither are you hurrying? Return, each of

<sup>93</sup> *Altar of Thessaly.*]—Ver. 112. She means to say that no altar of Thessaly is without the smoke of sacrifices, or of frankincense, supplied at her expense.

<sup>94</sup> *United to me.*]—Ver. 117. Ulysses, on a similar occasion, narrates to Penelope the tale of his wanderings. See the *Odyssey*, Book xxiii., commencing at line 306.

<sup>95</sup> *Many a kiss.*]—Ver. 120. It is difficult to conceive any thing more finely depicted than this account of Laodamia. In spite of her apprehensions, she cannot forbear, in some degree, alleviating her sorrow with the pleasing anticipation of his return and the happy scenes that will then pass between them. Her extreme concern for him will then make her anxious to know all that has happened to him during his absence; and he must gratify her curiosity by relating every particular. As he will have frequent occasion to mention his dangers and his narrow escapes, her joy to find him still safe will repeatedly express itself in fond and endearing caresses. These will cause an agreeable interruption of his recital and will make him enter again upon the story with renewed pleasure.

<sup>96</sup> *Winds hinder.*]—Ver. 125. She alludes to their detention in the port of Aulis.

<sup>97</sup> *His own city.*]—Ver. 129. Because he and Apollo had built the walls of Troy for king Laomedon.

you, to your own homes. Whither do you hurry, ye Greeks? Listen to the winds that forbid *you*; this delay *arises* not from a sudden accident, but from the Divinity. What is sought in a war so great, but a shameless adulteress? While yet you may, turn back your sails, ye Inachian barks. But why<sup>98</sup> do I recall them? Afar be the omen of one recalling,<sup>99</sup> and let a propitious breeze still the lulled waves.

I envy the Trojan dames;<sup>1</sup> if they behold<sup>2</sup> the mournful funerals of their relatives, and *if* the enemy is not far away, *still* the new-made bride with her own hands will place the helmet on her valiant husband, and will hand him the barbarian arms.<sup>3</sup> She will hand him his arms; and while she shall be handing him his arms, at the same moment will she snatch a

<sup>98</sup> *But why.*]—Ver. 135. There is an infinity of readings for this line in the various MSS. The suggestion of Heinsius, as to the whole of the line, seems the best:—‘Sed quid ego hos revoco? revocaminis omen abesto;’ ‘hos,’ referring to the Greeks.

<sup>99</sup> *Of one recalling.*]—Ver. 135. It has been stated in the Note to line 88, that to be recalled when setting out on a journey was a bad omen. In the First Book of the Fasti, l. 561, however, Hercules thinks the ‘revocamen,’ by his oxen, when lowing in the cave of Cacus, to be a good sign.

<sup>1</sup> *Trojan dames.*]—Ver. 137. ‘Troasin’ here is the Greek dative plural. Similarly, Ovid uses ‘Lemniasin,’ and ‘heroisin;’ while Propertius has ‘Dryasin,’ and ‘Hamadryasin.’

<sup>2</sup> *They behold.*]—Ver. 138. This sentiment is beautifully expressed, and is a perfect refinement upon her sorrow, while it fully accords with that strength of passion which Laodamia breathes throughout the whole of the Epistle. So impatient is she under the irksomeness of her husband’s absence, that she is ready to think any condition preferable to her own. The Trojan matrons are far happier than herself, in her estimation, although immediate spectators of the danger and the fate of their husbands and children. They can be employed in many pleasing offices about them, can buckle on their armour, give them their last injunctions, and be delivered from the tortures of a cruel suspense. On the other hand, it is her sad fate to be distracted between hope and fear, while her foreboding mind suggests a thousand dangers, and keeps her in a perpetual state of anxiety and alarm.

<sup>3</sup> *Barbarian arms.*]—Ver. 140. From Homer we learn that the following were the particulars of the armour of the heroes of the Homeric age, and which continued afterwards to be used by the Grecian soldiers. The warrior having a tunic on his body, put on, first, the greaves; secondly, his cuirass, with the belt; thirdly, his sword, which hung from the left side by a belt slung over the right shoulder; fourthly, the large round shield, which was also supported by a belt; fifthly, his helmet; and lastly, he wielded one or two spears.

kiss (that kind of duty will be pleasing to the two). She will detain her husband too, and will give him injunctions to return, and will say, "Take care, and bring back these arms for Jupiter." He, bearing in his *mind* the fresh injunctions of his spouse, will fight with due caution, and will have some regard for his home. She will take from him his shield at his return, and will unloose his helmet, and will receive his wearied breast in her bosom. We are full of uncertainty; anxious apprehensions compel us to fancy every thing to be done, that can happen.

But while *as* a warrior thou shalt be wielding arms in a distant region, I have a waxen *figure*<sup>4</sup> which represents thy features. To it do I<sup>5</sup> utter endearing expressions, to it the words that are due to thee; my embraces does it receive. Believe me, the image is more than what it seems to be; give language to

<sup>4</sup> *Waxen figure.*—Ver. 152. Among the Romans, it was the custom to preserve 'ceræ,' or 'imagines,' portraits made in wax of their ancestors, which were kept in 'armaria,' 'cases,' or 'cupboards,' in the 'atria,' or 'halls,' by those who had the 'jus imaginum.' These are generally supposed to have been busts; and such may be the meaning of 'cera,' in the present instance, though it may possibly mean only a profile in wax on a plane surface. Hyginus says, Fable 104, that after Protesilaüs was removed from Laodamia by a second death—"she made a brazen (*æreum*) image of her husband, and placing it in her chamber, pretended that it was a sacred relic, and began to worship it." The word '*æreum*' is supposed by Heinsius to be a corruption for '*cereum*,' 'waxen'; and Hyginus may probably refer to the same tradition to which Ovid here alludes, although she is here represented to be in possession of the portrait before she has heard of his death.

<sup>5</sup> *To it do I.*—Ver. 153. It may be remarked of this Epistle, as has been observed of the poems of Homer, that the Poet, far from showing all his strength at the commencement, grows upon his reader, and increases his admiration the further he proceeds. After the endearing expressions of love and tenderness which we meet with in the foregoing parts of the Epistle, and the natural images by which Laodamia so faithfully depicts her affectionate feelings, we might suppose it impossible for the Poet to pourtray her feelings in a stronger manner. And yet a new feature of her affection is reserved for the close of her Epistle. Her only consolation, she says, in the absence of Protesilaüs, is a likeness of him, which she often takes a delight in contemplating. To this, by habit, she has transferred that fondness which she feels for the original, and she bestows on it the same caresses that she has been wont to give to her dear Protesilaüs. To such a height is her love carried at last, that she is apt to imagine it more than simply an image. She fancies that it only wants a voice to be Protesilaüs himself, and is in the habit of uttering her complaints to it, as though she expects it to return an answer.

the wax, and it will be Protesilaüs *himself*. At this do I look, and to my bosom do I press it, in place of my real husband, and, as though it could utter words in answer, do I complain. By thy return, and by thy person, Divinities to me, do I swear; and by the torches of affection and of wedlock, equally *glowing*; by that head, too, which mayst thou with thyself restore to me, that I may behold it white with its hoary locks; that I am ready to come as thy companion wherever thou shalt summon me; whether —— (a thing, alas!<sup>6</sup> that I dread,) or whether thou shalt be still surviving.

The end of my Epistle shall be closed with this short injunction: "If thou hast any care for me, have a care for thyself."

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## EPISTLE XIV

### HYPERMNESTRA TO LYNCEUS.<sup>7</sup>

DANAÜS, the son of Belus, had, by several wives, fifty daughters. Ægyptus, his brother, who had the like number of sons, wished them to marry the daughters of Danaüs, and applied to him for his permission. Danaüs, having been informed, by an oracle, that he should fall by the hands of a son-in-law, and wishful, if possible, to avoid the danger, took ship, and in course of time possessed himself of Argos. Enraged to find himself thus slighted, Ægyptus raised a great army, and putting his sons at the head of it, sent it into Greece, with an express command not to return until they should have either slain Danaüs, or obliged him to consent to receive them as his sons-in-law. On being pressed by a close siege, Danaüs was under the necessity of promising them his daughters; but they, having previously received swords from their father, by his command killed their husbands on the night of the nuptials, while, overcome with wine, they were buried in sleep. Hypermnestra was the only exception, who spared her husband Lynceus, and having acquainted him with the treachery of Danaüs, advised him to fly with all speed to his father Ægyptus. Danaüs, on finding that his commands had been strictly obeyed by all his daughters except Hypermnestra, was so enraged at her disobedience, that he loaded her with chains, and thrust her into prison. On this, she is

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<sup>6</sup> *A thing, alas!*—Ver. 164. This is a very happy instance of Aposiopesis; as she fears to mention death, through fear of its proving an ill omen. She proved as good as her word, for she did not long survive her unfortunate husband.

<sup>7</sup> *Lynceus.*—This name is given as 'Linus' in some of the Editions.

supposed to have written the following Epistle to her husband, in which she entreats him to come to her assistance, or, if she shall be put to death before he can bring her relief, to bestow upon her the rites of burial.

HYPERMNESTRA sends<sup>8</sup> to the only *survivor* of so many brothers but recently *existing*; the rest of that multitude have perished through the crimes of their wives. Shut up, I am confined in prison, and am fettered with heavy chains. The cause of my punishment is, that I was dutiful. I am deemed guilty, because my hand trembled at plunging the sword in *my husband's* throat; had I dared criminality, I should have been applauded. It is better to be deemed guilty, than in this manner to have pleased a parent. I cannot repent of having my hands free from blood. Let my father torture me with the flames<sup>9</sup> which I have not polluted; and let him thrust the torches in my face, which were present at the *nuptial* rites; or let him stab me with that sword which, for no good purpose, he entrusted to me; so that I, the wife, may perish by a death by which my husband perished not; still, he shall not cause my dying lips to say, "I repent;" thou art not one, Hypermnestra, to regret having been dutiful.

Let Danaüs and my cruel sisters repent of their crime; this result is wont to attend upon deeds of guilt. My heart

<sup>8</sup> *Hypermnestra sends.*]—Ver. 1. Hypermnestra, in her communication with Lynceus, skilfully commences with such a representation of her case, as may most effectually awaken his resentment, and beget in him a desire for revenge. She reminds him that he is the only surviving brother of fifty, all the rest having been cut off by the barbarous contrivance of her father, and that all her sufferings are occasioned by her tenderness for him. Yet, she says, far from repenting of it, the reflection always affords her pleasure, nor will all the tortures and miseries in the world be able to make her own the contrary. She then asks how Lynceus can possibly deny his aid to one who has treated him so generously, or avoid attempting to rescue her from that bondage into which she has been reduced for preserving his life.

<sup>9</sup> *With the flames.*]—Ver. 9. She here alludes not only to the flame of the marriage torches, which, as typifying her conjugal duty, she says she will not violate, but, probably, the fire also, which, together with water, on entering her husband's house on the evening of the nuptials, the bride was required to touch. This was either symbolical of perfect purity, or of an expression of welcome, as the interdiction of fire and water was the formula for banishment among the Romans. Hypermnestra then means thereby to say that she has not, like the rest of her sisters, violated the nuptial contract by the murder of her husband.

shudders at the recollections of that night, defiled with blood; and a sudden trembling enervates the bones of<sup>10</sup> my right hand. *The hand* which you might suppose could perpetrate the murder of a husband, dreads to write about a murder not committed by itself. But still I will attempt *to describe the dreadful scene*. Twilight had<sup>11</sup> just risen over the earth: it was the closing portion<sup>12</sup> of the day, and the first of the night. We, the descendants of Inachus, are led into the abode of the great Pelasgus,<sup>13</sup> and our father-in-law receives his armed daughters-in-law in his house. Lamps edged with gold are shining on every side; and propitious frankincense is offered on the reluctant altars.<sup>14</sup> The people shout "Hymen!" "Hymenæus!" he flies from them as they call. The wife of Jove,<sup>15</sup> herself, has fled from her own city.

<sup>10</sup> *The bones of.*]—Ver. 18. 'Ossa,' signifying 'the bones' of the fingers and hand with which she is writing, seems a more probable reading than 'orsa.' The latter, however, is preferred by Burmann, who thinks that it means 'what she has commenced' to write down, which is now interrupted by her fears.

<sup>11</sup> *Twilight had.*]—Ver. 21. 'Crepusculum' was the twilight between evening and night, while 'diluculum' was the twilight, or dawn, between night and morning.

<sup>12</sup> *Closing portion.*]—Ver. 22. 'Ultima pars lucis, primaque noctis erat' is the usual reading, but Heinsius, upon the authority of some MSS., gives a very different reading: 'ultima pars noctis, primaque lucis erat.' 'It was the concluding part of the night, and the beginning of the day.' He thinks that the meaning is, that the supper was prolonged till day-break, and, that on the brides being conducted to the nuptial chamber, they slew their husbands. However, Hypermnestra afterwards speaks of their going to sleep; and she says, that during this, the massacre was committed, while all Argos was in profound quiet, and that at length, the morning approached. She is now describing the 'deductio,' or taking home of the brides.

<sup>13</sup> *Great Pelasgus.*]—Ver. 23. Instead of 'Pelasgi,' some of the MSS. have 'Tyranni.' If we adopt the first reading, the meaning cannot be 'Pelasgian,' for Danaüs was an Egyptian. The word must consequently allude to Pelasgus, the ancient king of Argos, son of Jupiter and Niobe, who had perhaps built the palace. The Danaïdes are called 'Inachides,' inasmuch as they were descendants of Inachus; for Inachus was the father of Io, who, by Jupiter, had Epaphus, whose son was Belus, the father of Ægyptus and Danaüs.

<sup>14</sup> *Reluctant altars.*]—Ver. 26. 'Foci,' 'the altars,' implies 'the Deities,' to whom sacrifices offered at marriages solemnized with a design so wicked, could not be acceptable.

<sup>15</sup> *Wife of Jove.*]—Ver. 28. Juno might have been expected to be

Behold! confused with wine, and surrounded with the clamour of their attendants, fresh flowers binding<sup>16</sup> their anointed locks, the joyous *husbands* are escorted to their nuptial chambers, chambers, their sepulchres, *alas!* and with their bodies they press the beds *more* befitting their funeral rites. And now, overpowered with feasting, and wine, and sleep, they lay; and there was deep silence throughout unsuspecting Argos. Around me did I seem to hear the groans of the dying; and still<sup>17</sup> I did hear them, and it was what I dreaded. My blood forsook me, the *vital* heat deserted my senses and my body; and turning cold, I lay upon my bridal couch. Just as the bending heads of corn are shaken by the mild Zephyrs; just as the cold breeze agitates the foliage of the poplars; either so, or even more so, did I tremble. Thou thyself didst lie *quiet*, and the wine which they had given thee was a sleepy *draught*. The commands of a violent father banished fear; I started up, and with a trembling hand I seized the weapon.

I will not say what is false; three times did my hand raise the sharp sword; three times did it fall with the sword so guiltily wielded. I aimed it<sup>18</sup> at thy throat; permit me to

present for a twofold reason. One of her titles was 'Pronuba,' 'the guardian of marriage;' and she was especially venerated at Argos, where her chariot was said to be kept, and where the nuptials were being celebrated.

<sup>16</sup> *Flowers binding.*—Ver. 30. Among the Greeks, both the bride and bridegroom were dressed in their best attire on the day of the marriage, with chaplets on their heads, and the doors of their houses were hung with festoons of ivy and laurel.

<sup>17</sup> *And still.*—Ver. 36. The force of the particle 'tamen,' in this verse, deserves particular attention. *Hypermnestra* would denote by it that she was so disturbed by fear, and a consciousness of the baseness of the crime, as to be almost deprived of her senses, and to be doubtful whether she really heard the groans of people dying around her, or was deceived by the suggestions of her fancy.

<sup>18</sup> *I aimed it.*—Ver. 47. Instead of this and the following line, as existing in most of the MSS., one of the MSS. has these four lines:

'Admovi jugulo: sine me tibi vera fateri;  
Mente sequi dirâ jussa paterna volens.  
Tandem victa mei sævâ formidine patris,  
Audeo per jugulum tela movere tuum.'

'I applied it to thy throat; permit me to confess the truth to thee; intending, with relentless feelings, to obey the commands of my father. At length, overpowered by cruel fears of my father, I dared to aim the



confess the truth to thee ; I aimed the weapon of my father at thy throat. But fear and duty opposed the cruel deed ; and my pure right hand revolted at the task enjoined. Rending my purple garments, tearing my hair, in faint accents did I utter such words as these :

“Hypermnestra, thou hast a cruel father. Perform the commands of thy parent ; *and* let him be the companion *in death* of his brothers. I am a woman, and a virgin ; merciful by nature and by years ; gentle hands are not suited to cruel weapons. But come, and while he lies *defenceless*, imitate thy valorous sisters : 'tis to be supposed that their husbands have been slain by them all. If this hand could *possibly* commit any murder, it should be blood-stained through the death of its owner. How have they<sup>19</sup> deserved death, by possessing their uncle's realms,<sup>20</sup> which must still have been given to foreign sons-in-law ? Suppose our husbands have deserved to die ; what have we done ourselves ? Through what crime am I forbidden to be dutiful ? What have I to do with the sword ? What has a maiden to do with the weapons of warfare ? The wool and the distaff are more suited to my fingers.”

Thus said I ; and as I complained, tears followed their own weapon at thy throat.' These lines however are universally considered to be spurious. Instead of the 47th line, as above translated, which is, 'Admovi jugulo, sine me tibi vera fateri ;' some of the MSS. have 'At rursus monitis jussuque coacta parentis : 'But again impelled by the precepts and the commands of my parent.' Heinsius thinks that both the 47th and 48th lines ought in any shape to be rejected, as being the interpolations of some ignorant grammarian, who imagined them necessary to fill up and connect the sense ; and the same Commentator observes, that, without them, the connexion is evident, if we merely change the 'sed,' 'but,' of the next line into 'et,' 'and.'

<sup>19</sup> *How have they.*—Ver. 61. This speech of Hypermnestra is admirably adapted to the occasion. The Poet, with great skill, puts into her mouth those arguments which are the most suitable for one of her sex, and placed under her circumstances. Her father's commands, she says, were cruel and unjust ; it was not for a woman to handle deadly weapons. Her husband, too, could be charged with no crime that deserved so severe a fate ; or, even if his guilt should be admitted, hers was not the proper hand to punish him.

<sup>20</sup> *Their uncle's realms.*—Ver. 61. It must be remembered that Danaüs had not only been compelled by Ægyptus to give his daughters in marriage to his sons, but that he had been also forced to resign his kingdom to his sons-in-law.

language, and fell from my eyes upon thy limbs. While thou didst seek to embrace me, and didst extend thy arms but half-awake, very nearly was thy hand wounded by the weapon. And now I dreaded my father, and the servants of my father, and the dawn. These words of mine dispelled thy slumbers : “ Haste and arise, descendant of Belus, the only *survivor* of so many brothers *who existed* so lately ; this night, if thou dost not make haste, will be an eternal *night*<sup>21</sup>.” Alarmed, thou didst arise ; all the sluggishness of sleep vanished. Thou didst behold in my timid hand the daring weapon. When thou didst enquire the cause, I said, “ While night permits, escape ; while dark night permits, thou dost escape, I remain *here*.” It was *now* morning ; and Danaüs numbered over his sons-in-law who had been slain in this massacre. For the completion of the crime, thou alone art wanting. He is disappointed at missing the death of a kinsman in *even* one instance ; and he complains that too little blood has been shed. I seem torn from the feet of my father, and, dragged by my hair, the prison receives me ; this reward did my duteous conduct earn.

From that *time* does the wrath of Juno,<sup>22</sup> forsooth, endure, when a cow was made<sup>23</sup> out of a human being, a Goddess from a cow. But 'twas enough that the charming maid was *turned into the animal* that lowed : and that *beauteous* so lately, she could no longer be pleasing to Jove. The new-made heifer stood upon the banks of her flowing parent,<sup>24</sup> and in the

<sup>21</sup> *Eternal night.*]—Ver. 74. Catullus also calls death ‘*nox perpetua*,’ ‘everlasting night.’

<sup>22</sup> *Wrath of Juno.*]—Ver. 85. The Poet has here followed the same plan which he has adopted in former Epistles ; that is, he makes Hypermnestra, after the manner of others of her sex, trace her misfortunes to very remote events. She considers herself as the object of the vengeance of Juno, who still persecutes her race, because Io had been her rival in the affections of Jupiter.

<sup>23</sup> *Cow was made.*]—Ver. 86. The story of Io, in the number of whose descendants were Danaüs and Ægyptus, will be found related in the First Book of the *Metamorphoses*.

<sup>24</sup> *Flowing parent.*]—Ver. 89. The ‘*liquidus parens*’ was her sire, the river Inachus. The present description of the astonishment of Io, after being changed into a cow, is extremely poetical. Ovid had a great command of ingenuity ; indeed, critics have, in some instances, accused him, perhaps not unjustly, of being too lavish of it. He may possibly appear, in the present instance, too diffuse and circumstantial in the

waters of her sire she beheld horns not her own ; from lips too that endeavoured to complain she sent forth lowings, and she was alarmed by her figure, alarmed by her own voice. Why, unhappy one, dost thou rage? Why dost thou wonder at thyself on *seeing* thy shadow? Why dost thou number the feet<sup>25</sup> made for thy new limbs? Thou, that favourite of great Jove, so dreaded by his sister, dost satisfy thy excessive hunger with leaves and with grass. From the running stream dost thou drink, and in astonishment dost thou look upon thy shape ; and thou dost tremble at the arms<sup>26</sup> which thou dost wear, lest they should strike thyself. Thou too, who of late wast so rich that thou mightst seem worthy even of Jove, naked, art reclining upon the naked ground. Through the sea, over lands, and through kindred streams dost thou run : the sea gives thee, the rivers give thee, the *dry* land gives thee a path. What is the cause of thy flight? Why, Io,<sup>27</sup> dost thou cross the spacious main? Thyself, thou canst not fly from thy own features. Daughter of Inachus, whither dost thou hasten? Thou art the same<sup>28</sup> who dost pursue and who dost fly. Thou art the leader of thyself as the follower ; thou art the follower of thyself as the leader.

The Nile,<sup>29</sup> which flows into the ocean through seven channels, removes the form of the maddened cow from the beloved of Jove. Why shall I mention<sup>30</sup> things of remote

account ; and towards the end of it, he degenerates into one of his frequent failings, a mere play upon words. This, however, ought not to preclude an acknowledgment of the extreme beauty of the first part of the description. Scaliger, with little taste, would strike out thirty-four lines, beginning at l. 83, on the ground of their being misplaced, and not in connexion with the rest of the Epistle.

<sup>25</sup> *Number the feet.*]—Ver. 94. Because now she has four feet.

<sup>26</sup> *At the arms.*]—Ver. 98. The meaning is, that seeing her horns in the water as she stoops to drink, she is fearful lest they may strike her.

<sup>27</sup> *Why, Io.*]—Ver. 103. The first syllable of the name Io, is usually long. On one occasion, in the 'Ibis', Ovid makes it short. It is doubtful whether he here means to address Io by her name, or whether the word 'Io' is an interjection, signifying, with the 'quid,' which precedes, 'Oh why?'

<sup>28</sup> *Art the same.*]—Ver. 105. This is an instance of that trifling with words by which Ovid frequently disfigures his poetry.

<sup>29</sup> *The Nile.*]—Ver. 107. It was in Egypt, the country of the Nile, that Io recovered her former shape, and was first worshipped as a Divinity.

<sup>30</sup> *Shall I mention.*]—Ver. 109. Instead of the future, 'referam,'

times, on which hoary old age has been my informant?<sup>31</sup> Behold! my own years are affording things for me to complain of. My father<sup>32</sup> and my uncle are at war; and we are expelled from both our kingdom and our home: remotest regions<sup>33</sup> receive us *thus* banished. That savage man singly gains possession of the throne and the sceptre; with a needy old man we wander, a destitute set.<sup>34</sup> Of a multitude of brothers, thou alone, the smallest portion, dost survive: I lament both those who have been put to death, and those who *so* put them *to death*. For, as many sisters<sup>35</sup> of mine as cousins have perished: let either multitude receive my tears. Lo! I, because thou dost survive, am reserved to be tormented by punishment: what shall become of the guilty, when, meriting praises, I am condemned? And, once the hundredth of a kindred throng, must I, wretched woman, perish, while but one brother remains.

But thou, Lynceus, if thou hast any regard for thy affectionate cousin, and dost worthily enjoy the blessings that I here, Heinsius strongly insists on the present, ‘*refero*,’ which he thinks to be necessary to the sense, though contrary to the authority of the greater part of the manuscripts. It is, however, difficult to discover upon what he can found such a conjecture, as the sense is quite clear without any alteration. Hypermnestra intimates to her husband that she could relate much more that has happened in time past to her family, did not the present times afford her ample matter for complaint. Although she has related all the story of Io, she has many other subjects to treat of.

<sup>31</sup> *My informant.*]—Ver. 110. By the word ‘*auctor*,’ she means the relating of the history of her family traditionally, in which the narratives of the most aged men would be the most likely to prove correct.

<sup>32</sup> *My father.*]—Ver. 111. She now comes to what has happened in her own time.

<sup>33</sup> *Remotest regions.*]—Ver. 112. She calls Peloponnesus ‘*ultimus orbis*,’ either because she fancies it to be a remote quarter of the earth, and at a vast distance from Egypt, her native land; or because, being nearly surrounded by the sea, it seems to be the boundary of that part of earth.

<sup>34</sup> *Destitute set.*]—Ver. 114. According to Apollodorus, Danaüs, with his daughters, taking ship, fled from Egypt, and landed first at Rhodes, whence they proceeded to the Peloponnesus, where they were honourably and hospitably entertained by Gelanor, king of Argos. Danaüs afterwards dispossessed him of his throne, and seized the kingdom.

<sup>35</sup> *As many sisters.*]—Ver. 117. Either because she considers her sisters as lost to her, since, by their barbarity they have forfeited that title; or because she feels certain that for their crimes they may be considered as doomed to the punishment of death.

have bestowed upon thee ; either bring me aid,<sup>36</sup> or consign me to death ; and besides, on a stealthy pile place my limbs when bereft of life ; and bury my bones<sup>37</sup> sprinkled with unfeigned tears, and let my tomb be inscribed with *this* short epitaph—“The exiled Hypermnestra, as an undue reward for her affection, herself received that death, which she averted from her cousin.”

I could wish to write more ; but my hand is wearied with the weight of my chains ; and my very fears deprive me of strength.

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### EPISTLE XV.

#### SAPPHO TO PHAON.

ACCORDING to some writers, there were two celebrated females of the name of Sappho ; the one was a poetess, who flourished in the time of Tarquinius Priscus, and was the inventress of the ‘plectrum’ ; while the other lived at a later period, and was a native of Mitylene. According to Ælian, Phaon was a youth of surpassing beauty, who was greatly admired by all the females of Lesbos ; while he himself was deeply enamoured of Sappho, from whom he met with the tenderest return of passion. His affection afterwards decaying, he deserted her, and sailed for Sicily. Unable to bear the loss of her lover, she hearkened to the suggestions of despair, and seeking no other remedy for her present miseries, she resolved to throw herself into the sea from Leucate, a promontory of Acarnania, in Epirus, which was wont to be done in cases of unrequited love, from which

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<sup>36</sup> *Bring me aid.*]—Ver. 125. According to some authors, Lynceus actually did lead an expedition against Danaüs, and slew him, and then released Hypermnestra. But Pausanias, and Apollodorus in his Second Book, give a different version of the narrative. The former says that Danaüs, being enraged at the conduct of his daughter Hypermnestra, caused her to be brought up for judgment before an assembly of the people, who acquitted her ; on which she consecrated a statue to Venus, *νικηφορός*, ‘the giver of victory.’ According to Apollodorus, Lynceus was afterwards reconciled to Danaüs, and had by Hypermnestra a son, whose name was Abas.

<sup>37</sup> *Bury my bones.*]—Ver. 127. According to one account, the Danaïdes cut off the heads of their husbands, and threw them into the Lerna, while their bodies were buried outside of the city of Argos ; and, by the command of Jupiter, Mercury and Minerva purified them from the guilt of their crime. It was said, however, by many of the ancient poets, that the crime of the Danaïdes did not pass without due retribution in the Infernal regions, where they were condemned eternally to draw water in perforated vessels.

circumstance, the place had obtained the name of the Lover's Leap. Before doing so, entertaining some fond hopes that she may be able to reclaim her inconstant lover, she is supposed to write the present Epistle, in which she strongly depicts her misery and distress, occasioned by his absence, and endeavours, by artful insinuations and pathetic remonstrances, to inspire in him feelings of compassion and regard for her.

So soon as<sup>38</sup> this letter, from my anxious right-hand, has been looked at *by thee*, is it not at once recognized by thine eyes? Or, if thou hadst not read the name of their writer, Sappho,<sup>39</sup> wouldst thou have been ignorant whence came these short lines.

<sup>38</sup> *So soon as.*—Ver. 1. This mode of beginning serves to heighten the compassion of the reader for the sorrows of Sappho. She is full of the tenderest sentiments of love; and yet so far has she been neglected by the object of her passion, that notwithstanding the mutual endearments which have often passed between them, he has entirely banished her from his remembrance, insomuch that probably he will not even know her writing, but by seeing her name subscribed.

<sup>39</sup> *Their writer, Sappho.*—Ver. 3. Sappho was a native of the isle of Lesbos, and, as she grew up, discovered a great genius for lyric poetry. She seems not to have had any great reputation for chastity, even in her youngest years, and is even taxed with an improper degree of affection for her own sex. At length an unhappy passion for Phaon engrossed her entire soul, and proved the occasion to her of grievous calamities. At first he returned her affection, but soon afterwards neglected her. Love had, however, taken too deep a root in her heart to be extinguished by this slight. She resolved to find him at all hazards, and made a voyage to Sicily for that purpose. In that island, and on that occasion, she is supposed to have written her hymn to Venus, so justly celebrated and admired. It failed, however, to procure for her the happiness for which she prayed. Phaon still continued obdurate, and Sappho, agitated by her passion, resolved to repair to the Acarnanian promontory, on the summit of which was a temple sacred to Apollo, where it was usual for despairing lovers to make their vows, and to beg the favour and protection of the Divinity. This done, it was the custom to throw themselves from the precipice into the sea, where they were sometimes taken up alive. Whether it was the shock received from their fall, or some other cause not now to be accounted for, it was said that those who had taken this leap and survived, never relapsed into their former passion. Sappho tried this rash mode of cure, but perished in the attempt. Besides her Hymn to Venus, there is also preserved the fragment of another Ode, not less esteemed by the learned. It seems to have been intended to represent a lover sitting by the side of his mistress, and is generally allowed to be a picture painted in the most natural colours. Plutarch tells us, in the famous story of Antiochus, that being enamoured of his mother-in-law Stratonice, and not daring to discover his passion, he pretended to be confined in his bed by sickness. Stratonice was in the room when the physician Erasius;

Perhaps, too, thou mayst enquire why my lines are in alternate measure ;<sup>40</sup> since I am better suited for lyric numbers. My *blighted* love must be mourned ; Elegy is the verse of mourning ; my lyre<sup>41</sup> is not adapted to my tears. I burn, just as, when the untamed East winds are driving the flames, the fertile field blazes, the crops all on fire. Phaon is inhabiting the distant fields of Ætna, placed upon Typhœus : a heat, not less than the flames of Ætna, is burning me. No verses flow for me to adapt to the harmonizing strings ; verses, the work of a mind at ease. Neither the damsels of Pyrrha,<sup>42</sup> nor those of Methymne, nor the rest of the throng of the Lesbian damsels, have any charms for me. Anactorie<sup>43</sup> is disregarded, fair Cydno is worthless for me, Atthis is no

tratus came to visit him ; and it is probable that his symptoms were the same with those which Sappho describes in the above Ode ; as it is said, that the physician discovered the nature of his malady from the symptoms of love which he had found depicted in the writings of Sappho. By some of the ancient authors she is called the tenth Muse, and by Plutarch she is compared to Cacus, the son of Vulcan, who breathed forth nothing but flames. From the voluptuous character that is given of her works, perhaps it is for the benefit of mankind that they are lost.

<sup>40</sup> *Alternate measure.*]—Ver. 5. All the compositions of Sappho were of the Lyric kind, whereas this Epistle is written in the Elegiac measure, consisting of Hexameter and Pentameter lines alternately. From her the Sapphic measure derived its name.

<sup>41</sup> *My lyre.*]—Ver. 8. ‘Barbitos,’ or ‘barbiton,’ is supposed to have been the name of a musical instrument, somewhat of the nature of the lyre, but perhaps more nearly resembling our harp. Theocritus calls it *πολύχορδος*, ‘many stringed’ ; many of these instruments are supposed to have had a compass of more than two octaves.

<sup>42</sup> *Of Pyrrha.*]—Ver. 15. Some think that the word ‘Pyrrhiades’ here refers to the Muses, who are so called from Pyrrha, or Pyrrhæa, an epithet of Thessaly, it being usual for the poets to give them appellations from the names of the places which they inhabited, among which Thessaly was especially honoured. But the term may, with much more probability, be referred to the young women of Pyrrha, a city of Lesbos : because she immediately after mentions, the ‘Methymniades,’ or women of Methymne, which was likewise a celebrated city of that island ; and then, in the next verse, she subjoins—‘*Lesbiadum cætera turba,*’ ‘the rest of the Lesbian females.’

<sup>43</sup> *Anactorie.*]—Ver. 17. Suidas gives the name of three females, towards whom Sappho was said to have indulged an impure flame, as Telesippa, Megara, and Atthis. In place of Cydno, Maximus Tyrius gives the name of *Ἐρίρρινα*, which some think ought to be written *Ἐρριρρινα* ; for Erinna is supposed to have been a contemporary of Sappho, being a native

longer pleasing to my eyes, as formerly. A hundred other damsels besides, whom I have loved not without censure. Perfidious man!<sup>44</sup> thou dost possess alone that which belonged to many. In thee is beauty; years *too* fitted for dalliance. Ah! beauty so fatal to my eyes!

Take up the lyre and the quiver,<sup>45</sup> *and* thou wilt clearly become Apollo; let horns be placed upon thy head, thou wilt be Bacchus. Both Phœbus loved Daphne,<sup>46</sup> and Bacchus the Gnosian<sup>47</sup> maid: neither the one<sup>48</sup> nor the other was acquainted with lyric measures. But the Pegasian maids<sup>49</sup> dictate to me the sweetest lays; now are my glories sung all over the earth; not *even* Alcæus, the partner of<sup>50</sup> my country and my lyre, has more fame, although he sings in a loftier strain.

of the island of Tenos, and one of her favourites. Diphilus, in one of his comedies, introduces Archilochus and Hipponax as admirers of Sappho; this is, however, generally discredited, as well as the account which makes Anacreon to have been one of her admirers, inasmuch as that poet flourished nearly eighty years after her time. The poet Alcæus was a contemporary and rival of Sappho.

<sup>44</sup> *Perfidious man.*]—Ver. 20. Some Commentators suggest that the word ‘improbis’ has here the sense of ‘avidus,’ and that by its use Sappho intends to reproach Phaon as one, who, not content with a moderate share, had engrossed all her affections, and had robbed others of that part which they had in them. There appears, however, to be no ground for such a refinement. ‘Improbis’ is evidently used here for ‘malus’; and she means to accuse Phaon of treachery in abandoning her.

<sup>45</sup> *And the quiver.*]—Ver. 23. The lyre and the quiver were the two distinguishing insignia of Apollo, as he was remarkable both for his skill in music and his dexterity in managing the bow.

<sup>46</sup> *Loved Daphne.*]—Ver. 25. The story of Daphne is told at length in the first Book of the *Metamorphoses*.

<sup>47</sup> *The Gnosian.*]—Ver. 25. Cnossus, or Gnosus, was the place where Minos, the father of Ariadne, resided.

<sup>48</sup> *Neither the one.*]—Ver. 26. She implies that she is superior to either Daphne or Ariadne, who were beloved by Divinities, although they were unskilled in poetry and music. By putting forward her talents, she hopes to atone for the defects of her person.

<sup>49</sup> *Pegasian maids.*]—Ver. 27. The Muses are so called here from *πηγή*, ‘a spring,’ which Pegasus was said to have opened with a blow of his hoof, on Mount Helicon, their favourite retreat.

<sup>50</sup> *The partner of.*]—Ver. 29. She calls Alcæus, ‘*Consort patriæque lyræque,*’ because he was a lyric poet of Mitylene, in her native Lesbos. He was remarkable for the grandeur and sublimity of his style, for which reason the ancients attributed to him a golden ‘*plectrum.*’



I am of small stature;<sup>51</sup> but I have a name that fills all lands: I myself have produced this extended renown for my name. If I am not fair, Andromeda, the daughter of Cepheus,<sup>52</sup> *who was swarthy*,<sup>53</sup> through the complexion of her country, was pleasing to Perseus. White pigeons, too, are often mated with spotted ones; and the black turtle dove is often beloved by a bird that is green.<sup>54</sup> If no woman is to be thine, but one that shall be able to appear worthy of thee for beauty, thine no woman will be.

But when thou didst read my *lines*, even beauteous did I appear: constantly didst thou swear that me alone did it become to speak. I used to sing, I remember (lovers remember every thing); thou used to ravish kisses from me as I sang. These, too, thou didst praise, and in every respect did I please thee, but especially when amid the transports of love. Then more than usual did my amorous flame delight thee; both my every movement and my expressions fitted for dalliance, and that languor which, when the joys of us both were terminated, pervaded our wearied limbs. Now the Sicilian damsels fall to thy lot, a fresh prey. What have I to do with Lesbos?<sup>55</sup> I would I were a Sicilian damsel.<sup>56</sup> But you, ye matrons

<sup>51</sup> *Small stature.*]—Ver. 33. Heinsius, who was one of the most learned of scholars, here travels a little out of his usual province and turns critic in female beauty. “Sappho confesses that she is not beautiful (*pulchra*), because she is so short of stature. Women of that kind are not beautiful (*pulchræ*), but pretty, ‘*venustæ*’ for beauty, in the opinion of Aristotle, is only consistent with largeness of stature.”

<sup>52</sup> *Daughter of Cepheus.*]—Ver. 35. The story of Perseus and Andromeda, the daughter of Cepheus, is related at length in the Fourth and Fifth Book of the *Metamorphoses*.

<sup>53</sup> *Who was swarthy.*]—Ver. 36. Being a native of Æthiopia, she would be swarthy, indeed almost black; some accounts, however, represent her as being a Phœnician.

<sup>54</sup> *That is green.*]—Ver. 37. She probably means that turtle doves are kept in the same cages with parrots, which are generally supposed to be meant by the green birds here mentioned; though one Commentator seems to think that peacocks are hinted at: it is possible, however, that he may take that to be the meaning of the birds that are called ‘*variæ*’ in the preceding line. Ælian mentions the turtle dove as a bird remarkable for its constancy.

<sup>55</sup> *With Lesbos.*]—Ver. 52. Lesbos, now called Metelin, was an island in the Ægean sea, which received its name from Lesbos, the son of Hermes the Lapithan. It was famous for its vineyards and the excellency of its wine.

<sup>56</sup> *Sicilian damsel.*]—Ver. 52. Burmann says, on the authority of the

of Nisa, and ye Nisian brides,<sup>57</sup> send back *this* wanderer of mine from your land. Let not the fictions of his insinuating tongue deceive you; what he says to you he has already said to me. Thou, too, Goddess Erycina,<sup>58</sup> who dost frequent the mountains of Sicily, have a care for thy poetess, for thine I am.

Does cruel Fortune *still* pursue the track on which she has commenced, and does she ever remain unkind in her onward course? Six of my birthdays had gone by, when the bones of my father, gathered up before their time, drank in my tears. My needy brother,<sup>59</sup> captivated with passion for a harlot,<sup>60</sup> endured losses, and those intermingled with shameful disgrace. Reduced to want, he plied the azure seas with active oars,<sup>61</sup> and now is basely seeking that wealth which he disgracefully lost. Me, too, because with fidelity I gave him much good advice, he hates; this did candour, this did an affectionate tongue produce for me. And, as though things might be wanting to torment me without ceasing, a little daughter<sup>62</sup> increases my cares. Thou art added as the last

Arundelian marbles, that Sappho left her country, and declared herself an exile, in the archonship of Aristocles.

<sup>57</sup> *Nisian brides.*]—Ver. 54. Nisa was a city of Sicily, not far from Syracuse. It was founded by colonists from Megara in Attica, who called it Nisa, in honour of their former king Nisus.

<sup>58</sup> *Erycina.*]—Ver. 57. Venus was called Erycina, from mount Eryx, in Sicily, on which she had a temple, said to have been founded by her son Æneas, in her honour. Sicily was called ‘Sicania,’ from Sicanus, one of its former kings.

<sup>59</sup> *My needy brother.*]—Ver. 63. Sappho had three brothers, Larychus, Eurigiuis, and Charaxus, who all were in love with the courtesan Rhodope. Sappho here refers to the last, who foolishly squandered away all his substance upon her, and then, as some suppose, betook himself to piracy to repair his losses.

<sup>60</sup> *For a harlot.*]—Ver. 63. Herodotus, in his Second Book, Chapter 105, says that Rhodope was the fellow slave of Æsop the fabulist, and that she was redeemed from servitude by Charaxus at a very heavy expense. Athenæus, in his Thirteenth Book, Chapter 7, calls her Dorica, and thinks that Herodotus has confounded her with another person of the name of Rhodope. Δορικὴ may, however, possibly have been only an epithet given to Rhodope, from Doria, her native country.

<sup>61</sup> *With active oars.*]—Ver. 65. Petronius Arbiter seems to hint that Charaxus turned pirate. From the expressions here used, we might conclude that he adopted the menial occupation of a rower.

<sup>62</sup> *A little daughter.*]—Ver. 70. The name of this daughter was Cleïs; and we learn from Suidas, that she was the daughter of Sappho by

cause of my complaints; my bark is impelled by no favouring gales. Behold! my locks are lying dishevelled, without any order, upon my neck; no shining gem<sup>63</sup> now presses my fingers. In homely garb am I clad; in my locks there is no gold;<sup>64</sup> with no essences of Arabia<sup>65</sup> is my hair perfumed.

For whom, unhappy wretch, should I adorn myself, or whom should I study to please? The only prompter of attention to my person is gone. My heart is tender, and is easily hurt by the light shafts of *Cupid*, and there is ever a cause for me always to love. Whether it is that at my birth the sisters so pronounced my doom, and no threads devoid of feeling were allotted to my life; or whether it is that my pursuits are fashioned to the manners and the skill of their mistress; *Thalia* causes<sup>66</sup> my feelings to be susceptible. What wonder if the age of early youth has captivated me, and those years which a male might be enamoured of. I was in fear, *Aurora*, that thou mightst have taken him for *Cephalus*,<sup>67</sup> and *this* thou wouldst have done, but that thy former prize engages thee. If, *Phœbe*, thou shouldst look on him, thou who

a former husband, of the name of *Cercyla*, or *Cercola*, a native of the isle of *Andros*.

<sup>63</sup> *No shining gem.*]—Ver. 74. During mourning, it was the custom of the ancients to lay aside all ornaments, such as rings and other jewels.

<sup>64</sup> *Is no gold.*]—Ver. 75. She probably alludes to the ‘*crinale*,’ or golden bodkin, or hair-pin.

<sup>65</sup> *Essences of Arabia.*]—Ver. 76. She alludes to myrrh or nard, which was much used in ointments and perfumes for the hair. The unguents or ointments, and soaps used by the ancients were very numerous. Among the oils used for the skin or the hair, were the following: ‘*mandesium*,’ ‘*megalesium*,’ ‘*metopium*,’ ‘*amaracinum*,’ ‘*cyprinum*,’ ‘*susinum*,’ ‘*nardinum*,’ ‘*spicatum*,’ ‘*jasminum*,’ ‘*rosaceum*,’ and *crocus* oil; which last was considered the most costly. Powders were also used as perfumes; they were called ‘*diapasmata*.’ The Greeks used these expensive kinds of perfumes from very early times, and both they and the Romans carried them about with them in small boxes of elegant workmanship. In the luxurious city of *Capua*, there was one great street, called the ‘*Seplasia*,’ which consisted entirely of shops in which unguents and perfumes were sold.

<sup>66</sup> *Thalia causes.*]—Ver. 84. *Thalia* was one of the nine Muses, so called from the sweetness of her voice. Her name, as used here, typifies the art of poetry.

<sup>67</sup> *For Cephalus.*]—Ver. 87. The story of *Cephalus* and *Aurora* is related in the Seventh Book of the *Metamorphoses*.

do stlook on everything, Phaon would be commanded to prolong his slumbers.<sup>68</sup> Venus would have borne him off to heaven in her ivory chariot,<sup>69</sup> but she sees that he might be pleasing<sup>70</sup> to her Mars as well. Oh, *thou!* not yet a youth, and a boy no longer; delightful age! Oh, grace and supreme glory of thy age! Come hither, and, beauteous one, return to my bosom; I ask thee not to love me, but to permit me<sup>71</sup> to love thee. I write, and my eyes are bedewed with gushing tears; see how many blots there are in this place.

If thou wast so determined to go hence, thou mightst have gone in a kinder way; and at least thou mightst have said, "Lesbian damsel, farewell!" Thou didst not bear away with thyself my tears or my parting kisses. In fact, I did not apprehend<sup>72</sup> what I was *so soon* to bewail. Nothing of thine have I, but ill treatment only; nor hast thou any pledge<sup>73</sup> of my love to remind thee *of me*. I gave thee no injunctions; and,

<sup>68</sup> *To prolong his slumbers.*—Ver. 90. Sappho is here referring to the story of Endymion, who was said to have been a beautiful shepherd, who having been condemned by Jupiter to a perpetual sleep, or, according to some versions, having been thrown into a trance by Diana herself, was then beloved by her. Pliny says, that the origin of this story was the fact, that he was the first to discover the course of the moon.

<sup>69</sup> *Ivory chariot.*—Ver. 91. The poets attribute a silver chariot to Diana or the moon, and an ivory car to Venus.

<sup>70</sup> *Might be pleasing.*—Ver. 92. Venus would be afraid lest Mars should fall in love with him. The story of the intrigues of Mars and Venus is told in the Fourth Book of the *Metamorphoses*.

<sup>71</sup> *To permit me.*—Ver. 96. Pliny the Elder, in his Twenty-second Book, ch. 8, attributes the passion of Sappho to a singular cause: he is speaking of the root of a white plant called 'centum capita,' a kind of thistle called by us 'eringo,' of which this wonderful story is told by him; that its roots bear respectively the resemblance of the two sexes; that it is scarce to be found, and that if the male kind is found by a man, he becomes an object of female passion; on this account, according to Pliny, Phaon was beloved by Sappho.

<sup>72</sup> *Did not apprehend.*—Ver. 102. She reproaches him for not having given her any notice of his intended departure.

<sup>73</sup> *Any pledge.*—Ver. 104. We have here the reason stated why friends, at parting, gave and took pledges of mutual affection; that they might serve as memorials of each other, and help to recall the memory of the person absent. Crispinus gives another meaning to the words, which he thus paraphrases, 'Nec pignora, quæ habes mei amoris, te admonuerunt, ut saltem discedens valediceret.' 'Not all the tokens which you have received of my affection have moved you so much as to grant me the consolation of one parting farewell.' This does not, however, appear to be the meaning of the passage.

indeed, no injunctions had I to give thee, except that thou shouldst be loth to be forgetful of me. *By the God of Love* (and may he never depart afar *from me*), and by the nine Goddesses, my own Divinities, do I swear to thee, when some one, I know not who, said to me, "Thy joys are fled;" for long I could neither weep<sup>74</sup> nor speak. Both tears failed my eyes, and my tongue my mouth; my breast was frozen by an icy chill. After my grief had found a vent, I did not hesitate for my breast to be beaten, nor to shriek aloud as I rent my hair; in no other manner than if an affectionate mother is bearing the lifeless body<sup>75</sup> of her son carried off to the erected pile.

My brother, Charaxus, rejoices and triumphs in my sorrow, and before my eyes he comes and goes;<sup>76</sup> and that the cause of my grief may appear worthy of reproach, he says, "Why is she grieving; surely her daughter still lives?"<sup>77</sup> Shame and love<sup>78</sup> unite not in the same object; all the multitude were witnesses; I had my bosom bared<sup>79</sup> with garments rent. Phaon, thou art my care; thee do my dreams bring *before me*; dreams more fair than the beauteous day. There do I find thee, though in *distant* regions thou art away; but sleep has not its joys sufficiently prolonged. Often do I seem to be pressing thy arms with my neck, often to be placing mine beneath thy *neck*. Sometimes I am caressing thee, and am uttering words exactly resembling the truth, and my lips

<sup>74</sup> *Could neither weep.*]—Ver. 110. This is a true picture of grief; and all the different modes in which it can express itself are here admirably delineated.

<sup>75</sup> *The lifeless body.*]—Ver. 115. Witness the burial of Iphis by his mother, in the story of Iphis and Anaxarete, in the Fourteenth Book of the *Metamorphoses*.

<sup>76</sup> *He comes and goes.*]—Ver. 118. His frequent intrusions on the privacy of her sorrow, either were, or were supposed to be, so many methods of insulting her misfortunes.

<sup>77</sup> *Daughter still lives.*]—Ver. 120. Charaxus, in saying this, hints that she could not have shewn more grief had even her daughter died.

<sup>78</sup> *Shame and love.*]—Ver. 121. This is said in order to serve as a reason for what follows. 'Love and shame,' she says, 'are inconsistent; and as I am wholly a slave to the former, the other has no influence upon me.'

<sup>79</sup> *Bosom bared.*]—Ver. 122. This would, and very justly, be looked upon as a violation of the rules of propriety; and the more especially, when she knew that the eyes of all people were upon her.

keep watch<sup>80</sup> upon my feelings. I recognize the kisses which thou wast wont to give, and *which so* pleasing thou wast accustomed to receive, *and so* delightful to return. Further I am ashamed to relate; but no particular is omitted. It both delights and it pleases me not to be without thee.

But when Titan shows himself, and with himself all things *besides*, I complain that my slumbers have deserted me so soon. The caves and groves do I seek, as though groves and caves could avail me; they were conscious of thy joys. Thither am I borne, bereft of my senses, like one whom the raving Erictho<sup>81</sup> has infatuated, my locks lying upon my neck. My eyes behold the caverns roofed with the rough pebbles, which to me were equal to Mygdonian marble.<sup>82</sup> I find the wood that has oft afforded us a couch, and overshadowing, has covered us with its dense foliage; but I find not the master both of the wood and of myself. A worthless spot is the place; he was the recommendation of the spot. I recognised the pressed grass,<sup>83</sup> of the turf so well known to me; by our weight were the blades bent. I lay me down, and I touched the place on the spot in which thou wast; the grass, once so pleasing, drank in my tears. Moreover, the

<sup>80</sup> *Lips keep watch.*]—Ver. 130. Whether sleeping or waking, her lips are ever on the watch to express the intensity of her feelings.

<sup>81</sup> *Raving Erictho.*]—Ver. 139. Erictho was the name of a famous sorceress of Thessaly, whose aid Pompey sought, according to Lucan, in the Sixth Book of his *Pharsalia*. Ovid here uses the name as signifying any enchantress, *species pro genere*.

<sup>82</sup> *Mygdonian marble.*]—Ver. 142. 'Marble of Phrygia;' because it was considered the best. The poets call Phrygia 'Mygdonia,' because the latter region adjoined it on the South.

<sup>83</sup> *The pressed grass.*]—Ver. 147. According to this, Phaon must have forsaken her and left the island at the same moment. The whole of this passage, from the 122nd line, is wrought with extreme beauty. Critics have observed that this Epistle seems to be the most finished of the works of Ovid; and the present passage certainly appears to corroborate that belief. What can be more beautifully painted than her enraptured dreams? Or how can imagination form a more interesting scene than that of her retiring to the caves and groves which they had formerly frequented together, and soothing her mind with the remembrance of past joys? Ovid has omitted no circumstance that may possibly serve to heighten the description, or awaken the attention of the reader; and if some portion should perchance seem to be too highly coloured, the impassioned character of Sappho will furnish some excuse for the Poet.

branches, their foliage laid aside, appear to mourn, and no birds send forth their sweet complaints. The Daulian bird<sup>84</sup> alone, that most disconsolate mother, who took so cruel a vengeance on her husband, sings of Ismarian Itys;<sup>85</sup> the bird sings of Itys, *while* Sappho sings of her forsaken love. Thus much; all else is silent as though in the midst of night.

There is a sacred spring, limpid, and more pellucid than the glassy stream; many suppose that this harbours a Divinity; over it the lotus,<sup>86</sup> delighting in waters, spreads its branches, *itself* alone a grove:<sup>87</sup> the earth is green with the springing turf. When here I was reclining my limbs, wearied with weeping, one of the Naiads stood before my eyes. She stood, and she said, "Since thou art being consumed by an unrequited flame, the Ambracian land<sup>88</sup> must be sought by thee."<sup>89</sup> Phœbus,

<sup>84</sup> *The Daulian bird.*]—Ver. 154. Progne, in the character of the nightingale, is here called 'Daulias,' from Daulis, a city of Phocis, where, according to Thucydides, her husband Tereus reigned. It is remarkable that Ovid differs here from the common tradition, in making Progne to have been changed, not into a swallow, but a nightingale; still, there are some authors who agree with him in this statement.

<sup>85</sup> *Ismarian Itys.*]—Ver. 154. See the story of Tereus and Progne, and the fate of Itys, in the Sixth Book of the *Metamorphoses*, where Ovid represents Progne as having been changed into a swallow, and Philomela into a nightingale.

<sup>86</sup> *The lotus.*]—Ver. 159. The 'lotus' is a tree much spoken of by the ancients. It grew in various parts of Africa, being, according to Diodorus Siculus, not uncommon in Egypt. The fruit of this tree was said to be so pleasing to the taste, that they who had once eaten of it could never be prevailed upon to return to their own country, or abandon the climate in which it grew. Hence the word 'Lotophagus' became a common term for a person who had forgotten his native country; and the phrase 'lotum gustavit,' was a proverb signifying that a man had been long absent from home. Its wood was much used for making 'tibixæ,' 'pipes,' or 'flutes.'

<sup>87</sup> *Itself a grove.*]—Ver. 160. He means to say, that the branches of this tree, by spreading out to a great length, and then bending towards the ground, formed a kind of grove. The banyan tree of the East sends forth branches, which bending downwards take root, and thus one tree literally often forms a grove. Perhaps the 'lotus' here alluded to may have had a similar quality. The word 'lotus' is supposed to have been applied to three different kinds of tree, besides the plant which we call 'trefoil,' or 'melilot.'

<sup>88</sup> *Ambracian land.*]—Ver. 164. She alludes to Acarnania, situate in the Ambracian gulf.

<sup>89</sup> *Sought by thee.*]—Ver. 165. Leucadia was an island off the coast of Acarnania, which was formerly said to have joined the shore by an Isthmus. Actium was the more ancient name of the island.

from on high, looks down upon the sea so far as it extends ; the people call it the Actian and the Leucadian *sea*. Hence did Deucalion,<sup>90</sup> inflamed with love for Pyrrha, throw himself, and dash the waters with unharmed body. There was no delay ; love changing, touched the most obdurate breast of Pyrrha ; Deucalion was cured of his flame. This result does that place afford. At once repair to lofty Leucas, and fear not to leap<sup>91</sup> from the rock.”

When she had *thus* advised ; with her words, she departed. Chilled *with fear*, I arose ; and my swelling cheeks did not withhold my tears. I will go, O Nymph, and I will repair to the rocks so pointed out ; afar be fear, conquered by frenzied passion. Whatever it shall be, *my fate* shall be better than now *it is*. Ye breezes, arise ; this body of mine has no great weight. Do thou too, gentle Love, place wings beneath<sup>92</sup> me as I fall ; that I may not, by my death, be the censure of the Leucadian waves. Then will I hang up my lyre<sup>93</sup> to Phœbus, our common attribute ;<sup>94</sup> and under it shall be this

<sup>90</sup> *Deucalion.*]—Ver. 167. How Deucalion and Pyrrha re-peopled the earth, will be found in the First Book of the *Metamorphoses* ; but the story here told of them is not so generally known.

<sup>91</sup> *Fear not to leap.*]—Ver. 171. The names of many that threw themselves from this rock, which was called ‘the Lover’s Leap,’ have been preserved by ancient writers. Athenæus, Book xiv. ch. 3, mentions a female, named Calyca, who leaped thence, on being slighted by her lover Enathlus, and was killed. Menander, as quoted by Strabo, Book x., says that Sappho was the first who took this fatal leap. See the amusing articles in Addison’s *Spectator*, Nos. 223, 227, 229, and 233.

<sup>92</sup> *Wings beneath.*]—Ver. 179. In the solemnities performed in honour of the Actian Apollo, it was customary to doom some guilty criminal to be thrown from the top of the Promontory. This was supposed to avert the anger of the God, and to render him propitious. It was, however, the merciful custom to furnish the victim with wings which might perhaps, by buoying him up, break his fall, and to have several small boats waiting below, that, if possible, he might be picked up out of the sea ; after which he was banished from the territory. It is very possible that in this line Sappho alludes to this custom.

<sup>93</sup> *My lyre.*]—Ver. 181. ‘Chelys’ is from the Greek word  $\chi\epsilon\lambda\acute{\upsilon}\nu\gamma$ , or  $\chi\epsilon\lambda\acute{\omega}\nu\eta$ , ‘a tortoise.’ The first lyres, or ‘citharæ,’ were made by fitting strings on the shell of a tortoise, as we are informed by Homer in his *Hymn to Mercury*, where he ascribes the invention to that God. ‘Testudo,’ or ‘tortoise,’ is often used, among the Latin poets, to signify a ‘lyre,’ or a ‘cithara.’

<sup>94</sup> *Common attribute.*]—Ver. 181. The lyre was common, ‘communis,’ to Sappho and Apollo, because he invented it, and she was in the habit of composing Lyric music to be played upon it, or to be sung in concert with it.



line and a second one: "Phœbus, I, the poetess Sappho, have, in gratitude,<sup>95</sup> offered my lyre to thee; it is suited to me, to thee is it suited." But why, in my misery, dost thou send me to the Actian coasts, when thou thyself canst trace back thy retreating steps? Thou canst be more beneficial to me than the Leucadian waves; both in beauty and in merit, thou shalt be Phœbus to me. Canst thou endure, O thou more hard-hearted than the rocks and waves, if I die, to have the discredit of my death? And how much<sup>96</sup> more becomingly could my bosom be pressed to thine, than to be given to be hurled down from the rocks? This is *the breast*, Phaon, which thou wert wont to praise, and which so often seemed the seat of genius to thee. I wish that now it was eloquent. Grief checks my skill, and all my genius is impeded<sup>98</sup> by my woes. My former powers avail me not for my lines; my 'plectrum' is silent in grief; in grief my lyre is mute.

Ye ocean daughters, Lesbian dames, a progeny both married and destined to marry; ye Lesbian fair, names celebrated by the Æolian lyre;<sup>99</sup> ye Lesbian dames,<sup>1</sup> who, beloved *by me*, have caused my disgrace, cease to come a throng, to my lyre.

<sup>95</sup> *Have, in gratitude.*]—Ver. 183. Grateful for a two-fold reason, because he had preserved her life in the leap, and because he had effectually cured her passion.

<sup>96</sup> *And how much.*]—Ver. 191. This is Sappho's last attempt to move the obdurate Phaon. She has acquainted him with her resolution to throw herself headlong from Leucate. The despair which has been the result of his neglect, has driven her to make trial of this dangerous remedy, and nothing but a change in his behaviour can now induce her to desist from her purpose; for her passion is so strong as to make life insupportable without him, and all other attempts to remove it have proved ineffectual. Sappho has omitted no circumstance that may tend to soften the human heart to emotions of pity.

<sup>98</sup> *Is impeded.*]—Ver. 196. It is commonly said that necessity is the mother of invention. Such is often the fact but, as in the case of Sappho, it will sometimes overwhelm the mind with a tide of sorrow, and thereby render it entirely incapable of attending to the means of self-preservation.

<sup>99</sup> *Æolian lyre.*]—Ver. 200. According to Strabb, Lesbos was among the chief states of Æolia. Sappho wrote in the Æolic dialect, of which Bacchus was said to be the inventor.

<sup>1</sup> *Lesbian dames.*]—Ver. 201. Sappho here calls upon the Lesbian maids, whom she had formerly loved and taught. Critics have observed that the repetition here used by the Poet, is not only intended to make the lines more affecting, but is also an imitation of Sappho's manner of

Phaon has deprived me of all that before was pleasing to you. (Ah, wretched me! How very nearly had I called him mine!) Make him to return; your poetess will return as well. He gives the impulse to my genius; he takes it away. And what do I avail by prayers? Is his savage breast moved? Or is it still obdurate, and do the Zephyrs waft away my unavailing words? Would that *the winds*, which bear away my words, would bring back thy sails; that act, wast thou *but* wise, *even thus* late, were befitting thee. Or art thou *now* returning, and are the votive offerings<sup>2</sup> prepared for thy bark? Why dost thou rend my heart with delays? Unmoor thy ship. Venus, who sprang from the waves, smooths the waves for the lover. The breezes will speed thy course; do thou only unmoor thy ship. Cupid himself, sitting at the helm, will be the pilot; with his tender hand, he himself will open and gather in the sails.

Or, if it is thy pleasure that Pelasgian<sup>3</sup> Sappho should be far away; (yet, thou wilt not find any reason why I am worthy of thy aversion);—at least,<sup>4</sup> let an unkind letter tell me this, in my misery; so that the lot of the Leucadian waves may be tried by me.

writing; as she took great delight in this figure, which is called Anaphora and Epanophora.

<sup>2</sup> *Votive offerings.*—Ver. 211. It was the custom to send congratulatory presents to friends who had escaped from tempest or other imminent dangers.

<sup>3</sup> *Pelasgian.*—Ver. 217. Strabo tells us that the Pelasgi wandered all over Greece, and had left their names in many places. ‘Pelasgis Sappho’ therefore means ‘Sappho of Lesbos,’ a Greek colony having been established there.

<sup>4</sup> *At least.*—Ver. 219. Instead of ‘hoc saltem,’ some read here, ‘O saltem.’ Whatever the reading, Heinsius entirely rejects this distich as not being the production of Ovid, and is not able to conceive what it can mean. Crispinus, however, the Delphin Editor, thinks that the sense is very evident, and he thus paraphrases it: ‘Si velis (inquit) longe a me fugere, moneat saltem epistola, ut huic malo remedium in aquis Leucadiis quæram:’ ‘If it is your intention to abandon me, at least let a letter from you tell me so; that, as a remedy for it, I may seek a death in the Leucadian waves.’

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## EPISTLE XVI.

## PARIS TO HELEN.

PARIS, the son of Priam, who is also sometimes called by the name of Alexander, having, in the contest for the Golden Apple, given his decision in favour of Venus, received from that Goddess a promise of the possession of Helen, at that time the most beautiful woman in the world; and for that purpose, he sailed for Sparta, where he was kindly received by her husband, Menelaüs. After sometime, Menelaüs departed for Crete; and when leaving home, he particularly recommended his guest to the care of Helen. Paris, being deeply enamoured of her, considered that this opportunity ought not to be neglected, and endeavoured by every artifice to gain her. For this purpose he is supposed to write the present Epistle, in which he informs her of his passion, and endeavours to insinuate himself into her good graces, by all those engaging qualities and charms which are supposed to recommend a lover; while, studying the foibles of the fair sex, and knowing the influence of appearance upon them, he omits nothing which he imagines may engage the affection of Helen, or make her husband appear contemptible. He then urges her to comply with his desires, and endeavours to palliate the guilt by telling her that he wishes to make her his wife; and he concludes with pressing her to fly with him to Troy, where he promises her a life of pleasure and affluence, and assures her that he shall be enabled to defend her against all attempts to recover her.

DAUGHTER of Leda, I, the son of Priam, send to thee that health which can be presented to me, thee alone bestowing it. Shall I speak<sup>5</sup> out? Or is there no need to declare a flame well known, and is my love more evident than I could wish it to be? I could, indeed, wish it to lie concealed, until a time<sup>6</sup> should be presented, that would not have apprehensions mingled with joy. But in vain do I dissemble; for who can conceal a fire, which always betrays itself by its own light? Still, if thou dost expect me to add language as well to actions, 'I burn.' Thou *here* hast words, the interpreters of

<sup>5</sup> *Shall I speak.*—Ver. 3. This implies the notion of one debating with himself, and doubting whether he shall speak his mind with plainness; or, conscious of the badness of his cause, rather leave her to conjecture it from hints and signs.

<sup>6</sup> *Until a time.*—Ver. 6. That is to say, 'Till I should understand that I am not disagreeable to you, and by the return of a like passion, have a pleasure unmingled with those doubts and anxieties which so much perplex me at present.'

my feelings. Pardon the confession, I entreat thee; and read not over the rest with a severe countenance, but with one that well becomes thy beauty.

Already<sup>7</sup> it is a pleasing matter, that, my letter received, gives me hopes that I, as well, may be received in the same manner. May this be fulfilled; and I trust that the mother of Love, who has prompted me to this, may not have promised thee in vain. For, that thou<sup>8</sup> mayst not offend through ignorance, I am brought *hither* by a Divine admonition; and no feeble Divinity favours my undertaking. A great prize,<sup>9</sup> indeed, do I claim, but not other than my due; Cytherea has promised thee for my nuptial chamber. Under her guidance have I made my hazardous passage in the ship built by Phereclus,<sup>10</sup> from the Sigæan shore, over the extended seas. She has granted me propitious breezes, and favouring gales; for, sprung from the sea, she has a control over the sea. May she persevere; and as *she calms* the raging of the

<sup>7</sup> *Already.*]—Ver. 13. Some Commentators have found a source of difficulty in the use of the word ‘jamdudum.’ But it is obvious that Paris is implying an anticipated pleasure, and is promising himself before-hand that his letter will be well received, which forethought gives him much joy. We may suppose, as he seems to have been a man of some discernment in the affairs of love, that he found that Helen had no aversion to him, and that he thence was able to judge of the success of his Epistle. So in the ‘Eunuchus’ of Terence, Gnatho, speaking to Thraso, says, respecting the courtesan Thais—

‘Quando illud, quod tu das, expectat atque amat,  
Jamdudum amat te; jamdudum illi facile fit quod doleat.’

‘When she is expecting and longing for the presents which you give her, it is a sure sign that she is already in love with you—’

<sup>8</sup> *For that thou.*]—Ver. 17. This is an artful insinuation on the part of Paris. He would persuade Helen that he has been prompted by a divine impulse to come in quest of her, and thus prevail upon her, from a principle of religion, to favour his addresses; thus making her believe that a denial, in his case, will be no less than opposition to the will of heaven.

<sup>9</sup> *A great prize.*]—Ver. 19. He considers her favour his due because, in anticipation of it and in the hope of a full performance of the promise of Venus, he had rejected the glorious offers made him by Juno and Minerva.

<sup>10</sup> *Built by Phereclus.*]—Ver. 22. Phereclus was the builder of the fleet of Paris, ‘the commencement of woe’ to Troy, as Homer calls it. He was slain in the Trojan war by Meriones, as Homer says, ‘because he knew not the decrees of the Gods;’ in allusion to an oracular response which had warned the Trojans not to meddle with naval matters.

ocean, so may she calm that of my breast ; and may she bring home my desires to their harbour. These flames have I brought,<sup>11</sup> I have not found them here ; these were my cause for so long a voyage.

For neither threatening storms nor mistaken course has driven us hither ; the Tænarian land was sought by my fleet. And do not suppose that I ploughed the deep in a ship that carried merchandize ; may the Gods preserve the wealth<sup>12</sup> that I have. Neither do I come as a spectator to the cities of Greece ; the towns of my own kingdom are more opulent *than they*. It is thee that I seek ; *thee*, whom the resplendent Venus has promised for my couch. Thee did I sigh for, before thou wast known to me. I beheld thy features with my mind, before I did with my eyes ; fame was the first har-binger *of the beauty* of thy features. And yet<sup>13</sup> it is not to be wondered at, if, as is not unlikely, struck from afar by the missile darts from thy bow, I am in love. Thus has it pleased the Destinies,<sup>14</sup> whom, that thou mayst not strive to resist, hear a narrative<sup>15</sup> related with strict truthfulness.

Still was I retained in the womb of my mother, my birth being impeded ; now was her womb pregnant with its legitimate burden ; she seemed to herself, in a vision of sleep,

<sup>11</sup> *Have I brought.*]—Ver. 27. He tells her that he was enamoured of her by reason of the description he had heard of her charms, before he had ever seen her.

<sup>12</sup> *Preserve the wealth.*]—Ver. 32. He means to say, ‘Wealth can be no motive to me for exposing myself to the hazards of storms and tempests ; I have already abundance of riches, if the Gods will only preserve them to me.’ Besides, he is probably afraid that Helen may look down upon him, if she should suppose him to be a mere merchant.

<sup>13</sup> *And yet.*]—Ver. 39. Most of the Commentators are of opinion that all the lines from 39 to 143 are spurious, and ought to be rejected, as not worthy of the genius of Ovid, and the work of some busy interpolator. They are wanting in all the older MSS. Scaliger, however, seems to be content to consider only the four lines, from l. 39 to l. 42 inclusively, as spurious.

<sup>14</sup> *The Destinies.*]—Ver. 41. He here puts the strongest complexion on his passion, as he attributes it to the will of the Gods, or the decrees of Fate, in order that he may be the better able to influence Helen.

<sup>15</sup> *Hear a narrative.*]—Ver. 42. He now makes a long digression to explain the causes and origin of his love. He begins with the circumstances of his birth ; and he states the reason of his being exposed on mount Ida and bred among shepherds, the judgment which he gave relative to the three Goddesses, and the motives which had determined him to visit Sparta.

to be bearing from her teeming womb a huge flaming torch. Alarmed she arose,<sup>16</sup> and she related the fearful visions of the dark night to the aged Priam, and he to the soothsayers. A soothsayer prophesies that Ilion shall be burnt through the flames of Paris;<sup>17</sup> *surely* that was the torch of my breast<sup>18</sup> as it now exists. Although,<sup>19</sup> *to appearances*, I seemed to be of the lower order,<sup>20</sup> my beauty and the vigour of my mind were signs of my concealed nobleness of birth. There is a spot in the shady vales of the middle of Ida, retired, and filled with pitch-trees and holm oaks; *a spot* which is cropped neither *by the teeth* of the harmless sheep nor of the goat that delights in rocks, nor by the broad mouth of the browsing cow; hence, looking down upon the walls of Dardania,<sup>21</sup> and the lofty abodes, and the ocean, I was leaning against a tree.

Behold! by the tread of feet<sup>22</sup> did the ground seem to me

<sup>16</sup> *Alarmed, she arose.*]—Ver. 47. Spurious though these lines may possibly be, the expression here, ‘*territa consurgit*,’ savours strongly of Ovidian composition. In the First Book of the *Fasti*, l. 435, he has the words ‘*Territa consurgens Nymphæ*.’

<sup>17</sup> *Flames of Paris.*]—Ver. 49. This is a Prolepsis, or anticipation, in applying to himself, by name, what the prophet said about the flames of Troy: he was not then born, and of course could not have been mentioned by name.

<sup>18</sup> *Torch of my breast.*]—Ver. 50. The flames which were foretold by the seers as destined to threaten Troy, are here interpreted by Paris to mean the flames of love that were then raging in his breast. This is ingenious, as it was perfectly natural for a mind that could attend to nothing but what concerned its passion, to put this construction on the predictions of the soothsayers.

<sup>19</sup> *Although.*]—Ver. 51. This and the following line are thought by Heinsius to be misplaced, and properly to come after the ninetieth line; ‘*Regius agnoscor per rata signa puer*.’ The remark cannot fail to be allowed to be just by all who consider the two passages with any degree of attention.

<sup>20</sup> *The lower order.*]—Ver. 51. Priam had ordered the child, as soon as born, to be exposed on mount Ida; but the persons whom he had employed for that purpose, being charmed with the beauty of the infant, took care of him, and he long passed for the son of one of the royal shepherds.

<sup>21</sup> *Walls of Dardania.*]—Ver. 57. Ovid here improperly uses the word ‘*Dardania*,’ as signifying the city of Troy with its walls, it really meant the region or district in which Troy was situate. Pliny the Elder applies the word to the isle of Samothrace.

<sup>22</sup> *Tread of feet.*]—Ver. 59. This thundering step, which shook the earth, portended the approach of Divinities, however strongly it might be in contrast to the æthereal nature and the sex of the three beautiful Goddesses.

to be moved; I will speak the truth, though it will scarcely gain credit for the truth. There stood before my eyes, impelled by his swift wings, the grandson of the great Atlas and of Pleione;<sup>23</sup> (it was allowed me to see, may it be allowed me to relate what was seen); and between the fingers of the Divinity was a golden wand. Three Goddesses, too, at the same moment, Venus, and Juno with Pallas, placed their charming feet upon the grass. I was astounded, and a chilling dread<sup>24</sup> had raised my hair erect, when the winged messenger<sup>25</sup> said to me, "Lay aside thy fear. Thou art the umpire *in a dispute* on beauty; settle the contest between the Goddesses; which one *of them* is deserving to surpass the *other* two in charms." And that I might not refuse, he gave the injunction in the words of Jupiter; and then straightway<sup>26</sup> he mounted aloft to the stars by the æthereal track. My mind gathered strength, and on a sudden confidence arose, and I feared not to scrutinize each one of them with my eyes. They were all deserving of the victory; and, the umpire, I was grieved<sup>27</sup> that all could not have their cause triumphant. But still, of them, one even pleased me more *than the others*, so that you might know that it was she by whom love is inspired. And so great<sup>28</sup> was the desire for superiority, *that*

<sup>23</sup> *And of Pleione.*]—Ver. 62. Maia, the mother of Mercury, by Jupiter, was the daughter of Pleione and Atlas. Oceanus and Tethys were the parents of Pleione.

<sup>24</sup> *A chilling dread.*]—Ver. 67. 'Horror' must here mean 'dread,' or simply 'fear': for there was nothing terrible in the appearance of the Divinities, and that alone could have produced horror, in our sense of the word.

<sup>25</sup> *Winged messenger.*]—Ver. 68. The insignia of Mercury were the 'talaria,' or wings on his ankles, the 'petasus,' or winged cap, and the 'caduceus,' or wand, which he bore as the herald of the Gods.

<sup>26</sup> *Then straightway.*]—Ver. 72. Ovid says, that when Mercury had delivered his message, he betook himself to the heavens. The painters, however, frequently represent him as though remaining to assist Paris in the adjudication.

<sup>27</sup> *I was grieved.*]—Ver. 75. Heinsius suggests 'querebar' at the end of this line, instead of 'verebar'; and this is the more likely to be the true reading, as the next line in its present state is not correct Latin. The suggestion of Heinsius ought no doubt to be adopted, and 'causâ suâ' to be substituted for 'causam suam,' the meaning being, 'and I, the judge, was sorry that they could not be victorious, each in her own cause.'

<sup>28</sup> *And so great.*]—Ver. 79. The poets were so sensible of the desire

they were eager to canvass for my decision with large presents.

The wife of Jove<sup>29</sup> offered *me* a kingdom, his daughter valour. I myself was in doubt whether I would wish to be powerful, or whether to be brave. Venus sweetly smiled, and said, "Paris, let not either offer, full of anxious fears, influence thee; I will give thee an object to love; and the daughter of beautiful Leda, herself still more beauteous, shall rush into thy embrace." Thus she spoke; and equally preferred for her gift and for her beauty, she turned her victorious steps towards the heavens. In the meantime (the Fates,<sup>30</sup> I suppose, commencing to be propitious) I was recognised to be the son of the king by undoubted signs. His palace was joyous, his son being recovered after so long a time; and Troy added this day as well to her festive ones. And as I languish for thee, so did the fair ones languish for me; thou alone canst gain *what is* the wish of so many. And not only have the daughters of kings and of chieftains courted me, but even to the Nymphs<sup>31</sup> have I been *an object of* anxiety and affection. But a disdain<sup>32</sup> of all *these* came upon me,

implanted in the female mind for excelling in beauty, that they have here represented the Goddesses as not exempt from this weakness. The affront given to Pallas and Juno, by the decision of Paris in favour of Venus, was resented by those Goddesses upon the whole Trojan nation: and so unforgiving did they prove, that their anger was not appeased before they had overthrown that ancient kingdom.

<sup>29</sup> *The wife of Jove.*]—Ver. 81. Such is the infirmity of human nature, that as soon as a decision is to be given, it seems to be a matter of course that a bribe should be offered, and an equal matter of course that it should be accepted.

<sup>30</sup> *The Fates.*]—Ver. 89. Hitherto the Fates had proved adverse to Paris: he was an exile from his father's house, deprived of his rights as a prince of the royal blood, and humbly and meanly educated. On his origin becoming known, he was removed into the family of Priam.

<sup>31</sup> *To the Nymphs.*]—Ver. 96. We have seen this in some measure confirmed in the Epistle written to him by the Nymph *Enone*. He was also beloved by *Arisba*, the daughter of *Merops*, king of *Lesbos*. As it is his design to commend himself, and to set a high value on his affection, he falls into the common foible of lovers, of exaggerating when speaking of himself.

<sup>32</sup> *But a disdain.*]—Ver. 97. Before this line the *Palatine* and some other ancient MSS. have these two lines;

‘Quas super *Enonen* facies mutarer in orbem  
Nec *Priamo* est ad te dignior ulla nurus.’

*Heinsius* has no doubt of their having been composed by *Ovid*, but thinks



after, daughter of Tyndarus, there was a hope given of a union with thee. When awake, I beheld thee with my sight, at night, in my imagination, when my eyes lay overpowered with placid slumbers.

What wilt thou effect by thy presence, who, not yet seen, didst *thus* charm? I burned,<sup>33</sup> although far thence was the flame. Nor could I any longer defer those hopes, in seeking *the object* of my desires over the azure paths. The Trojan pine groves were hewed down with the Phrygian axe, and each tree that was useful on the waters of the deep; the lofty Gargarian chain<sup>34</sup> was despoiled of its towering woods, and steep Ida afforded me numberless planks. The oaks were bent, destined to be the foundation of swift ships; and the curving keel was knit to the ribs. Sail-yards did we add, and sails attached to the masts; and the bending stern received the painted Gods.<sup>35</sup> Besides, on the ship in which I was borne, attended by a little Cupid, stood the Goddess<sup>36</sup> emblazoned, the promiser of her endearments. After the finishing hand was given to the fleet when built, forthwith was I bidden to go on the Ægean waves.<sup>37</sup>

that as the first is extremely corrupt, for that very bad reason, the distich has been rejected by the Copyists. In the second line, instead of 'ad te,' 'a te' seems to be the proper reading; and, allowing for the corruptions, the meaning seems to be, 'But be you preferred before them, and even before Ænone, than whom, after yourself, there is no one more deserving to be the daughter-in-law of Priam.' It is supposed by some Commentators that Helen refers to these lines in the Seventeenth Epistle, l. 195-6.

'Tu quoque dilectam multos, infide, per annos  
Diceris Ænonen destituisse tuam.'

<sup>33</sup> *I burned.*]—Ver. 102. Alluding still to the flame of his love as the subject of the vision of Hecuba, he calls Helen his 'ignis,' or 'flame,' a mode of expression common with the Latin poets.

<sup>34</sup> *Gargarian chain.*]—Ver. 107. Gargara was a part of mount Ida, where stood a town of the same name, so called from Gargarus, the son of Jupiter and Larissa.

<sup>35</sup> *Painted Gods.*]—Ver. 112. He here alludes to the figures of the Gods that were placed at the stern of the vessel, as its protectors or tutelary Divinities.

<sup>36</sup> *Stood the Goddess.*]—Ver. 113. He means that Venus and Cupid were represented as the tutelary Deities of his own ship.

<sup>37</sup> *Ægean waves.*]—Ver. 116. If we adopt 'jubebar' as the reading in this line, his meaning must be, that he was bidden, or ordered, to go to Sparta by the Fates. Heinsius conjectures 'lubebat,' or 'jubabat,' 'he

Both my father and my mother, by their entreaties, opposed my desires, and delayed my proposed voyage with affectionate remonstrances. My sister, Cassandra,<sup>38</sup> too, just as she was, with dishevelled locks, when now my ships were ready to set sail, exclaimed, "Whither dost thou rush? Flames wilt thou bring back with thee; through these waters thou knowest not how vast the flames that are sought." Truth-telling was the prophetess; the flames she mentioned have I found, and raging love burns in my yielding breast. I went out of harbour, and employing propitious gales, *Æbalian Nymph*,<sup>39</sup> I neared thy shores. Thy husband received me with hospitality; this, too, happened<sup>40</sup> not without the design and authority of the Divinities. He, indeed, showed me whatever in all Lacedæmon was worthy to be shown and remarkable. But for me who desired to behold<sup>41</sup> thy celebrated beauty, *there* was nothing else by which my eyes could be attracted. When I beheld thee, I was amazed; and smitten *with thy charms*, I felt my heart, to its very centre, palpitate with renewed passion. Features like to those, so far as I recollect, had *Cytherea*,<sup>42</sup> when she came *to submit* to my decision. If thou hadst come together *with her* to that contest, the victory<sup>43</sup> of Venus would have been a matter of dis-  
 chose,' or 'it pleased him to go.' Although he here says that Priam opposed his going, some accounts state that he was sent on an embassy from Priam to Menelaüs.

<sup>38</sup> *Sister, Cassandra.*—Ver. 119. The prophecies of Cassandra on this occasion have been already referred to in the Epistle of *Ænone*.

<sup>39</sup> *Æbalian Nymph.*—Ver. 126. *Æbalus*, the father of Tyndarus, the putative father of Helen, gave to Laconia the name of *Æbalia*.

<sup>40</sup> *This too, happened.*—Ver. 127. This is said speciously, to cloak his gross ingratitude towards Menelaüs, who had so kindly entertained him.

<sup>41</sup> *Desired to behold.*—Ver. 131. It is worthy of remark how skilfully Paris takes the opportunity, from the circumstance of the civility of Menelaüs in showing him all the things worthy to be seen in Sparta, to give the matter an ingenious turn, by representing his thoughts as so much engaged with the idea of Helen, that he could regard nothing else, and was full of impatience to see her.

<sup>42</sup> *Had Cytherea.*—Ver. 136. This is the highest compliment that he can possibly pay her.

<sup>43</sup> *The victory.*—Ver. 138. It is well known that those who were victorious in the Olympic games, were crowned with branches of the palm-tree. Hence the word 'palma' came to be used for the badge of victory in all cases.

pute. Fame, indeed, has given a wondrous report of thee, and no land is there that is ignorant of thy charms; nor is there anywhere thy equal in Phrygia, nor has any other one among the beauteous, from the rising of the Sun, an *equal* fame. And dost thou believe me in this? Thy glory is *still* inferior to the truth; and fame has almost proved grudging as to thy charms. More do I find here than she has *ever* promised, and thy glories are eclipsed by their source.

With good reason, then, was Theseus inflamed,<sup>44</sup> who knew every thing; and thou didst seem a prey worthy of a hero so great; while, after the custom of thy nation, thou didst contend naked in the 'palæstra'<sup>45</sup> shining *with oil*; and thou, a woman, wast mingled with the naked men. I commend him for carrying thee off; I *only* wonder that he ever restored thee; so valuable a prize should have been firmly held. First should this head have parted with my bleeding neck, before thou shouldst have been torn from my nuptial chamber. And would my hands have ever proved willing to let thee go? And would I, while living, have permitted thee to depart from my bosom? If thou must have been restored, still, first would I have gained some *pledge of love*; and my passion should not have proved entirely harmless. Either thy virgin charms should have been tasted of by me, or, *at least*, that,<sup>46</sup> which, thy virginity safe, could have been snatched *from thee*. Do but yield thyself, and thou shalt know how great is the constancy of Paris. The flame of the funeral pile alone shall put an end to my flame.

Thee have I preferred to the kingdom, which once the most

<sup>44</sup> *Theseus inflamed.*]—Ver. 147. Who had carried her off when a girl, as already stated.

<sup>45</sup> *The 'palæstra.'*]—Ver. 149. The word 'palæstra' must be taken here to mean the place for exercise in wrestling, which was much cultivated by the Laconians, with whom the young women mingled with the men in a state of nudity on such occasions; to which circumstance, reference is here made. The 'palæstræ' are thought, by some writers, to have been appropriated to the use of the boys and youths, while the 'gymnasia' were intended for the men. They were, however, most probably intended as places of exercise for the 'athletæ,' or persons who contended in the public games.

<sup>46</sup> *Or, at least, that.*]—Ver. 159. Kisses, to wit.

powerful wife and sister of Jove promised to me. And, so long as I could throw my arms around thy neck, the valour that Pallas offered was despised by me. And I regret it not, nor shall I ever seem to have made a foolish choice;<sup>47</sup> my mind<sup>48</sup> continues firm in its resolve. Only, do not thou permit my hopes to be vain; I entreat thee, O thou, who dost deserve to be acquired through labours so great. I do not, of ignoble birth, sigh for an alliance with a noble spouse; and thou wilt not, believe me, be my wife to thy discredit. Thou wilt find, shouldst thou enquire, a Pleiad<sup>49</sup> and Jupiter, in my pedigree; not to mention my intervening ancestors. My father wields the sceptre of Asia, than which region none is more fertile, hardly to be contained within its boundless limits. Innumerable cities, and golden roofs,<sup>50</sup> wilt thou behold; and temples, which thou wilt say are becoming to their Gods. Thou wilt see Ilion, and the walls strengthened with lofty towers, built by the harmony<sup>51</sup> of the lyre of Phœbus. Why

<sup>47</sup> *A foolish choice.*—Ver. 167. ‘Legisse’ is used here in the sense of ‘eligiſſe.’ ‘That I choſe you in preference.’

<sup>48</sup> *My mind.*—Ver. 168. After this line, in ſome of the MSS., the following diſtich is found—

‘Cum Venus et Juno, Pallasque in vallibus Idæ,  
Corpora judicio ſuppoſuere meo.’

‘When Venus, and Juno, and Pallas, in the vales of Ida, ſubmitted their perſons to my judgment.’ It is however generally conſidered as ſpurious, inasmuch as, Paris having already given a full account of his deciſion, we cannot well ſuppoſe that he would trouble the reader with an unneceſſary repetition.

<sup>49</sup> *A Pleiad.*—Ver. 173. Paris boaſts here that he is deſcended of an ancient race, deducing his pedigree from Jupiter and Electra, the daughter of Pleione, and one of the ſeven Pleiades that were ſaid to have been translated into heaven among the ſtars. By her Jupiter had Dardanus, of whom Virgil ſays, ‘Dardanus Iliacæ primus pater urbis et auctor.’ From her, Paris derived his deſcent, through Ericthonius, Tros, Ilus, Laomedon and Priam.

<sup>50</sup> *And golden roofs.*—Ver. 177. It has been always a cuſtom of Oriental nations, to gild the roofs of their chief buildings. The Romans adopted this practice in ſeveral inſtances, after the fall of the Republic.

<sup>51</sup> *By the harmony.*—Ver. 180. When Neptune and Apollo built the walls of Troy for Laomedon, the latter, by the ſweetneſs of his muſic, was ſaid to have made the ſtones of themſelves come together, and take their places in the walls of the city

should I speak to thee of the multitude and the number of its men? Hardly can that country contain its inhabitants. In dense crowds will the Trojan matrons<sup>52</sup> meet thee: and my halls will hardly contain the Phrygian brides.

O, how often wilt thou say, "How poor is our Achaia! one house *here* will contain the entire riches of a city of *ours*." And be it not becoming me to despise thy Sparta;<sup>53</sup> the land in which thou wast born, is *ever* dear to me. Still, Sparta is poor:<sup>54</sup> thou art worthy of the attire of opulence; this place is not suited to such gracefulness. It becomes those charms to employ rich ornaments to an unlimited extent, and to abound in luxurious refinements.<sup>55</sup> Since thou beholdest the dress of our race of men, what sort of *dress* dost thou suppose that the Dardanian dames have? Only show thyself kind; and

<sup>52</sup> *Trojan matrons.*]—Ver. 182. As Paris wishes Helen to abandon her husband and her native land, it is material to let her know that the change will be advantageous to her. This is the reason why he commends the wealth and opulence of Phrygia, and extols it above that of Lacedæmon. He endeavours to tempt her by a prospect of the honours that will be paid to her upon her arrival in her new kingdom, and skilfully dwells on that which he thinks most likely to engage the notice of the fair sex, namely, dress and magnificence. Sparta, and Greece in general, in those days, were far removed from the affluence of Asia. There, the refinements of luxury, even then, were probably carried to a considerable height.

<sup>53</sup> *Thy Sparta.*]—Ver. 187. Paris adds this the more effectually to win the regard of Helen. He represents his affection for her as being so great, that it induces him to respect every thing in any way connected with her. Even Sparta, however savage and unpolished, and however much a stranger to the refinements of Asia, is yet dear to him, because it is her country.

<sup>54</sup> *Sparta is poor.*]—Ver. 189. Some Commentators would force Ovid to be guilty here of a gross anachronism, as referring to the institutions of Lycurgus, the Spartan lawgiver, who flourished long after the death of Paris and the destruction of Troy. As Sparta avowedly came very far short of the Asiatic cities, in wealth and magnificence, it must naturally have appeared to Paris as a poor and inconsiderable place, in comparison with that which he had left; Troy then being the capital of Asia Minor, and one of the most opulent cities in the world. He merely calls it '*parca*,' in comparison with the magnificence of Asia, and not in relation to its peculiar political institutions.

<sup>55</sup> *Luxurious refinements.*]—Ver. 192. '*Novis*' may here be properly translated '*recherchés*'; if, indeed, that word may be considered as adopted in the English language.

do not despise<sup>56</sup> a Phrygian for a husband, thyself a damsel born in the Therapnæan territory.<sup>57</sup>

He was of Phrygia,<sup>58</sup> and born of *our* blood, who now mingles the water<sup>59</sup> with the nectar to be drank of by the Gods. The husband of Aurora<sup>60</sup> was a Phrygian; still did the Goddess, who terminates the closing career of night, bear him off. A Phrygian, too, was Anchises,<sup>61</sup> with whom the mother of the winged Loves was pleased to associate on the mountain ridges of Ida. And I think that Menelaüs, our looks and years compared, will not be worthy to be preferred to me in thy estimation.

At least, I shall not be presenting thee with a father-in-law,<sup>62</sup>

<sup>56</sup> *Do not despise.*]—Ver. 195. He alludes, probably, to the well-known fact, that the inhabitants of Greece in general, affected to have a great contempt for the Phrygians.

<sup>57</sup> *Therapnæan territory.*]—Ver. 196. Therapnæ was the name of a district of Laconia upon the river Eurotas, not far from Sparta.

<sup>58</sup> *Of Phrygia.*]—Ver. 197. Paris is not satisfied with enlarging upon the wealth and grandeur of his nation; he produces examples to prove the great regard that had been always shewn to the Phrygians, and the success they had met with, in attempts of the kind which he is now meditating. The story which he here refers to is that of Ganymede, the son of Tros and the brother of Ilus, the grandfather of Priam, who was said to have been carried away while hunting on Mount Ida, by Jupiter in the shape of an eagle, who made him the cup-bearer of the Gods, in the place of Hebe, the Goddess of Youth.

<sup>59</sup> *Mingles the water.*]—Ver. 198. It must be remembered that the ancients mixed water with their wine; generally in the proportion of three parts of water to two of wine. The cup-bearer of the Gods would have to mix their nectar, which they drank in the place of wine, perhaps in the same proportions.

<sup>60</sup> *Husband of Aurora.*]—Ver. 199. Tithonus was the brother, or, as some writers say, the son of Laomedon. Aurora admired him for his beauty, and conferred upon him the gift of immortality; but not being able to avoid the inconveniences of old age, he at last found life an insupportable burden, and desired to be changed into a grasshopper. By him, Aurora was the mother of Memnon, who came to the assistance of the Trojans, and was slain by Achilles.

<sup>61</sup> *Was Anchises.*]—Ver. 201. He was the son of Capys. Venus, for his extreme beauty, fell in love with him, and by him was the mother of Æneas, whom she bore on the banks of the Simois.

<sup>62</sup> *A father-in-law.*]—Ver. 205. Paris here alludes to the shocking revenge of Atreus, the father, or, according to some accounts, the adoptive father of Menelaüs. Atreus and Thyestes were brothers, the sons of Pelops and Hippodamia, the former of whom had married Ærope. Thyestes being enamoured of her, used all possible means to seduce her, and at last

who drove away the bright light of *day*; and who turned away the frightened steeds from his banquet. The father, too,<sup>63</sup> of Priam, is not one stained with blood by the murder of his father-in-law, and one who names the Myrtöan waves by his crime.<sup>64</sup> No apples are caught at<sup>65</sup> by my great-grandfather in the Stygian waves, and no moisture is longed for *by him* in the midst of the stream. And yet, what matters this, if one descended from these possesses thee? *And if* Jupiter is compelled to be a father-in-law<sup>66</sup> for *one of* this house. Oh, dreadful fate! whole nights does he unworthily possess thee and enjoy thy embraces. But by myself hardly<sup>67</sup> art thou seen, the table at length being placed *before us*; and that time, as

succeeded. Incensed at this injury, Atreus at first banished him; but, resolving on a more barbarous revenge, he recalled him, and inviting him to a banquet, ordered the two children he had by her to be killed, and presented to him as a dish at the feast. The Sun is said to have gone back in his course, being stricken with horror at the sight. Atreus is supposed to have been the first to remark the eclipse of the Sun, whence it is thought that the last part of the story may have had its rise.

<sup>63</sup> *The father, too.*—Ver. 207. Atreus, the father of Pelops, slew Enomaus, the king of Pisa, the father of Hippodamia, whom he afterwards married.

<sup>64</sup> *By his crime.*—Ver. 208. Myrtilus, the charioteer of Enomaus, betrayed him, at the request of Atreus; and when the latter had won the race, Myrtilus asking for the promised reward, Atreus cruelly flung him into the sea, which thence received the name of 'Myrtöan.'

<sup>65</sup> *Are caught at.*—Ver. 209. Tantalus was the father of Pelops, and consequently the great-grandfather of Menelaüs. Entertaining the Gods at a banquet, to make trial of their divinity, he killed his son Pelops, and set him before them baked in a paste. They all abstained from the feast except Ceres, who tasted a part of his shoulder, for which reason, when he was restored to life, he had a shoulder given to him of ivory. As a punishment for his impiety, Tantalus was condemned in hell to perpetual hunger and thirst, and was obliged to stand up to the chin in water, with apples close to his mouth, without being able to touch either. Some however say that his crime was divulging the secrets of the Gods, and his punishment was continual fear of a great stone ever ready to fall upon his head. Ovid, in the Amores, Book iii., represents the latter to have been his crime, but gives the same account of his punishment as above stated, as the penalty of his impious and cruel conduct.

<sup>66</sup> *A father-in-law.*—Ver. 212. Inasmuch as Jupiter was the father of Helen.

<sup>67</sup> *By myself hardly.*—Ver. 215. From this, it would seem that Menelaüs was somewhat cautious of introducing his wife at first to Paris; or else that it was not the custom for the ladies to be in the society of male friends in the early part of the day

well, has many things to give pain. May such feasts fall to the lot of my enemies, as I often meet with when the wine is set on. I am disgusted with<sup>68</sup> my entertainment, when, as I look on, that barbarian throws his arms around thy neck. I am bursting, and I envy him, (and yet why should I *thus* mention all particulars ?) when he is warming his limbs with thy garments thrown around him.

But when thou art giving him kisses, in my presence, with no reluctance,<sup>69</sup> taking up the cup I place it before my eyes. My glances I cast downwards, when he is holding thee closely locked *in his embrace*; and the food, but slowly masticated, increases in my mouth.<sup>70</sup> Often have I given sighs; and I have observed thee, wanton one, not suppressing thy smiles at my sighs. Often do I wish with wine to soothe my passion; but it increases, and drinking is flame upon flame. And that I may not see many things, turning my neck, I recline;<sup>71</sup> but, the same instant, thou dost call back my gaze. I am in doubt what to do: 'tis pain to me to see these things, but it is a *still* greater pain to be away from thy presence. So far as I can and may, I strive to conceal my frenzied desire; but still my dissembled passion is evident.

Nor am I deceiving thee; thou knowest of my wounds,

<sup>68</sup> *Am disgusted with.*—Ver. 219. The description given by Paris, of what he has suffered, when forced to witness the mutual endearments of Helen and Menelaüs, is finely conceived, and set off with all the embellishments that imagination can give. Paris, as a lover, was attentive to every motion and every look. He could not bear that Helen should show any signs of tenderness even for her own husband; and, on such occasions, his uneasiness was so great, that he was scarcely able to conceal it. At the same time, as he found that Helen was not entirely ignorant of what he was enduring for her sake, he has omitted no opportunity of giving her hints of his passion. While he has pretended to be giving only the history of others, he, under borrowed names, has given her a description of his love, and has made her acquainted with all his tender sentiments. He sometimes has even counterfeited drunkenness, that he might use greater liberty, without having any particular notice taken of it.

<sup>69</sup> *No reluctance.*—Ver. 223. The ideas of etiquette between husband and wife before company seem to have undergone a considerable revolution since those times; indeed, Paris, even had he not been an admirer of Helen, might well put the cup before his eyes.

<sup>70</sup> *In my mouth.*—Ver. 226. He means to say that he cannot swallow his food, by reason of his agitated feelings.

<sup>71</sup> *I recline.*—Ver. 231. It must be remembered, that he is representing them as following the Roman and later Greek fashion of reclining at meals.



thou knowest *of them*; and would that they were known to thee alone! Alas! how often when the tears have started, have I turned away my face, that he might not enquire the cause of my weeping! Alas! how often, warmed with wine, have I related the passion of youths, addressing each word to thy features! Under a feigned name, too, have I made a discovery of myself. I, if thou knowest it not, was the real lover *in those instances*. Moreover, that with greater freedom I might employ my discourse, not on one occasion *only* has intoxication been feigned by me. Thy breasts, as I remember, were exposed, thy tunic hanging loose; and bared, they gave access to my eyes; breasts more fair than either the bleached snow or than milk, and than Jove,<sup>72</sup> when he embraced thy mother. While I was astounded on beholding them (for by chance I was holding a cup), the wreathed handle<sup>73</sup> slipped from *between* my fingers. If thou dost give kisses to thy daughter: at once do I joyously snatch them<sup>74</sup> from the youthful lips of Hermione. And sometimes, lying at my length,<sup>75</sup> I hum old-fashioned love songs; and sometimes, by nods, I give secret signs. Lately, too, have I ventured with kindly words to address Clymene and Æthra,<sup>76</sup> the chiefs of thy attendants: they, saying nothing else to me, but that they were afraid, left my entreaties half-finished as I besought them.

<sup>72</sup> *And than Jove.*]—Ver. 250. On which occasion he transformed himself into a swan, a bird remarkable for its whiteness.

<sup>73</sup> *The wreathed handle.*]—Ver. 252. The ‘pocula,’ or drinking cups, had handles probably on both sides. The wreathed or twisted handle was much in fashion among the Romans. The ‘pocula’ were filled from the ‘cratera,’ or ‘bowl,’ with the ‘cyathus,’ or ‘ladle.’

<sup>74</sup> *Snatch them.*]—Ver. 254. This he could easily do, under the mere pretext of carressing so young a child.

<sup>75</sup> *At my length*]—Ver. 255. Assuming an air of carelessness, he sang his own passion, under the pretext of repeating old-fashioned love songs.

<sup>76</sup> *Clymene and Æthra.*]—Ver. 257. According to some authors, this Æthra was the wife of Theseus; but this could not be the fact, as she must thus have been long dead. Some writers again say, that these were two female relatives of Menelaüs, left by him to keep watch upon Helen. Dictys the Cretan says that Clymene was the daughter of Æthra, and that they were both carried off by Paris, in company with Helen. He further says, that after the taking of Troy, they fell by lot to Demophoön and Acamas, the sons of Theseus, but that they afterwards fell into the hands of Mnesteus, on the sons of Theseus being banished from Athens.

O that the Gods would grant thee to be the reward of *some* great contest, and that the conqueror might have thee for his bed; just as Hippomenes<sup>77</sup> bore off the daughter of Schœneus,<sup>78</sup> the reward of the race, just as Hippodamia<sup>79</sup> came to the Phrygian breast; just as the stern Alcides broke the horn of Acheloüs,<sup>80</sup> while, Deïanira, he was a candidate for thy embraces; on those terms,<sup>81</sup> my valour would have proved more bold; and I should have known thee to be the result of my toils. Now nought remains to me, beauteous one, but to entreat thee, and, if thou wilt permit me, to embrace thy feet. O thou ornament! O thou glory, *here* present, of thy two brothers! O thou! worthy of Jove for thy husband, hadst thou not been the daughter of Jove! Either with thee

<sup>77</sup> *Hippomenes.*]—Ver. 263. Paris, the further to convince Helen how deeply he is enamoured of her, assures her that there is no hazard that he will not gladly submit to for her sake. He proceeds so far as to express a wish that she had been designated by the Gods as the reward of some dangerous enterprise, that he might show her how cheerfully he would engage in the boldest attempt, when forced by the hope of so glorious a prize. Upon this, he takes the opportunity to mention others who have before engaged in the like attempts, that he may represent them as illustrations of that courage in which he is prepared to excel.

<sup>78</sup> *Of Schœneus.*]—Ver. 263. The story of Hippomenes and Atalanta is told in the Ninth Book of the *Metamorphoses*.

<sup>79</sup> *Hippodamia.*]—Ver. 264. He alludes to Pelops, the Phrygian, who gained Hippodamia, on conquering her father Enomaüs in the chariot race, under the circumstances before mentioned.

<sup>80</sup> *Of Acheloüs.*]—Ver. 265. The contest of Hercules and Acheloüs, while contending for the hand of Deïanira, is related in the Ninth Book of the *Metamorphoses*.

<sup>81</sup> *On those terms.*]—Ver. 267. Paris, after enumerating these instances, speaks of his own courage as being in no way inferior, if he can only find a proper field for its exertion. However, like one expert in the art of insinuating himself into the favour of the softer sex, he has recourse to prayers and flattery, and paints the violence of his passion with all the lively strokes that occur to his imagination. But before he comes to the point, that he may by degrees prepare her for the discovery of his intentions, he endeavours to make her believe that he has been moved to address her by a heavenly impulse, and that to resist, will be to oppose the will of the Fates. This is well contrived by the Poet; for, as it was not his design to represent Helen, as a vicious character, but as one who, having naturally a tender and amorous complexion, was gained over by an insinuating address, he found it necessary to give this turn to the matter, that Helen might not be too much shocked at the proposal, or reject her lover's addresses with indignation and disdain.

for my wife will I re-enter the Sigæan harbour, or else, an exile, will I be buried in Tænarian ground. In no slight degree has my breast been pierced with the point of the arrow; the wound has penetrated *even* to my bones.

Truly did my sister prophesy this to me, (for *now* I call it to mind) that it would come to pass that I should be transfixed by a heavenly dart. Refrain then, Helen, from despising a passion sent by the Fates: and then mayst thou have the Gods propitious to thy desires. Many things indeed occur *to me*; but that in thy presence I may say still more, receive me in thy couch, in the silence of the night. Art thou ashamed, and dost thou dread to defile conjugal love, and to violate the chaste rights of lawful wedlock? Ah, too silly Helen,<sup>82</sup> not to call thee foolish, dost thou suppose that such beauty can be free from criminality? Either thou must change thy features, or thou must not be cruel; great is the struggle<sup>83</sup> of beauty with chastity. Jupiter takes pleasure in these stealthy caresses, resplendent Venus delights in them; 'twas these stolen caresses, in fact, that gave thee Jove for thy father.

<sup>82</sup> *Too silly Helen.*]—Ver. 285. We have here a collection of those arguments and deluding speeches, with which men of gallantry in all ages have laid siege to the fair. That shame and reluctance which she would be likely to feel upon his proposal, he ascribes to simplicity and want of knowledge of the world. Beauty, he tells her, was formed for soft and tender complexions: and the practice even of the Gods might convince her that to listen to him will be no crime. He further urges her, on the ground of the opportunity they have, in consequence of the absence of her husband, whom he endeavours to depreciate, and to make to appear contemptible in her eyes. In a word, opportunity and importunity are here, as in too many other instances, wielded as his two most efficient and powerful weapons.

<sup>83</sup> *The struggle.*]—Ver. 288. The sentiment conveyed in this line is one very commonly to be found among the poets, many of whom do not scruple to take it for a general maxim. For the sake of human nature, it is to be hoped that in this general assertion they have utterly miscarried. It must be remembered, that beauty ever attracts the attention of the world, and that they who are distinguished by it, are more likely to be exposed to attacks and solicitations; besides, a false step in them is always more noticed, and makes a greater noise than in the case of another. Hence it is, that both history and private observation often furnish more examples of frailty in females of extraordinary beauty, than in those of less dazzling exterior. This has occasioned the multitude, who are never deep thinkers, to throw that reproach upon beauty itself, which is merely imputable to those accidental circumstances which usually accompany it.

Hardly canst thou possibly be chaste, if there is *any* influence<sup>84</sup> in the blood of thy ancestors, being the daughter both of Jove and of Leda.<sup>85</sup>

Still, mayst thou then<sup>86</sup> be chaste when my Troy shall receive thee; and let me, alone, I pray, prove thy *cause for crime*. Now, let us commit a fault which the conjugal hour may amend; if only Venus has not promised me in vain. But to this *step* does even thy husband persuade thee by deeds, *and* not by words; and, that he may not be an obstacle to the stolen joys of thy guest, he is absent. He had no time more opportune to visit the Cretan realms; O husband of wondrous sagacity! He went, and when about to go, he said, "My wife, I recommend thee to take care of my Idæan guest in my place." Thou art neglecting (I aver it) the injunctions of thy absent husband: no care hast thou of thy guest. And canst thou hope, daughter of Tyndarus, that this man, without *common* discretion, can sufficiently appreciate the value of thy charms? Thou art mistaken; he is ignorant of them: and, if he thought the blessings he possesses of supreme value, he would not entrust them to a man *and* a stranger. Should neither my words, nor the ardour of my *passion* prevail on thee; we are persuaded to make use of the *very opportunity*<sup>87</sup> of thy husband's absence. Otherwise we should be foolish, so as to surpass even himself, if so safe an occasion should pass by unemployed. Almost with his own hands has he introduced a lover to thee; make use *then* of the simplicity of thy thoughtless husband.

Thou liest alone in thy forlorn chamber, during the night so long; I myself, too, am lying alone on my forlorn couch. Should joys shared in common unite thee to me, and me to thee; that night would be more shining than the mid-day. Then will I

<sup>84</sup> *Is any influence.*]—Ver. 291. What Ovid here supposes to be efficacious in the promotion and propagation of vice, is by another poet much more worthily put forth as the promoter of virtue;

'Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis.'

<sup>85</sup> *And of Leda.*]—Ver. 292. Who, as her parents, were both guilty of adultery.

<sup>86</sup> *Mayst thou then.*]—Ver. 293. He did not show himself to be much of a man of the world, in expecting this to be the case.

<sup>87</sup> *The very opportunity.*]—Ver. 310. 'Ipsius commoditate' may mean, either 'his obligingness,' or 'the convenience of his absence.' According to Dictys the Cretan, Menelaüs had sailed to Crete to recover the property left by his maternal uncle, a son of Minos.

swear to thee by any Divinities whatever ; and by thy own words<sup>88</sup> will I bind myself to thy hallowed ties ; then, if my confidence in myself is not deceiving, I will prevail, by my presence, that thou shalt repair to my realms. If thou art ashamed, and art afraid lest thou shouldst seem to have followed me ; I myself, without thee, will take the blame of this crime. For I will imitate the actions of the son of Ægeus, and of thy brothers ; thou canst not be influenced by a nearer example. Theseus carried thee off ; they, the twin daughters of Leucippus ;<sup>89</sup> the fourth among *these* instances shall I be reckoned.<sup>90</sup>

The Trojan fleet is at hand, well provided with arms and men ; soon shall oars and the breezes procure a speedy passage. *As* a mighty queen shalt thou go through the Dardanian cities : and the populace shall think that thou art come as a new Goddess :<sup>91</sup> wherever, too, thou shalt turn thy steps, the flames shall burn cinnamon, and the slain victim shall beat the blood-stained ground. My father and brothers, and, with my mother my sisters, and all the matrons of Ilium, and the whole of Troy, shall present gifts. Ah me ! hardly is any portion of the future told of by me ; more shalt thou meet with than what my letter mentions. And do not thou, *when* carried off, be in dread lest ruthless warfare should ensue, and lest mighty Greece should summon her resources : so many carried off before, tell me which<sup>92</sup> one was regained

<sup>88</sup> *Thy own words.*]—Ver. 320. ‘Verbis tuis’ signifies, ‘in words, the form of which is prescribed by yourself.’

<sup>89</sup> *Of Leucippus.*]—Ver. 327. Castor and Pollux are said to have carried off by force Phœbe and Elaira, the daughters of Leucippus, who had been betrothed to their cousins, Idas and Lynceus, the sons of Aphareus. Their story is related in the Fifth Book of the *Fasti*, l. 693, *et seq.*

<sup>90</sup> *I be reckoned.*]—Ver. 328. As the fourth individual ; the three previous ravishers having been Theseus, Castor and Pollux.

<sup>91</sup> *A new Goddess.*]—Ver. 332. It absolutely was the custom of some of the vain females of high station, to assume the title of a new-made Goddess. Cleopatra was called, on her coins, ‘the new-made Goddess,’ and, according to Plutarch, ‘the new Isis.’

<sup>92</sup> *Tell me which.*]—Ver. 341. Paris is not satisfied with showing to Helen the possibility of their escaping together safely into Phrygia : he wishes also to remove all apprehensions of his being forced to restore her to her husband. He foresees that she may possibly be in fear lest Menelaüs should enlist all Greece in his cause, and demand her back at the head of a powerful army. To quiet her apprehensions, he assures her that all history affords no instance of the kind, and he then proceeds to

by arms? Believe me, that matter produces groundless apprehensions.

The Thracians, under the name of the North wind,<sup>93</sup> bore off the daughter of Erectheus; and the Bistonian regions<sup>94</sup> were secure from war. The Pagasæan<sup>95</sup> Jason carried off the Phasian damsel in his stranger ship; and *yet* the Thessalian land was not injured by the Colchian hand. Theseus, too, who carried thee away, carried off the daughter of Minos; and still Minos summoned no Cretans to arms. The alarm on these *occasions* is wont to be greater than the danger itself; and she who is pleased to fear, is ashamed that she has been alarmed. Suppose, however, if thou dost choose, that a great war should arise; I, too, have strength; and my weapons inflict wounds. Not less are the resources of Asia, than those of thy country; it *is* powerful in men, *and*, in its opulence, it abounds in horses. Menelaüs, too, the son of Atreus, will not possess more courage than Paris, nor will he be to be preferred in arms. *When* almost a boy, slaying the enemy, I regained my flocks carried off: and thence did I derive the occasion of<sup>96</sup> my name. *When* almost a boy, I surpassed the youths in the varied contest;<sup>97</sup> among whom were Ilio-

enumerate several who have been safely borne away in the manner in which he proposes to carry her off.

<sup>93</sup> *The North wind.*—Ver. 343. Boreas, the North wind, was said to have carried off Orithyia, the daughter of Erectheus, king of Athens. Ovid here attributes the deed to the Thracians, who speciously assumed the name of Boreas. The story is related at the close of the Sixth Book of the *Metamorphoses*.

<sup>94</sup> *Bistonian regions.*—Ver. 344. Thrace is said to have been so called, either from the Bistonian lake there situate, or from Biston, the son of Mars and Calirrhœ, who was said to have built the city of Bistonia, upon the coast of Thrace, and to have given his name both to the lake and the country.

<sup>95</sup> *The Pagasæan.*—Ver. 345. Jason is called ‘Pagasæus’ from the city of Pagasæ, in Thessaly, near which the ship *Argo* was built. From this place, the neighbouring bay, whence Jason set sail, was called ‘Sinus Pagasæus.’

<sup>96</sup> *The occasion of.*—Ver. 358. According to Apollodorus, Book iii. ch. 12, Paris received the name of Alexander, Ἀλέξανδρος, from the Greek verb ἀλεξέω, which signifies ‘to help,’ by reason of the aid which his strength gave to the shepherds of *Ida*.

<sup>97</sup> *Varied contest.*—Ver. 359. The ‘varium certamen’ here mentioned, is thought by some to refer to the ‘pentathlon.’ If so, Ovid is

neus<sup>98</sup> and Deiphobus.<sup>99</sup> And do not suppose that I am not to be dreaded but in close combat; my arrows are fixed in the required spot.

And canst thou ascribe to him these deeds of early youth? Canst thou furnish the son of Atreus with my skill? If thou shouldst give him everything, couldst thou give him Hector for a brother? He, singly, is as good as soldiers innumerable. Thou knowest not<sup>1</sup> what is my power, and my strength is concealed from thee; thou art not aware what kind of man thou art about to marry. Either, then, thou wilt be demanded back in no tumult of warfare, or the Doric camp will yield to my forces. Nor yet should I think it unbecoming to take up arms for a wife so great; great prizes provoke the contest. Thou too, if the whole world should contend for thee, wilt acquire a fame from everlasting posterity. Only, with no wavering hopes, going hence with the Gods propitious, demand with full assurance the return that I have promised thee.

here guilty of an anachronism, as the pentathlon was not practised until the time when the great national games of Greece began to flourish. It consisted of five kinds of games, leaping, the foot-race, the throwing of the discus, the throwing of the spear, and wrestling; all of which exercises were performed in one day, and in a certain order, by the same athletes. The pentathlon was introduced in the Olympic games in the Eighteenth Olympiad. The leaping was accompanied by the music of flutes. It required and developed very great elasticity of all parts of the body, for which reason it was principally performed by young men.

<sup>98</sup> *Ilioneus.*]—Ver. 360. Ilioneus, the son of the opulent Phorbas, is here referred to, who was killed in the Trojan war. There was another Ilioneus, who accompanied Æneas, and was famous both for his eloquence and his valour.

<sup>99</sup> *Deiphobus.*]—Ver. 360. Deiphobus married Helen after the death of Paris, and was betrayed by her to Menelaüs.

<sup>1</sup> *Thou knowest not.*]—Ver. 367. Paris omits nothing that may tend in any manner to quiet Helen's doubts or remove her scruples. After showing, by a variety of examples, that there is little probability of any attempt to recover her, he tells her, that even should this happen, he has strength and power to defend her; and that such an accident, far from bringing any infamy upon herself, will tend highly to her glory.

## EPISTLE XVII.

## HELEN TO PARIS.

HELEN, after reading the Epistle sent by Paris, as if offended by his presumption, commences by reprimanding him, and then, with an assumed modesty, seems to reject his proposals, as contrary to virtue and honour : but in such a manner, that she may not be thought entirely insensible to his passion. By degrees she opens her mind more plainly, and at length discloses her inclination to be favourable to him. The whole Epistle is a skilful specimen of the arts of female inconstancy, and portrays their seeming reluctance to comply, even when it is their most earnest desire, in the strongest light. The same foible of the sex is admirably depicted by the Poet in the Art of Love, Book i. l. 483.

‘ Forsitan et primo veniet tibi litera tristis,  
 Quæque roget ne se sollicitare velis.  
 Quod rogat illa, timet ; quod non rogat optat, ut instes.’

‘ Perhaps, even at first, a discouraging letter will come to you : and one that entreats you will not molest her. What she entreats you to do, she dreads : what she does not entreat you to do, *namely*, to persist, she wishes you to do.’ Helen concludes by requesting him to correspond with her, not by letter, but through Clymene and Æthra, her confidants.

It is conjectured by some Commentators that this Epistle was not written by Ovid, but by Sabinus, who has written the answers to some others of his Epistles. But it bears such evident marks of the skill of Ovid, and is so complete a model of poetic feeling, that it is extremely improbable that any other person was the author.

If, Paris,<sup>2</sup> it had not been allowed me to read what I have read, I should, as before, have observed the duties of a virtuous woman. When thy Epistle just now shocked my chaste eyes, not small did the glory<sup>3</sup> of writing thee an answer appear. Hast thou dared,

<sup>2</sup> *If, Paris.*]—The first two lines are—

‘ Si mihi quæ legi, Pari, non legisse liceret,  
 Servarem numeros, sicut et ante, probæ.’

But they are wanting in most of the MSS., and are generally considered to be spurious. The peculiar signification of the word ‘numeros’ deserves attention. In the Consolation to Livia Augusta, it has the same signification, ‘Numeros principis implere,’ ‘to fulfil the obligations of a ruler.’ In the Palatine MS. this Epistle is attributed to the poet Sabinus.

<sup>3</sup> *Did the glory.*]—Ver. 2. Some Commentators have observed that this line is capable of a double sense, according as we refer the particle ‘non’ to ‘rescribendi,’ or ‘levis.’ The latter, as being more plain and



a stranger, violating the rites of hospitality,<sup>4</sup> to tempt the due allegiance of a wife? And has, forsooth, for this, the Tænarian shore received thee in her harbours, carried over the boisterous seas? Our palace, too, did not have its doors closed against thee,<sup>5</sup> although thou didst come from a foreign nation; <sup>6</sup> *and* was it that injury might be the reward of kindness so great? Wast thou a guest or an enemy,<sup>7</sup> who thus didst make thy entrance?

And I doubt not, but that, in thy judgment, this complaint of mine, though it is so called for, will be styled the result of coyness. Coy, indeed, let me be, so long as *I am* not forgetful of modesty; and so long as the course of my life is without a blemish.<sup>8</sup> If I have not<sup>9</sup> a countenance sad with dis-

expressive, seems to be the right construction. However, 'the glory of writing in answer seemed not small,' and 'the glory of not writing in answer seemed small,' amount to nearly the same thing. Helen would here make her very writing to him appear not so much the effect of inclination and compliance, as of a just indignation and resentment at his presumption.

<sup>4</sup> *Of hospitality.*]—Ver. 3. The rites of hospitality were deemed so sacred among the ancients, that the violation of them was considered to be branded with the most heinous criminality. For this reason, the poets, when they wish to give an idea of an utterly abandoned character, never fail to represent a violation of hospitality as one of its distinguishing features.

<sup>5</sup> *Against thee.*]—Ver. 7. From Thucydides we learn, that the Spartans had a law which forbade strangers to be admitted within their city.

<sup>6</sup> *Foreign nation.*]—Ver. 7. Meaning, 'a nation essentially differing from ours in its laws and customs.' Before the reader can fully enter into the meaning of this verse, he must remember that all foreign people were looked down upon by the Greeks as barbarians, and that the Spartans in particular had an extreme aversion to strangers. Paris was therefore bound by a double tie of gratitude to Menelaüs, who, among a people of such a disposition, had afforded him a reception so remarkable for its extreme hospitality.

<sup>7</sup> *An enemy.*]—Ver. 10. In the conjunction of '*hospes an hostis,*' we see another instance of the fondness of the Poet for alliteration and attempts at punning.

<sup>8</sup> *Without a blemish.*]—Ver. 14. Her reasoning here is strong and just, and only makes us regret, that before the end of her letter, she degenerates into such base compliances. Mankind err more frequently from want of courage to withstand the passions, than from want of knowing better.

<sup>9</sup> *I have not.*]—Ver. 15. Helen seems to wonder whence he can have possibly formed a notion so much to her disadvantage, as to believe that he may hope for success in his attempts on her virtue. Her smiling looks, her easy and frank behaviour, she thinks most likely to

sembling looks, and do not sit frowning with contracted eyebrows; still is my fame unspotted, and hitherto without a fault have I lived, and through me no paramour receives *any* glory. The more, therefore, am I astonished at the boldness of thy enterprise; *and wonder* what cause gave thee hopes of my favours. Is it, because<sup>10</sup> the hero, descendant of Neptune,<sup>11</sup> offered violence to me, once ravished, that I seem deserving a second time, too, to be ravished? The crime would have been my own, if I had been enticed away: *but* as I was carried away, what part was mine but to be reluctant?

Still, from his deed he did not reap the desired reward; fear excepted, I returned, having suffered nothing. He only, in his forwardness, snatched a few kisses as I struggled; nothing further did he obtain of me. Such is thy wantonness, it had not been satisfied with these. The Gods *were* more favourable; he was not like to thee. He restored me unhurt,<sup>12</sup> and his respectful conduct diminished his crime; and it is evident that the youth repented of his deed. Theseus repented, that Paris might succeed him; and shall my name at no time cease to be upon *busy* tongues?

And yet I am not displeased;<sup>13</sup> (for who can be displeased

have raised this presumption. She therefore observes that as her fame has hitherto been spotless, this ought to have given him no encouragement, and she seems to imply that those who affect a rigid severity, are sooner won than the free and open.

<sup>10</sup> *Is it because.*]—Ver. 21. She here touches upon another ground upon which Paris may possibly have based his hopes. ‘I have been carried away before, and perhaps you may think partly by my own consent.’ To this she pleads her innocence, and says that when force was used, all she could do was to offer resistance, and that in this she succeeded so well that nothing ensued to her dishonour.

<sup>11</sup> *Descendant of Neptune.*]—Ver. 21. Neptune was the grandfather of Theseus.

<sup>12</sup> *Restored me unhurt.*]—Ver. 31. It was only natural that she should give this account, which has, however, in general, been credited. Pausanias, however, and Antoninus Liberalis say that there were reports that Iphigenia was the daughter of Helen, by Theseus.

<sup>13</sup> *Not displeased.*]—Ver. 35. We now discover that hitherto all Helen’s protestations have been merely to save appearances, and the result of an affected modesty. She now begins to discover her real sentiments, but with considerable artifice, for she repeatedly launches forth in commendation of chastity and insinuates her own resolution not to offend against its rules. This she does, with the view of making it

at a lover?) if only the affection which thou dost profess is not pretended. For about that, too, I am in doubt; not that<sup>14</sup> trust *in thee* is wanting, or that my own charms are not well known to myself; but because too easy faith is wont to be injurious to the fair, and the words of you *men* are said to be void of truth. But other women sin; and *suppose that* few matrons are chaste. What forbids that my name should be among those few? But inasmuch as my mother seemed a fitting subject to thee, by whose example thou dost suppose that I too can be influenced; deceit was the cause of my mother's fault, who was beguiled under a false form; beneath feathers<sup>15</sup> was the adulterer concealed. Were I to sin,<sup>16</sup> of nothing could I be ignorant, and there would be no mistake to veil the criminality of the act. With reason did she do wrong, and she atoned for her fault by the perpetrator; with what Jove<sup>17</sup> shall I, in my faultiness, be said to be blessed? Whereas thou dost boast of thy race, and thy ancestors, and thy royal names; this house is sufficiently ennobled by its ancestry.

Should Jupiter not be named<sup>18</sup> as the great grandsire of

appear that her concessions are purely the result of accident, and have slipped from her quite unperceived.

<sup>14</sup> *Not that.*]—Ver. 37. Some editions have 'non quo,' but 'non quod' seems preferable.

<sup>15</sup> *Feathers.*]—Ver. 46. She pleads that her mother was imposed upon, and that the bird, which was Jupiter in disguise, she thought to be really a swan.

<sup>16</sup> *Were I to sin.*]—Ver. 47. We here form a notion of the ground on which Helen speaks so resolutely of her determination in favour of chastity. It is more the fear of reproach and infamy, than any detestation of vice, that keeps her from giving way to her passion; and accordingly we find in the end, that this restraint is too feeble to retain her in her duty. True virtue is of a very different nature, and derives its value from itself, without any regard to the opinions of others. Horace justly says, 'Oderunt peccare boni virtutis amore,' 'The good hate to sin, from their love of virtue.' To the truly virtuous, despair of escaping undiscovered operates as no motive; they justly place their happiness in self-approbation, and dread the reproaches of their own conscience much more than those of the world.

<sup>17</sup> *With what Jove.*]—Ver. 50. She says that her mother was so far fortunate, that she could plead that it was through the agency of a Divinity that she sinned; whereas, if she should listen to his overtures, she would be able to have no such plea in her own favour.

<sup>18</sup> *Not be named.*]—Ver. 53. Jupiter was the father of Tantalus, by the Nymph Pluto or Plota, and was consequently the great-grandfather of

my father-in-law, and all the honourable line of Pelops, the son of Tantalus, and of Tyndarus; Leda, deceived by the swan, gives me Jove as my parent; she who, unsuspecting, cherished the fictitious bird in her bosom. Go then, and relate at length the first commencement of thy Phrygian descent; and make mention of Priam with his Laomedon; them do I reverence; but he who, *as thy fifth ancestor*, is thy great glory, the same is the first<sup>19</sup> from my own<sup>20</sup> name. Although I should believe the sceptre of thy Troy to be powerful, still I do not fancy that this is less so than it. If now,<sup>21</sup> this place is surpassed in riches, and in number of people; still, thy country is at least a barbarian one. Thy bountiful Epistle promises, indeed, gifts so great, that it might be enabled to influence the Goddesses themselves; but if now, I should be inclined to transgress the limits of chastity, thou wouldst be a preferable cause for my faultiness.

Either I will for ever keep my honour without a stain, or I will follow thyself rather than thy presents. And not that I despise them; for those gifts are always the most accept-

Atrous or Plisthenes, who were brothers, and either of whom may here be deemed the father-in-law of Helen.

<sup>19</sup> *Is the first.*]—Ver. 60. As already stated, the genealogy of Paris, generally given by the ancients, is the following—Priam, Laomedon, Ilus, Tros, Ericthonius, Dardanus, Jupiter. According to this account, Paris is the seventh from Jupiter, whereas Helen here makes him only the fifth. We must therefore conclude either that the text is corrupt, or that the genealogy here referred to by Ovid differs from that which is usually adopted. Perhaps he makes Helen designedly fall into this error, as she may be supposed not to have been very conversant on these points. We meet with several examples of the kind in this Poet.

<sup>20</sup> *From my own.*]—Ver. 60. As Helen was the daughter of Jupiter, it is with some reason that she boasts of her own pedigree as being more illustrious than that of Paris.

<sup>21</sup> *If now.*]—Ver. 63. Helen allows that Asia is more wealthy and better stocked with inhabitants; but then, as it is a country of barbarians, it can prove no temptation to her to abandon Sparta. This passage deserves to be particularly remarked. Paris, in his Epistle to Helen, endeavours to prevail on her by great promises, while boasting of his illustrious descent and the wealth and opulence of Phrygia. Helen is equally eager to convince him that none of these things can be of any weight with her. All this is done, however, only with the object of ingratiating herself the more with him, by insinuating that to her he himself is the only temptation, and that no other passion but what he himself has inspired can possibly make her swerve from the paths of virtue.

able, which the giver makes to be of worth. Much more<sup>22</sup> is it that thou dost love me; that I am the cause of thy care; that thy hopes range over the waves so distant. The things too, which, shocking man, thou art in the habit of doing when the table is placed, I observe, although I try to conceal it. When, *for instance*, wanton man, thou art eying me sometimes with languishing looks, which, as they solicit me, my eyes can hardly endure; and sometimes thou dost sigh, sometimes thou dost take the cup next after me, and from the side on which I have drunk, thou dost drink as well. O, how often<sup>23</sup> with thy fingers, how often with thy brow, that almost gave utterance, have I observed the secret signs given! And often have I dreaded lest my husband should observe them; and have blushed at the hints<sup>24</sup> not sufficiently concealed. Often did I say, with murmurs either faint or prolonged,<sup>25</sup> "This

<sup>22</sup> *Much more.*]—Ver. 72. She still continues the same artifice to gain upon Paris. She has, before, seemingly slighted his gifts; now, she retracts, and speaks of them as having been very acceptable to her, but at the same time she is careful to intimate that they have derived their value entirely from the giver. This being deemed a sure sign that love has taken deep root, Paris has reason thence to form sanguine hopes of success. Terence, in the 'Eunuchus,' where he introduces the Parasite flattering his master that he is greatly in favour with Thais, makes him offer as an evidence of it, the value she set upon his present:—

'—————Læta est, non tam ipso quidem dono,  
Quam abs te datum esse; id vero serio triumphat.'

'She is pleased, not so much with the present itself, as that it was given by you: it is that in reality that gives her the greatest pleasure.'

<sup>23</sup> *How often.*]—This and the following lines are evidently an imitation of two lines of Propertius, Book iii. Ode 7.

'Tecta superciliis si quando verba remittis,  
Aut tua cum digitis scripta silenda notas.'

'If at any time you utter language concealed in your eye-brows, or trace your silent letters with your fingers.'

<sup>24</sup> *At the hints.*]—Ver. 84. Helen does not censure Paris for these freedoms, signs and tokens of his affection; she only blames him for not having taken care to dissemble better, lest he should excite the suspicions of Menelaüs. The whole of these circumstances are cleverly described, and with that luxuriance of imagination which distinguishes the Poet.

<sup>25</sup> *Or prolonged.*]—Ver. 85. 'Longo' seems here a preferable reading to 'nullo;' 'a long-drawn sigh.' This reading is preferred by Heinsius; but Burmann prefers 'nullo,' as he says that she would avoid a long-drawn sigh, lest her husband might chance to hear it.

man has no shame ;"<sup>26</sup> and those words of mine were not untrue. On the round surface,<sup>27</sup> too, of the table, have I read beneath my name, that, which the letters, traced in wine, described—"I love *thee*."<sup>28</sup> Still, with a frowning eye, I denied that I believed this. Ah me ! now have I learned to be enabled so to speak<sup>29</sup> as well.

With these allurements, if I had been likely to sin, I should have been won ; by these could my heart have been enthralled. Thou hast too, I confess, surpassing beauty ; and *any* damsel might desire to rush into thy embrace. Rather let some other woman be made happy without guilt, than that my chastity should fail through the love of a stranger. Learn by my example,<sup>30</sup> to be enabled to go without the *beauteous* ; there

<sup>26</sup> *Has no shame.*—Ver. 86. 'Nil pudet hanc,' is translated by Davison, more expressively than elegantly, 'This man will stick at nothing.'

<sup>27</sup> *The round surface.*—Ver. 87. The tables of the ancients were of various shapes. The round table with three legs was very commonly used, especially among the lower classes. The Grecian tables are thought to have had four legs, from the origin of the word *τράπεζα*, the Greek name for a table. Maple-wood was much valued by the Romans, as the material for their tables ; the wood also of the 'citrus' of Africa, which is thought to have been a kind of cedar, was much for the same purpose. The legs were very tasteful, being sometimes made of ivory, in imitation of lions' feet. The 'monopodium,' or round table with one foot, resembling our loo tables, was introduced into Rome, from Asia Minor, by Cn. Manlius. Semicircular tables were also used at meals ; the meat was cut on them by the slaves in waiting, and was brought to the guests as they reclined. The Greeks did not use table-cloths, but had their tables cleansed with wet sponges called 'peniculi' by the Romans, or with fragrant herbs. The Romans used a thick cloth, called 'gausape,' for the purpose of table-cloths. The tables were considered sacred, and frequently had small statues of the Gods placed upon them.

<sup>28</sup> *I love thee.*—Ver. 88. Love is ever fertile in expedients to attract the notice of the object beloved. The ingenuity of Paris, on these occasions, certainly would have deserved commendation in a better cause ; the notice taken of it by Helen, is a sure sign that it has not failed of its intended effect.

<sup>29</sup> *So to speak.*—Ver. 90. The grammarian Hephæstion represents Helen as having been the discoverer of the art of talking with her fingers. Burmann enquires whether, having learned it of Paris, she may not have taught the art to others ?

<sup>30</sup> *By my example.*—Ver. 97. Notwithstanding the insinuation of Helen, that her husband was no beauty, we must, if we are to believe Homer, give him the credit of having been a handsome man. Even Paris himself, in his Epistle to Helen, does not deny him that small merit ; he

is a virtue<sup>31</sup> in abstaining from joys that delight us. How many youths dost thou suppose to long for that which thou dost long, who *still* are discreet? Or dost thou, Paris, alone possess eyes? Not more dost thou see *than others*; but in thy rashness, thou art more daring; not more passion is in thee, but a greater confidence.<sup>32</sup> Then could I have wished that thou hadst come in thy swift bark, at the time when my virginity was sought by a thousand suitors.<sup>33</sup> Had I beheld thee,<sup>34</sup> the first of the thousand shouldst thou have been; my husband, himself, will grant pardon to my choice. Thou camest too late to joys that are gained and forestalled; thy hopes were of late growth; what thou dost seek, another possesses.

Still, although I could have wished to become thy Trojan wife, yet Menelaüs<sup>35</sup> does not possess me thus against my in-

only thinks that a comparison will not be to his own disadvantage. Helen, indeed, here plainly gives the preference to Paris, and even owns that she loves him, but that she is restrained by virtuous considerations from yielding to his desires.

<sup>31</sup> *Is a virtue.*—Ver. 98. This, indeed, is a degree of virtue, to which very few are able to attain. It comprehends a perfect mastery over the passions, and a well informed judgment, able to distinguish between what is really profitable and what is hurtful; for virtue does not absolutely forbid all pleasures and enjoyments, but only such as are injurious to others, or prejudicial to ourselves. Epictetus, one of the most consummate of moralists, was in the habit of saying that the perfection of virtue was comprised in those two words, 'endure' and 'abstain.'

<sup>32</sup> *Greater confidence.*—Ver. 102. Exactly corresponding to our vulgar phrase, 'plus oris' literally means, 'more face.'

<sup>33</sup> *Thousand suitors.*—Ver. 104. The number of Helen's suitors was said to have been twenty-nine. Their names are given by Apollodorus in his Third Book. Among them we find those of Ulysses, Diomedes, Ajax Telamon, Ajax Oileus, and Philoctetes.

<sup>34</sup> *I beheld thee.*—Ver. 105. While she is seemingly endeavouring to convince Paris of the impossibility of his ever gaining his object, she goes on to give him all the proofs of her affection that he can possibly wish for, and thus artfully encourages his hopes that she may one day be brought to yield to his utmost wishes. 'Had you addressed me,' she says, 'while I was yet under no engagement, and free to bestow my heart wherever my inclination led me, you would have succeeded in gaining the prize from my thousand suitors, and Menelaüs himself must have justified my choice.'

<sup>35</sup> *Yet Menelaüs.*—Ver. 110. Helen still maintains her character of an admirable dissembler, and occasionally drops some expression which seems to bespeak a virtuous and well-regulated mind. If she is not able

clination. Cease, I entreat thee, to move with thy words my sensitive breast, and do not hurt me, whom thou sayest that thou dost love; but suffer me to enjoy the lot which Fortune has assigned to me, and gain not the dishonourable spoil of my chastity. But Venus promised this *reward*, and in the vales of lofty Ida, three Goddesses<sup>36</sup> showed themselves naked to thee; and whereas one offered a kingdom, another the glories of war, the third said, "Thou shalt be the husband of the daughter of Tyndarus." For my part, I can hardly believe, that heavenly beings have submitted their beauty to thy judgment; and though this were true, at least, the other part is a fiction, in which I am said to have been given as the reward of thy decision. I have not so great confidence<sup>37</sup> in my own person, that I can suppose that I was the greatest reward, in the opinion of a Goddess. My charms are content to be approved of by the eyes of men; for Venus to be my praiser, is a source of envy against me. But I deny nothing; I even approve of those commendations; for, why should my voice deny that to be which it wishes to be?

And do not<sup>38</sup> thou, too slowly believed by me, be dis-  
 entirely to conquer her growing inclination for Paris, she still pretends to struggle against it, and to retain that regard for Menelaüs, which propriety and her nuptial vows demand. She therefore prays Paris not to urge her to what is so contrary to her honour and her duty, or to take advantage of the strong and seemingly irresistible inclination which she has for him. There is great artifice in this; for she insinuates that it will not be in her power to hold out long against him, if he shall persist in his solicitations; and from what passes in her own mind, she does not believe that her faint entreaties will prevail upon him to desist.

<sup>36</sup> *Three Goddesses.*]—Ver. 116. He does not say in his Epistle that he saw the Goddesses naked.

<sup>37</sup> *So great confidence.*]—Ver. 123. Helen here speaks of the promise made by Venus to Paris, as a circumstance too much to her honour to be rashly credited. Indeed, her fancy is so full of the imaginary honour done her by the Goddess, in preferring her beauty to that of every other woman, that she does not consider how far it implies infidelity to her husband, and breach of her nuptial vow.

<sup>38</sup> *And do not.*]—Ver. 129. It is curious to trace Helen through all the changes of her feelings, and to observe how she gradually rises in her advances to her lover. She owns that she is pleased with the promise made to her by Venus, and wishes that it had been true. She even proceeds so far as to shew an anxiety lest he should be offended with her hesitation to credit his narration; and to soften the matter, she pretends that she has considered it an affair of too great moment to be rashly be-



pleased; slow belief is wont to be given to things of importance. 'Tis then, my chief delight to have been pleasing to Venus; the next, that I was esteemed the greatest reward by thee; that thou didst prefer neither the honours of Pallas nor of Juno to the charms of Helen, of which thou hadst heard. Am I, then,<sup>39</sup> *as good as valour to thee?* Am I *as good as a noble kingdom to thee?* I were made of iron, if I did not esteem this affection. Of iron, believe me, I am not made; but I decline to love that *man* who I hardly think can become my own. Why do I<sup>40</sup> strive to turn up the thirsty shore with the crooked plough, and to cherish a hope which

lied, because a disappointment would expose her to the most cruel mortification.

<sup>39</sup> *Am I then.*—Ver. 155. Her reasoning is admirably calculated to excuse her weakness, and to quiet the alarms which her own reflections would be apt to give her. She sets forth the merits of Paris, and what he has done for her, in the most engaging light, in order to make her compliance appear a point of gratitude. When the mind has once determined on a thing, it is never at a loss to discover excuses and palliating reasons to avoid its own reproaches. What would appear shocking to it when well-disposed and untainted, will now be set off with such allurements, as will disarm it of all its terrors and guilt. This is exemplified in Helen in the most lively manner. How different now do her sentiments appear from what they were at the beginning of the Epistle? There she is full of resentment, accuses Paris of violating the sacred rites of h6spitality, and wonders at his insolence in offering to make any attempt on her honour. How vastly is the case changed since then! She now views everything that he has done with a different eye. His preferring her before valour and a kingdom, his exposing himself to the dangers of the sea for her sake, and his suffering all the anguish of a concealed love, are now placed to the account of merit. She no longer considers him as the enemy of her virtue and honour, and one who intends to rob her of what ought to be most valuable and most dear to her, and to expose her to eternal infamy; but as a suffering lover, one more deserving of pity and compassion than of severity and repulse. By this she is led to think that gratitude and humanity require her to make some return, and she would, if possible, persuade herself, that her weakness, in not at once rejecting his addresses, has been rather a virtue than a crime.

<sup>40</sup> *Why do I.*—Ver. 139. It is more, we see, from an apprehension of the impossibility of the thing, than from any abhorrence of the crime, that Helen shows such an extreme reluctance. She looks upon it as a vain project to indulge a passion for a stranger, and as likely to yield no more profit than ploughing up the sandy beach. Many obstacles may intervene to obstruct their happiness; busy whispers, the suspicions of her husband, and the necessity of his speedy return to his own country; all of which are represented by her with a happy vein of fancy.

the spot itself denies me? I am a stranger to the artifices of love, and by no artfulness (the Gods are my witnesses) have I deceived a confiding husband. And now that I commit my words to the silent paper, my writing performs an office *entirely* new. Happy they who have had experience! I, unacquainted with the world, imagine the way to culpability to be a rugged one.<sup>41</sup> This fear is an evil. Even now am I confused, and I imagine all eyes to be fixed on my features.

Nor do I imagine this without reason; I have heard the evil stories among the multitude; and Æthra reported to me some observations. But do thou dissemble, unless thou hadst rather desist. But why shouldst thou desist? thou canst dissemble. Continue thy sport,<sup>42</sup> but secretly; a greater, *but* not an absolute, freedom is granted me, because Menelaüs is absent. He, indeed, has gone to a distance, business compelling him *to do* so; the cause of his sudden departure was urgent<sup>43</sup> and reasonable. Or else so it seemed to me;

<sup>41</sup> *A rugged one.*]—Ver. 146. The Poet's sentiments are just, and are depicted in accordance with truth and nature. Those who have been trained up to the practice of virtue, are much shocked at the first advances to vice. They feel a reluctance which disquiets them and makes them feel unhappy, and are apt to fancy that everything betrays them. Helen very naturally describes this to be the case with herself. Although no undue familiarities have actually passed between herself and Paris, yet, being conscious of what is likely to happen, she already imagines that it has been discovered. Guilt makes her quick-sighted in observing every nod and whisper; looks and gestures, that at another time would have passed unobserved, are now construed to have a meaning.

<sup>42</sup> *Continue thy sport.*]—Ver. 153. She is now disposed openly to sanction his passion, and to allow him whatever liberties he can find the opportunity of taking, consistently with prudence. Paris, in his Epistle, has told her, that Menelaüs, by his own behaviour, has urged her to a compliance with his own wishes, as his absence has afforded her the best possible opportunity of indulging in an amorous correspondence. She allows it, but at the same time she thinks that they ought to act with great circumspection, because, notwithstanding her husband's absence, there are still spies upon her conduct, who will not fail to aggravate each possible circumstance. What is this but to tell him that she will withhold none of her favours from him, when a fair opportunity shall be offered of granting them without danger of a discovery?

<sup>43</sup> *Was urgent.*]—Ver. 156. As we have before observed, according to some, he had gone to claim the property of his uncle Crethæus; while others say, that he went to Crete to take his share of the property of Atreus, which was there divided. John of Antioch, in a fragment, says, that he had gone to Crete to perform certain sacred rites.

when he was hesitating whether he should go, I said *to him*, "Take care, and do come back as soon as possible." Overjoyed at<sup>44</sup> the omen, he gave me kisses, and said, "Let my property and my palace and my Trojan guest be objects of thy care." Hardly did I<sup>45</sup> refrain from laughter; and while I struggled to restrain it, I could say nothing to him *in answer*, except "It shall be so."

He, indeed, with favouring winds, set sail for Crete, but do not thou, for that reason, suppose that every thing is permitted thee. My husband is in such manner absent from this place, that in his absence he watches me. Dost thou not know that Kings have long hands?<sup>46</sup> My fame, too, is an obstacle, for the more constantly I am praised by thy lips, with the greater justice does he fear. The same celebrity which, as it now is, is to my advantage, is an injury to me;<sup>47</sup> and better would it have been to have deceived report. And do not,<sup>48</sup> because he is absent, be surprised

<sup>44</sup> *Overjoyed at.*]—Ver. 159. At the omen of her parting words being so affectionate; by which, too, he was disarmed of all suspicion.

<sup>45</sup> *Hardly did I.*]—Ver. 161. We cannot help feeling shocked both at the deceit of the woman, and her impudent manner of confessing it. The concessions she has hitherto made, have been made with some air of modesty and reserve, and she would rather have them ascribed to pity and tenderness, than to any loose inclination. Here, however, she seems to own that even before her husband's departure, she had not only entertained favourable impressions of Paris, but had determined to yield herself up to him without reserve, and had gone so far as to ridicule Menelaüs, and despise him for his easy credulity. Her smiling, on Menelaüs committing the Trojan guest to her care, might also proceed from her own consciousness, that she was more than fully disposed to obey his commands, and a certain pleasure she might take in perceiving that he had no suspicion of her criminal intentions.

<sup>46</sup> *Have long hands.*]—Ver. 166. This was a Greek proverb; it is quoted by Herodotus, and noticed by other writers.

<sup>47</sup> *Injury to me.*]—Ver. 169. Some of the Commentators give a confused and unsatisfactory version of this passage. Helen says that the reputation for beauty which, on many accounts, could not be disagreeable to her, was in this case rather a disadvantage, because it made her conspicuous, and the object of general notice. This has obliged her to exercise a strict attention to her actions, and even to her looks and words, it being almost impossible that the least slip should pass unobserved. She fears, therefore, that her present sentiments for Paris cannot long be a secret, and wishes that her fame had been less, rather than she should be thus exposed to the hazard of a discovery.

<sup>48</sup> *And do not.*]—Ver. 171. Perhaps this passage may shew that we

that I am left here with thee; he trusted my virtue<sup>49</sup> and my *unspotted* life. For my beauty he felt apprehensions; in my morals he put trust; and my prudence makes him at ease, *while* my beauty *makes* him fear. Thou advisest that the opportunity should not be lost, so willingly presented, and that we should enjoy the convenient *absence* of my unsuspecting husband. I am willing, and *yet* I fear; my resolution, too, is not sufficiently fixed; my feelings hesitate in suspense.<sup>50</sup>

Both my husband is absent<sup>51</sup> from me, and thou dost sleep without a partner; thy beauty, too, pleases me, *and* mine thee, each in our turn. The nights, too, are long, and now we join in conversation; and thou (ah wretched me!) art pressing, and one house *receives us both*. And may I die if every thing does not tempt to criminality; but yet I myself am held back by a fear I know not what. I wish that<sup>52</sup> thou

ought not to interpret Helen's smiling at her husband's recommending the Trojan guest to her care, as shewing her contempt for his easy temper and simplicity. She seems here to be so far from viewing it in that light, that, on the contrary, she thinks that he had all the reason in the world to trust her; for that, however much her beauty and fame might expose her to solicitations, her known virtue was sufficient to secure him against all suspicions of her ever proving unfaithful to him.

<sup>49</sup> *My virtue.*]—Ver. 172. Helen, as she more than once tells us, has hitherto lived without reproach; Menelaüs, therefore, cannot be charged with imprudence in leaving her in the company of this stranger, whom doubtless he thought well of, and in whose honour and integrity he reposed an undeserved confidence.

<sup>50</sup> *In suspense.*]—Ver. 178. Heinsius thinks that the true reading here, instead of 'in dubio,' is 'in bivio,' 'my mind is distracted in opposite directions.' He also suggests that this expression alludes to the two paths of virtue and vice, as mentioned in the 'Vision of Hercules' by Prodicus, and other Pythagorean philosophers. Burmann, however, thinks that 'in dubio' is the proper reading.

<sup>51</sup> *Is absent.*]—Ver. 179. This detail of the combination of circumstances is very happily put together by the Poet. She collects all the grounds that invite her to a compliance, with a minuteness and strength of fancy, that show distinctly how often her thoughts have been employed upon the subject, and that now, her only concern is, how to attain the gratification of her desires, without ruining her reputation with the world for shocking the delicacy of her admirer.

<sup>52</sup> *I wish that.*]—Ver. 185. She now entirely throws off the mask, and avows her willingness, if proper care is taken to afford her some excuse for her weakness; for she does not wish the victory to appear to have been too easily gained.

couldst opportunely use force, for that to which thou dost persuade me to my disgrace! My coyness might have been overcome by violence. Wrongs are<sup>53</sup> sometimes advantageous to those who have suffered them. Thus, at least, could I have wished to be forced to be happy. While it is *still* young, let us rather<sup>54</sup> struggle with the growing passion; the kindling flame is quenched, when sprinkled with a little water. In strangers there is no lasting love; it wanders just as themselves; and while you are hoping that nothing can be more lasting, it is gone.<sup>55</sup>

Hypsipyle is a witness, the virgin daughter of Minos is a witness; each was deceived in a fidelity that was not returned. Thou, too, faithless man, art said to have deserted thy CEnone, beloved for many a year. Nor yet must thou deny it; it has been, if thou knowest it not, my greatest care to make all enquiries about thee. Besides, even shouldst thou wish to remain constant in thy affection, thou canst not; already the Phrygians are preparing thy sails. While thou art conversing with me, while the wished-for night is being appointed, just then wilt thou have a wind to waft thee to thy native land. In the midst of thy career thou wilt leave delights that are full of novelty; together with the winds will thy love depart. Or shall I accompany thee as thou dost persuade? And shall I visit Pergamus *so* be-praised, and shall I become the wife of the grandson of great Laomedon?

I do not<sup>56</sup> so despise the reports of winged Fame, that it

<sup>53</sup> *Wrongs are.*]—Ver. 187. Because it is by the seeming injury that they excuse their fault. Ovid has cleverly used all his ingenuity in this Epistle; indeed, in none of his writings does he so minutely enter into the reasonings of the female mind.

<sup>54</sup> *Let us rather.*]—Ver. 189. This is a strong picture of her inconstancy, and of the irresolution of her wavering mind. By this sudden change, she not only assumes the semblance of modesty and reluctance, but at the same time tends to inflame her lover and to raise his ardour to a greater height.

<sup>55</sup> *It is gone.*]—Ver. 192. 'Fuit.' Literally, 'it was.' So 'Troja fuit,' 'Troy was,' meaning 'Troy is no more.'

<sup>56</sup> *I do not.*]—Ver. 207. We have here a long detail of the reasons that prevent her from following Paris to Troy. None of them, however, are drawn from the amiableness of virtue, or from the baseness of the crime itself. With her these considerations have no weight; she is only concerned for her reputation, and she particularly wishes to avoid infamy. She foresees too, and with good reason, that such a step may bring her

should fill the earth with reproaches of me. What shall Sparta say of me? What the whole of Achaia, what the nations of Asia, what thy own Troy? What will Priam think of me, what will the wife of Priam *think*? Thy brothers, too, so many in number, and the Dardanian matrons? And even thou, how wilt thou be able to hope that I shall be faithful to thee, and not be anxious by reason of thine own example? Every stranger that shall enter the harbours of Ilium, the same will be a cause for anxious apprehension to thee. Enraged at me thyself, how often wilt thou say, "Thou adulteress!"<sup>57</sup> forgetting that thy crime was embraced in my own. Thou, the same person, wilt become the reprover and the cause of my guilt. May the earth, I pray, first overwhelm my features. But I shall enjoy the Ilian wealth and rich garments; and I shall receive gifts more abundant than thy promises. Garments of purple, and costly, in fact, shall be given to me; and I shall be rich in heaped-up masses of gold.

Grant pardon to me confessing it; thy gifts are not of so much value; this land has charms for me, I know not to what extent. Should I be insulted, who shall help me on the Phrygian shores? Whence shall I seek the aid of a brother,<sup>58</sup> whence *that* of a parent? The deceitful Jason promised every thing to Medea; was she<sup>59</sup> any the less expelled from the house of Æson? There was no Æetes to whom,

into contempt, even with the person in favour of whom it is taken. 'What security,' she says to Paris, 'can you afterwards have for my fidelity? Will not my easy consent to your proposal make you suspect me with every stranger that lands upon your coast?' This reasoning is unanswerable, inasmuch as no union is at all likely to be lasting, that is not founded upon virtue.

<sup>57</sup> *Thou adulteress!*]—Ver. 217. This reminds us of the Latin proverb, 'Clodius accusat mæchos.' 'Clodius accuses the adulterers.' The negroes are very much in the habit of calling each other 'black rascals.'

<sup>58</sup> *Aid of a brother.*]—Ver. 228. She had at this time only one brother surviving, inasmuch as Castor had been slain by Lynceus.

<sup>59</sup> *Was she.*]—Ver. 230. Paris had made large promises to Helen: but these are usual in soliciting favours of this kind, and, though given with the greatest air of sincerity, are apt to be but little regarded afterwards. She therefore tells him that his promises have given her but little security, since it has appeared, from numerous instances, that those who trust to them are in the end deceived. She instances Medea in particular, and insinuates her fears of a like fate for herself.

when despised, she might return; no mother Ipsea,<sup>60</sup> no sister Chalciopé. I apprehend no such thing;<sup>61</sup> but neither did Medea apprehend; fair expectations are often deceived in their own surmises.<sup>62</sup> For all the ships, which are now being tossed upon the deep, thou wilt find that the sea was calm *when sailing* out of harbour. The torch, too,<sup>63</sup> terrifies me; which, stained with blood, thy mother thought, before the day of her labour, she was bearing. I fear, too, the presages of the prophets, which, they say, forewarns us that Ilion shall be burnt by Pelasgian flames. And as Cytherea favours thee, because she has triumphed, and has by thy decision gained a two-fold trophy,<sup>64</sup> so do I fear the others, which two, if thy praises are not assumed, lost their cause on thy arbitration.

And I have no doubt but that, if I should accompany thee, arms will be resorted to; our love, ah me! will have through swords to make its way. Did Atracian Hippodamia<sup>65</sup> compel

<sup>60</sup> *No mother Ipsea.*]—Ver. 232. It is generally supposed that the word 'Ipsea' is a corrupt reading for Idyia; as the latter is usually the name given to the mother of Medea, and the former occurs in no other instance. Diodorus Siculus, however, says that Medea and Chalciopé were the daughters of Æetes, by Hecate, the daughter of his brother. Apollonius Rhodius says that Absyrtus was the son of Æetes, not by his wife, but by his concubine Asterodæa. Sophocles calls the mother of Medea, Eurylyte.

<sup>61</sup> *No such thing.*]—Ver. 233. This reflection is just and well-timed. She would not appear to suspect her lover's honour and fidelity, and therefore is willing to trust him; but she immediately recollects that the same was the case with Medea. She had no distrust of Jason, but confided in his promises, and the event testified how far she had been in error. She concludes, then, that she may possibly have some reason to fear a similar fate.

<sup>62</sup> *Surmises.*]—Ver. 234. She here refers to the lot of Medea, on being abandoned by Jason. According to some accounts, Æetes had been previously slain in a skirmish with the Argonauts, before they left Colchis. Apollodorus, however, assures us that Medea actually did return to Æetes, and was instrumental in restoring him to his kingdom, from which he had some time before been expelled.

<sup>63</sup> *The torch, too.*]—Ver. 237. Her suspicions suggest to her a less accommodating explanation of Hecuba's dream, than the passion of Paris had suggested to him.

<sup>64</sup> *Two-fold trophy.*]—Ver. 242. In having surpassed the other two Goddesses in beauty.

<sup>65</sup> *Hippodamia.* Ver. 248. Atrax, or Atracia, a town of Thessaly, was built by Atrax, the son of Peneus. Hence the term 'Atracian' came

the men of Hæmonia<sup>66</sup> to proclaim cruel warfare with the Centaurs? *And* dost thou suppose that Menelaüs will be tardy in anger so reasonable, and my two brothers,<sup>67</sup> and Tyndarus? Although thou dost boast so highly, and dost talk of thy valiant deeds, those features deprive their words of credit. Thy body is better suited to Venus than to Mars. Let the valiant wage the warfare; do thou, Paris, ever be the lover. Bid Hector, whom thou dost praise, to fight for thee; a different warfare<sup>68</sup> is deserving of thy pursuits. Of those would I take advantage, if I were wise, and were a little bolder; any woman would take advantage of them, if she were wise. Or else, perhaps, I shall do *so*, *all* modesty laid aside; and, in time, overcome, I shall extend my joined hands.

As for thy asking, that in private we may speak a few words together; I know what<sup>69</sup> thou dost aim at, and call a conversation. But thou art too urgent; and still is thy harvest<sup>70</sup> in the blade; this delay may, perhaps, prove friendly to thy desires. At this point, my fingers now being weary, let my writing, the confidant of my concealed thoughts, bring to an end its secret task. The rest we may say through my companions,<sup>71</sup> Clymene and Æthra, which two are *both* my attendants and my counsellors.

to, be given generally to a native of Thessaly, like Hippodamia. Some writers would have her to be the daughter of Atrax, a river of Thessaly, but on what authority is not known.

<sup>66</sup> *Hæmonia.*]—Ver. 248. The ‘Hæmonii viri’ are the Lapithæ, who were assisted by Nestor, Theseus, and Hercules. The battle of the Centaurs and the Lapithæ is vividly described in the Twelfth Book of the *Metamorphoses*.

<sup>67</sup> *My two brothers.*]—Ver. 250. Ovid is at fault here, in speaking of her ‘*gemini fratres*’ as being then alive; for, according to his account in the *Fasti*, Castor was slain in the combat with Lynceus, to which she has previously referred.

<sup>68</sup> *Different warfare.*]—Ver. 255. This is in accordance with the spirit of the line in the ‘*Amores*,’ ‘*Militat omnis amans, et habet sua castra Cupido.*’ ‘Every lover is a soldier, and Cupid has his camp.’

<sup>69</sup> *I know what.*]—Ver. 262. It is pretty clear that all shame and reserve have now deserted her.

<sup>70</sup> *Thy harvest.*]—Ver. 263. Helen having given a particular answer to every thing that Paris has said in his letter, in such a manner as if she felt half inclined to reject his suit, concludes with a promise that she will prove favourable to his wishes, but requests him to have patience.

<sup>71</sup> *My companions.*]—Ver. 267. In addition to the former remarks on these confidants of Helen, we may here observe, that Hyginus says that



## EPISTLE XVIII.

LEANDER TO HERO.<sup>72</sup>

THE Hellespont (now the straits of Gallipoli, or the Dardanelles) is a narrow sea, that divides Europe from Asia. Sestos and Abydos were two cities that stood directly opposite to each other; the one on the European side, the native place of Hero; the other in Asia, where Leander lived. These young persons, being violently enamoured of each other, and fearing to let their passion be known by their parents, Leander can devise no other expedient for obtaining the society of his mistress, than by swimming over the Hellespont in the night, which he is in the habit of frequently doing. But a storm arising, by which he is detained from Hero for seven days, he writes this Epistle to her, and engages a bold mariner, in spite of the tempest, to cross over with it to Sestos. He endeavours, first, to convince her that his love is unchanged and unalterable, and he then launches forth into complaints that, by the unrelenting fury of the waves, he has been precluded from an opportunity of visiting her. In conclusion, he promises that he will be with her very soon; and that, should the sea continue to rage, he will even prefer exposing himself to danger, than continue to be deprived of the pleasure of seeing and conversing with her.

HE of Abydos, Sestian fair, sends that health to thee which he would rather bring *himself*, if the rage<sup>72\*</sup> of the sea should abate.<sup>73</sup> If the Gods<sup>74</sup> are favourable to me, and are propiti-

Helen was accompanied to Troy by her two handmaids, Æthra and Phisais, whom Castor and Pollux had given to her as slaves, and who had once been queens.

<sup>72</sup> *Leander to Hero.*]—Barthius, in his Commentaries on the Thebaid of Statius, Book vi., l. 545, can hardly venture to ascribe this Epistle to Ovid, because he finds that lines 247 and 248 are translations from Musæus, unless, indeed, the author that goes by that name is of much more ancient date than that usually assigned to him by the learned. But this opinion is not in general supported; and the Epistle is, without hesitation, assigned to Ovid.

<sup>72\*</sup> *If the rage.*]—Ver. 2. Instead of this and the preceding line, one of the MSS. has

‘Quam cuperem solitas, Hero, tibi ferre per undas,  
Accipe, Leandri, dum venit ipse, manum’—

‘Receive, Hero, until he himself comes, the penmanship of Leander, which I could have wished to bear to thee through the waves as usual.’

<sup>73</sup> *Should abate.*]—Ver. 2. Heinsius conjectures that ‘Sesti,’ and not ‘Sesta,’ is a more correct reading, were not all the MSS. against it. So impatient is Leander of being detained from Hero, that he cannot forbear complaining of it at the very beginning of his letter.

<sup>74</sup> *If the Gods.*]—Ver. 3. Commentators generally suppose that the ‘Di’ here mentioned, are Venus and Cupid. There is reason, however, to

ous to my love, these words of mine thou wilt read with discontented eyes.<sup>75</sup> But they are not favourable; for why do they delay my hopes, and permit me not to pass through the well-known waves? <sup>76</sup> Thou thyself dost behold the heavens

think that Neptune and the other marine Deities are also included, for in the fifth verse he says 'Sed non sunt faciles,' and gives, as a reason, that he is detained from his mistress by the tempestuous sea.

<sup>75</sup> *Discontented eyes.*]—Ver. 4. Not that his letter will be unacceptable to her, but because she would rather see him, than barely hear from him.

<sup>76</sup> *Well-known waves.*]—Ver. 6. Relative to the passage of Leander over the Hellespont, we cannot do better than transcribe the following narrative. After Lord Byron had visited the Morea, as we learn from one of his biographers, he embarked for Constantinople on board the frigate, the *Salsette*, commanded by Captain Bathurst. While the ship was at anchor in the Dardanelles, a discussion arose among the officers on the possibility of swimming across the Hellespont, and thus verifying the narratives of Ovid and Musæus. Lord Byron and Lieutenant Ekenhead determined to try it; and on the 3rd of May, 1810, they accomplished it. A fit of fever was the consequence, in the case of Lord Byron. Some time after this adventure, an Englishman, of the name of Turner, made a similar attempt, but without success; and in an account of his travels, he made some remarks on the narrative which Lord Byron had given of his exploit. The latter, offended at the doubts thrown on his veracity, thus writes to his friend Mr. Murray, from Ravenna, in a letter dated the 21st February, 1821 (vol. v., p. 129, of the Edition in 17 volumes): "In the forty-fourth page, Volume First, of Turner's Travels (which you lately sent me), it is stated that 'Lord Byron, when he expressed such confidence of its practicability, seems to have forgotten that Leander swam both ways, with and against the tide; whereas he (Lord Byron) only performed the easiest part of the task, by swimming with it from Europe to Asia.' I certainly could not have forgotten what is known to every school-boy, that Leander crossed in the night, and returned towards the morning. My object was, to ascertain that the Hellespont could be crossed at all by swimming, and in this Mr. Ekenhead and myself both succeeded; the one in an hour and ten minutes, the other in an hour and five minutes. The tide was *not* in our favour; on the contrary, the great difficulty was to bear up against the current, which, so far from helping us unto the Asiatic side, sent us right down towards the Archipelago. Neither Mr. Ekenhead nor myself, nor, I will venture to add, any person on board the frigate ———, had any notion of a difference of the current on the Asiatic side, of which Mr. Turner speaks. I never heard of it till this moment, or I would have taken the other course. Lieutenant Ekenhead's sole motive, and mine also, for setting out from the European side was, that the little cape above Sestos was a more prominent starting place, and the frigate which lay below, close under the Asiatic castle, formed a better point of view for us to swim towards; and, in fact, we

blacker than pitch: the seas, too, swelling with the winds, and hardly to be stemmed by the hollow barks. One mari-

landed immediately below it. Mr. Turner says, 'Whatever is thrown into the stream on this part of the European bank, *must* arrive at the Asiatic shore.' This is so far from being the case, that it *must* arrive in the Archipelago, if left to the current, although a strong wind in the Asiatic direction might have such an effect occasionally. Mr. Turner attempted the passage from the Asiatic side, and failed; 'after five and twenty minutes, in which he did not advance a hundred yards, he gave it up, from complete exhaustion.' This is very possible, and might have occurred to him just as readily on the European side. He should have set out a couple of miles higher, and could then have come out below the European castle. I particularly stated, and Mr. Hobhouse has done so also, that we were obliged to make the passage of one mile extend to between three and four, owing to the force of the stream. I can assure Mr. Turner that his success would have given me great pleasure, as it would have added one more instance to the proofs of the probability. It is not quite fair in him to infer that, because he failed, Leander could not succeed. There are still four instances on record: a Neapolitan, a young Jew, Mr. Ekenhead, and myself; the two last done in the presence of hundreds of English witnesses. With regard to the difference of the current, I perceived none: it is unfavourable to the swimmer on either side, but may be stemmed by plunging into the sea, a considerable way above the opposite point of the coast which the swimmer wishes to make, but still bearing up against it; it is strong, but if you calculate well, you may reach land. My own experience, and that of others, bids me pronounce the passage of Leander perfectly practicable. Any young man, in good and tolerable skill in swimming, might succeed in it from either side. I was three hours in swimming across the Tagus, which is much more hazardous, being two hours longer than the Hellespont.——I crossed the Hellespont in one hour and ten minutes only. I am now ten years older in time, and twenty in constitution, than I was when I crossed the Dardanelles, and yet two years ago I was capable of swimming four hours and twenty minutes: and I am sure that I could have continued two hours longer, though I had on a pair of trowsers, an accoutrement which by no means assists the performance. With this experience in swimming at different periods of life, not only upon the spot, but elsewhere of various persons, what is there to make me doubt that Leander's exploit was perfectly practicable? If these individuals did more than the passage of the Hellespont, why should he have done less?——That a young Greek, of the heroic times, in love, and with his limbs in full vigour, might have succeeded in such an attempt, is neither wonderful nor doubtful. Whether he *attempted* it or *not*, is another question, because he might have had a small boat to save him the trouble." With reference to this last remark, we will only add, that there is no proof that Leander had sufficient funds of his own to purchase a small boat; and in the next place, the use of it must have greatly facilitated that discovery

ner, and he a bold one, by whom my letter is delivered to thee, has steered his course from the harbour; I would have embarked,<sup>77</sup> were it not that all Abydos was on the heights,<sup>78</sup> when he unfastened the moorings of his prow. I could not have been concealed from my parents, as before; and that love which we wish to be concealed, could not have been hidden.

At once, writing this, I said, "Go, happy Epistle; soon will she be extending her beauteous hand to thee. Perhaps thou wilt be pressed by the lips of my mistress applied to thee; while she shall be attempting to break thy fastenings<sup>79</sup> with her snow-white teeth." Such words being spoken by me in a low whisper, the rest has my right hand uttered together with the paper. But how much would I rather that *right hand* should do its part in swimming, than that it should write, and that, labouring, it should bear me through the accustomed waves! Better fitted, indeed, is it to lash the placid deep: and yet it is the fitting minister of my feelings. The seventh night is *now* passing, a space to me more tedious than a year, since the troubled sea has raged with its hoarse billows. If on these nights I have experienced sleep that soothes the breast, lasting may prove this delay of the boisterous deep. Seated on some rock, in sadness I look upon thy shores; and in thought I am carried whither I cannot *be carried* in person. My eyes, too, either behold, or think that they behold, the light<sup>80</sup> that keeps the watch on the summit of thy tower. Three times have I thrown aside my garments<sup>81</sup> on the dry sand; thrice,

which he was so anxious to avoid, and which precluded him from venturing in the boat which carried his letter.

<sup>77</sup> *Have embarked.*]—Ver. 11. He says this, to satisfy her that his not venturing with the mariner is not from want of courage or inclination, but because the influx of spectators renders it impossible for him to be concealed; he having hitherto kept his passion from the knowledge of his parents.

<sup>78</sup> *On the heights.*]—Ver. 12. 'Specula' frequently means 'a watch-tower,' but here it signifies the heights adjoining the town.

<sup>79</sup> *Thy fastenings.*]—Ver. 18. This was the pack-thread with which the tablets were fastened together, and which was sealed with wax. In her impatience she would be likely to break it with her teeth, instead of waiting for knife or scissors.

<sup>80</sup> *Behold the light.*]—Ver. 31. He alludes to the torch which she kept burning, as his guide when swimming.

<sup>81</sup> *My garments.*]—Ver. 33. We must suppose that he was in the

stripped, have I attempted to proceed on the perilous way. The swelling sea opposed my youthful attempts,<sup>82</sup> and overwhelmed my features as I swam in its hostile waves.

But thou, most inexorable of the boisterous winds, why, with determined mind, dost thou wage war with me? Against me, Boreas, if thou knowest it not, and not *against* the ocean, dost thou rage. What wouldst thou do, if love were not known to thee? So cold as thou art, still, perverse *wind*, thou dost not deny that thou once wast warm with Actæan fires.<sup>83</sup> When about to snatch thy joys, if any one had wished to shut against thee the aerial paths, in what manner wouldst thou have submitted *to it*? Pity me, I pray; and more mildly impel the gentle gales: then may the grandson of Hippotas<sup>84</sup> lay no harsh commands on thee. In vain do I entreat, and against my petitions does he murmur; the billows, too, which he agitates, in no measure does he restrain. O that Dædalus<sup>85</sup> would now grant me the daring wings! although the Icarian shore is so near to this. Whatever shall be *the event*, I will endure it; only let me raise my body into the air, which so oft has poised itself in the uncertain waves.

In the meantime, while the the winds and the waves are denying me everything, in my mind, I revolve the first moments of my stolen joys. 'Twas the beginning of night (for there is a delight in remembering it) when, full of love, I de-

habit of depositing his clothes in some recess of a rock, or other spot, where they would remain safe until his return.

<sup>82</sup> *Youthful attempts.*]—Ver. 35. That is, attempts which more mature years would not have ventured upon.

<sup>83</sup> *Actæan fires.*]—Ver. 42. It has been already remarked that Boreas was said to have carried off Orithyia, the daughter of Erectheus, king of Athens; the shores of which were called 'Actæan.'

<sup>84</sup> *Of Hippotas.*]—Ver. 46. Commentators think that there were two persons of the name of Æolus; the one, the son of Jupiter, by Segesta, Egesta, or Acesta, the daughter of Hippotas, (though the Scholiast on Homer makes him the son of Hippotas) and the other, the son of Hellen, who was the son of Jupiter. The former was the one who was visited by Ulysses, while the latter is supposed to have been the father of Sal-moneus, Sisyphus, Creteus, Athamas, and others.

<sup>85</sup> *That Dædalus.*]—Ver. 49. The story of Dædalus and Icarus is beautifully told in the Eighth Book of the *Metamorphoses*. Leander alludes to the fate of Icarus, to make Hero sensible of the strength of his passion, to which no danger appears considerable, when opposed to the hope of conversing with her.

parted from my father's door. There was no delay; throwing off *all* fear together with my clothes, I dashed my pliant arms in the yielding sea. The Moon, like a kind attendant upon my path, offered an almost tremulous light as I speeded. Looking up at her, I said, "Favour me, bright Goddess; and let the Latmian cliffs<sup>86</sup> recur to thy mind. Endymion cannot permit thee to be of unrelenting disposition; turn thy features,<sup>87</sup> I pray, to *these* my stolen delights. Thou, Goddess,<sup>88</sup> descending from heaven, didst go in quest of a mortal; let me be allowed to say the truth; she, whom I pursue, is herself a Goddess. Not to mention her disposition, worthy of a heavenly breast; that beauty is not ranked but among the real Goddesses. After the face of Venus and thine own there is not one superior; and do not trust my words, thou beholdest her thyself. As much as, when thou dost shine with thy pure rays in silvery effulgence, all the stars gave way before thy flames, so much is she more *beauteous* than all the *beauteous*; if thou dost doubt it, Cynthia,<sup>89</sup> thou hast a darkened light."

Having said these words, or, at least, words not differing from them *in meaning*, in the night was I borne along the yielding waters. The waves shone with the brightness of the reflected Moon, and there was the brilliancy of day in the silent night; and no voice, no murmur came to my ears, but *that* of the water moved by my body. The halcyons alone,<sup>90</sup> remembering the *once* loved Ceyx, seemed to utter I know not what sweet complaints. And now, my

<sup>86</sup> *Latmian cliffs.*]—Ver. 62. Latmos was a mountain of Caria, near the coast of the Ægean Sea. It was famous for the Amours there of Cynthia, or Diana, and Endymion.

<sup>87</sup> *Thy features.*]—Ver. 64. He rightly uses 'vultus,' 'features,' rather than 'cor,' 'feelings,' because at this time he stood in need chiefly of her light, to aid him in swimming.

<sup>88</sup> *Thou, Goddess.*]—Ver. 65. Here he enforces his prayer by mentioning the reason on which he grounds his hope of her favour. Love was so powerful with Cynthia, that she left heaven in quest of a mortal. What wonder, then, if he is so eager in the pursuit of one whom he esteems as a Goddess?

<sup>89</sup> *Cynthia.*]—Ver. 74. Diana is called 'Cynthia,' from Cynthus, a mountain of the isle of Delos, the place of her birth.

<sup>90</sup> *The halcyons alone.*]—Ver. 81. This affecting story, so very touchingly referred to, is related in the Eleventh Book of the Metamorphoses.

arms fatigued from below each shoulder,<sup>91</sup> with an effort, I raised myself<sup>92</sup> on high, on the surface of the waves. . When I beheld a light afar off, I said, “My flame is in that *flame*; my light<sup>93</sup> do those shores contain.” And suddenly the strength returned to my wearied shoulders; and the waves seemed to me more pliant than they had been. The love which warmed in my eager breast caused me not to be able to feel the chill of the cold sea. The more I advanced, and the nearer was the shore and the less *the distance* that remained, the more was I delighted to proceed.

But when I could be seen as well, at once thou as spectatress,<sup>94</sup> didst give me spirits, and didst cause me to feel vigour. Now, even by my swimming do I strive to please my mistress, and before thy eyes do I throw out my arms. Thy nurse,<sup>95</sup> with difficulty, hinders thee from descending into the deep. For this did I see also; and thou wast not deceiving me. And yet she did not, although, *when* proceeding, she held thee back, hinder thy foot from becoming wet with the water at the margin. Thou didst receive me in thy embrace, and didst give me delightful kisses; kisses, ye great Gods,<sup>96</sup> worthy to be sought beyond the seas. And thy garments,<sup>97</sup> taken from thy shoulders, thou didst hand

<sup>91</sup> *Below each shoulder.*—Ver. 83. It is just beneath the shoulder that pain and weariness is first felt after long swimming.

<sup>92</sup> *Raised myself.*—Ver. 84. Probably to catch a glimpse of the light above the billows that were dashing around him.

<sup>93</sup> *My light.*—Ver. 86. ‘Lumen,’ ‘light,’ and not ‘numen,’ ‘divinity,’ would seem to be the proper reading, as a reiteration of the meaning conveyed by the word ‘ignis,’ ‘fire,’ in the preceding line.

<sup>94</sup> *As spectatress.*—Ver. 94. Hero, standing as ‘spectatrix’ on the heights of Sestos, can hardly fail to remind us of the equally hapless Eliza of modern times, immortalized by Darwin :

‘Now stood Eliza on the wood-crowned height,  
O’er Minden’s plain, spectatress of the fight.’

<sup>95</sup> *Thy nurse.*—Ver. 97. We may here remark, that the ‘nutrices,’ or ‘nurses’ of antiquity, do not seem to have been so relentless to the fair damsels committed to their charge, as the more unaccommodating duennas of modern Spain and Italy.

<sup>96</sup> *Ye great Gods.*—Ver. 102. These exclamations are frequent with the Poet, and have considerable beauty in them, when aptly introduced.

<sup>97</sup> *Thy garments.*—Ver. 103. There is something comical in the notion of Leander wearing Hero’s petticoats; but perhaps they were only

to me; and thou didst wring the water of the sea from my wet hair. The night, ourselves, and the conscious tower, and that light which showed me the way through the deep, know the rest. No more can the joys of that night be reckoned, than can the weeds of the Hellespontic sea. The shorter the time that was afforded for our stolen joys, the greater was our care that it should not be idly spent.

And now, the wife of Tithonus about to banish the night, Lucifer, the forerunner of Aurora,<sup>98</sup> had risen. We mutually snatched repeated kisses without intermission, and we complained that *too* short was the duration of the night. And thus delaying,<sup>99</sup> at the hateful warning of thy nurse, leaving the tower, I repaired to the cold sea-shore. Weeping, we parted, and I entered again the sea of the Virgin;<sup>1</sup> always, so long as I could, looking back<sup>2</sup> on my mistress. If there is any believing the truth, as I went to thee, *I seemed to be really* a swimmer;<sup>3</sup> as I returned, I seemed to myself to be a shipwrecked man.<sup>4</sup> This too, if thou canst believe it;

sent him by the damsel till he could get under shelter, where he may possibly have had a change of garments in readiness.

<sup>98</sup> *Of Aurora.*]—Ver. 112. It may be remarked that the planet which we call Venus, when appearing in the morning before sunrise, was called by the ancients Lucifer and Phosphorus, and by us is called the Morning Star; when it appeared after sunset, they called it Hesperus, as we call it the Evening Star.

<sup>99</sup> *Thus delaying.*]—Ver. 115. The force of the word ‘cunctatus’ cannot be very easily expressed in English: it signifies ‘having from time to time disregarded the warnings of the nurse, and having delayed giving obedience to them.’ As morning draws near, the nurse warns him of the necessity of his departing, but he still insists on prolonging his stay.

<sup>1</sup> *Of the Virgin.*]—Ver. 117. Helle, the sister of Phryxus, who gave her name to the Hellespont, is here alluded to.

<sup>2</sup> *Looking back.*]—Ver. 118. ‘Respiciens’ alludes probably to the time when he was going down to the shore; or it may possibly mean, that while he was swimming, he continually looked back on his mistress.

<sup>3</sup> *A swimmer.*]—Ver. 119. ‘Nator’ here means, ‘a regular swimmer,’ ‘one that knows how to swim,’ in contradistinction to ‘naufragus;’ as a shipwrecked person is obliged to swim, whether he understands the art or not, if he wishes to escape death.

<sup>4</sup> *A shipwrecked man.*]—Ver. 120. A critic of the name of Robertus Titius, whose work is mentioned by Burmann, explains this passage, as thinking that Leander means to say, that when he swam to his mistress he swam perpendicularly, but that when he left her he floated on his back, like the body of a shipwrecked person; this he thinks to be the



towards thee the path seemed a declivity ; when I returned from thee, it seemed a steep mountain of sluggish water. Reluctantly did I repair to my native place ; who could have believed it ? With reluctance, assuredly, do I now remain in my own city. Ah me ! why, joined in inclination, are we disjoined by the waves ? And why does one mind, *and* not one land, possess us two ? Either let thy Sestos receive me, or my Abydos thee. Thy land is as pleasing to me as is my own to thee. Why am I troubled *myself*, so oft as the sea is troubled ? Why is the wind, so slight a cause, able to annoy me ?

Now are the curving dolphins acquainted with our loves ; and to the fishes<sup>5</sup> I do not think that I am unknown. Now is the beaten path of the well-known waves distinctly marked ; no otherwise than a highway, worn<sup>6</sup> by many a wheel.<sup>7</sup> I used to complain that it was not possible for me to cross in any manner but this ; but now I complain, that, through the winds, even this is withdrawn *from me*. The seas of the daughter of Athamas are white with enormous billows, and more probable, from Leander saying that he kept looking back on his mistress, which, according to him, he could not do unless he was floating. But this notion seems to be more ingenious than well founded ; for, when going, Leander says that he felt like one who was a regular swimmer, who knew how to swim and took a delight in it, and that he passed through the water with ease ; whereas, on his return, he had to labour, as though he was ascending a hill of water, and his struggles against the waves resembled the convulsive efforts of a shipwrecked person. ‘Respicere,’ clearly means to look back, by turning the head round. If he had looked on his mistress while floating, ‘adspicere’ would have been used.

<sup>5</sup> *To the fishes.*—Ver. 132. There is something almost comical in the notion of the fishes having made his acquaintance.

<sup>6</sup> *Highway worn.*—Ver. 134. The Romans not understanding the improvement of macadamizing their roads, ruts were soon worn in the streets by the chariots and carts. The imprint of Roman wheels is (or was till lately) discernible in the streets of Pompeii.

<sup>7</sup> *Many a wheel.*—Ver. 134. The wheels used by the ancients revolved on the axle, as in the carriages of modern times, and were prevented, by pins inserted, from falling off. The wheels consisted of naves, spokes, which varied much in number, the felly, or wooden circumference, made of elastic wood, such as the poplar and wild fig, and composed of several segments united, and the tire, which was of metal. Some of their carts and waggons had wheels made of a solid circle of wood, in shape like a milestone, with the axle running through the middle ; similar wheels are used in the South of Europe at the present day.

hardly does the bark remain safe in its harbour. I think that this sea, when it first obtained the name from the Virgin that was drowned, which it *now* retains, was such *as now it appears*. This place, too, is sufficiently disgraced by the loss of Helle; and though it should spare me, it has a name from its misdeeds. I envy Phryxus, whom the golden sheep, with its woolly fleece, bore in safety over the stormy seas.

And yet, I require the aid neither of the ram nor of the bark; let only the waters be granted me, for me to cleave with my body. Of no art do I stand in need; let me only have the opportunity of swimming, I, the same individual, will be *both* ship, mariner, and passenger.<sup>8</sup> I will neither follow Helice,<sup>9</sup> nor Arctos, which Tyre observes; my passion has no regard for stars that belong to the public.<sup>10</sup> Let others watch Andromeda, or the bright Crown,<sup>11</sup> and the Parrhasian Bear,<sup>12</sup> which glitters in the frozen sky. But the object which Perseus and Liber<sup>13</sup> loved, together with Jove, does not please me to be the guide<sup>14</sup> of my uncertain path. There is another light, much more unerring than they; that the guide, my passion, will not be in the dark. So long as I should keep that in sight, I could go to Colchis,<sup>15</sup> and to the remotest re-

<sup>8</sup> *And passenger.*—Ver. 148. The primary meaning of the word ‘vector’ ‘is one who carries,’ but here it evidently means, ‘passenger;’ though in Davison’s translation, ‘pilot,’ or ‘master,’ is suggested as being possibly its signification.

<sup>9</sup> *Follow Helice.*—Ver. 149. For an account of Helice and Arctos, see the Notes on the Fasti, Book iii. l. 207.

<sup>10</sup> *To the public.*—Ver. 150. ‘Publica sidera,’ may be rendered, in the language of the present day, ‘the stars of the million.’

<sup>11</sup> *Bright Crown.*—Ver. 151. He refers to the crown of Ariadne; see the Fasti, Book iii. l. 516.

<sup>12</sup> *Parrhasian Bear.*—Ver. 152. For an account of the Parrhasian or Arcadian bear, see the Fasti, book ii. l. 153, *et seq.*

<sup>13</sup> *Perseus and Liber.*—Ver. 153. He alludes to the intrigue of Jupiter with Calisto, the love of Bacchus for Ariadne, and of Perseus for Andromeda. See the story of Perseus and Andromeda, in the Metamorphoses, at the end of the Fourth Book.

<sup>14</sup> *To be the guide.*—Ver. 154. He determines that he will have no other guide than his own mistress; he may perhaps intend by the mention of ‘lumen’ in the next line, to refer to the light of her torch.

<sup>15</sup> *Go to Colchis.*—Ver. 157. He here alludes to the expedition of the Argonauts, to shew with what security and confidence he would

gions of Pontus, and where the Thessalian ship cleaved its path; I could excel even the youthful Palæmon<sup>16</sup> in swimming, and him whom the wondrous grass<sup>17</sup> suddenly changed into a Divinity.

Often do my arms grow weak with the constant movements, and they are moved with difficulty along the boundless waters. When to them I say, "No unworthy reward is there for your labour; soon shall I give you the neck of my mistress to be pressed;" forthwith do they become vigorous, and press on for their prize, just like the swift steed sent forth from the Elean starting-place.<sup>18</sup> I, myself, therefore, observe<sup>19</sup> the passion with which I am consumed: and thee do I follow, fair one better deserving of the heavens. Deserving, indeed, of the heavens, but still abide on earth; or say what path there is for me as well to the Gods above. Here *on earth* art thou, and seldom dost thou fall to the lot of thy unhappy lover; and, together with my feelings, do the seas become troubled. What avails it me that I am not separated by the vast ocean *from thee*? Is this strip of water so narrow, any the less an obstacle to us? I am in doubt,<sup>20</sup> whether, removed afar by the

trust himself to the direction of his propitious star; and he says that, depending upon this guide, he would even venture upon the most dangerous expedition, like that of Jason to Colchis, in quest of the Golden Fleece.

<sup>16</sup> *Palæmon.*—Ver. 159. Palæmon was the name which Melicerta, the son of Ino, received as a Divinity among the Greeks. The story of Ino and Melicerta is told in the Fourth Book of the Metamorphoses, and is referred to in the Sixth Book of the Fasti.

<sup>17</sup> *Wondrous grass.*—Ver. 160. He alludes to Glaucus, who was changed into a Sea-God, on tasting a certain plant. The story is told at the end of the Thirteenth Book of the Metamorphoses.

<sup>18</sup> *Elean starting-place.*—Ver. 166. He alludes to the Olympic games, which were celebrated in the territory of Elis, in the Peloponnesus.

<sup>19</sup> *Therefore observe.*—Ver. 167. 'Servo' means here 'to watch,' as the sailors watch the stars; 'to take observations from.' It must be remembered that the stars and constellations were the only guides with the mariners of ancient times, by which to steer their course.

<sup>20</sup> *I am in doubt.*—Ver. 175. Leander here expresses himself in the language of peculiar anxiety and distress. He is almost within sight of his mistress, and yet he is as much deprived of her company as if they were separated from each other by the greatest distance. That nearness has given him hopes of being with her soon; but accidents intervene to prevent it, and his hope changes into impatience and distraction. In this anxiety of mind, he thinks it would be better for him to be at a distance from

earth's whole extent, I would *not* prefer to have my hopes, together with my mistress, *so far removed*.

The nearer thou now art, with the more violent flame am I warmed; and the object is not ever present to me, the hope is. With my hand almost,<sup>21</sup> (so great is our proximity) do I touch the object that I love; but, oftentimes, alas! this almost moves me to tears.<sup>22</sup> What else is this than to attempt to grasp the retreating apples, and with one's lips to pursue the hopes of the receding stream? And shall I then never clasp thee, but when the waves shall choose? And shall no storms look upon me in a state of blessedness? And, though there is nothing less constant than the wind and the waves, in the wind and the water shall my hopes be for ever centred? Besides, as yet it is the warm season; what *will it be* when the Pleiades<sup>23</sup> shall arouse the waves for me, and Arctophylax,<sup>24</sup> and the Olenian goat!<sup>25</sup> Either I do not know to what extent he is venturesome, or else, even then, Love will send me in my rashness into the sea. And do not suppose that I make promises for that time, because it is at a distance; I will give thee no slow proofs *of the reality* of my promises. Even now let the sea be boisterous for a few

her, because in that case he would endeavour quietly to submit to his fate, and he would not feel himself exposed to the mortification of frequent disappointments.

<sup>21</sup> *My hand almost.*]—Ver. 179. It must be remembered that only about a mile intervened between them.

<sup>22</sup> *Moves me to tears.*]—Ver. 180. We have here an admirable picture of a man fluctuating between hope and disappointment. His manner and expressions betray the impatience of his soul, and his comparison of himself to Tantalus is happy in the extreme. There was some resemblance between their two cases, and it was natural for such gloomy ideas to present themselves to a mind labouring under such peculiar perplexities.

<sup>23</sup> *The Pleiades.*]—Ver. 188. For an account of the Pleiades, see the *Fasti*, Book iv. l. 169, and Note.

<sup>24</sup> *Arctophylax.*]—Ver. 188. For the story of Arctophylax, Boötes, or the Bearward, see the *Fasti*, Book ii. l. 191.

<sup>25</sup> *Olenian goat.*]—Ver. 188. For the history of the Olenian she-goat, see the *Fasti*, Book v. l. 113, *et seq.* In addition to what is there stated, we may remark that the epithet 'Olenian' is by some thought to have been derived from Olenus, a son of Vulcan, the father of Æga and Ælia, Jupiter's nurses; but how Vulcan's grandchildren can possibly have been the nurses of Jupiter, is a mythological anachronism that it would be useless to attempt to rectify.

nights longer, and I will attempt to pass through the resisting waves.

Either, in safety, shall my boldness meet with success, or else death shall be the end of my anxious affection. Still I shall wish<sup>26</sup> to be thrown up on that side; and for my shipwrecked limbs to reach thy harbour. But thou wilt weep, and wilt honour my breathless body with thy embrace, and thou wilt say, "I was the cause of his death." No doubt thou wilt be hurt at *this* omen of my death; and my letter in this part is a cause of trouble to thee. I desist; forbear to complain; but that the seas may put an end to their fury, let thy prayer be added, I pray, to my own. I have need of a short calm, until I am carried over to the other side; when I shall have reached thy shore, let the storm continue. There is the dock<sup>27</sup> best suited for my bark; and in no waters does my ship more conveniently stand *at anchor*.

Let Boreas shut me up there, where it is so delightful to abide; then shall I be slow to swim, then shall I be prudent. I will neither utter any reproaches to the deaf waves, nor will I complain that the sea is rough for me about to swim. Let both the winds and thy arms as well detain me; and may I be delayed there by a twofold cause. When the storm shall allow of it, I will employ *my arms*, the oars of my body; only do thou always hold the torch in sight. In the meantime, instead of myself, let my letter pass the night with thee; I pray that I may follow it with very little delay.

<sup>26</sup> *I shall wish.*—Ver. 197. Nothing can be more affecting than this wish of Leander, as it gives a strong picture of the violence of his passion, and shews at the same time the tender and pathetic sentiments with which it has inspired him. As love, when firmly implanted in the heart, is attentive to a thousand little particulars, which a mind not similarly affected would overlook or perhaps despise as trifling, Leander seems here to take a pleasure in the imagination of what may happen, should his body be thrown on shore in the sight of Hero. Her tender complaints and her transports of grief are all foreseen, and he considers them a recompense for his hard fate. It may be here remarked, that this, in the end, proved to be Leander's fate. After he had often crossed successfully, a storm arising one fatal night, Hero in the morning beheld his body floating near the shore.

<sup>27</sup> *Is the dock.*—Ver. 207. 'Navale' was properly a dock where ships were either built, refitted, or laid up. There were 'navalia' at Rome connected with the Tiber. The docks of the Piræus of Athens cost a thousand talents in their erection.

## EPISTLE XIX.

## HERO TO LEANDER.

HERO, on receiving the letter of Leander, returns this answer. Her chief object is to signify her ardent return of his passion, and with this view she sometimes accuses him of neglect, while she asserts her own constancy and unalterable affection. She sometimes gives expression to a fear that Leander may have transferred his affections to another; but she soon rejects the unkind suspicion, and ascribes all to the well-known anxiety of lovers, who are apt to fancy themselves threatened with every disaster. Alarmed by an ominous dream, she entreats him not to venture till the sea is calm.

LEANDER,<sup>28</sup> that I may in reality enjoy that health which thou hast sent to me in words, come *hither*. Tedious is every delay for me, that postpones our delights. Pardon the confession; I love with no ordinary endurance. With equal flames do we burn; but I am not equal to thee in strength; I think that the feelings of men must be more resolute. As is their body, so, with females, is the mind weak; add the delay of *but* a short time, *and* I shall be overpowered.

You *men*,<sup>29</sup> sometimes by hunting, sometimes by cultivating the prolific earth, dispose of the long hours in various pursuits. Either the courts of justice<sup>30</sup> occupy you, or the honours of the anointed 'palæstra';<sup>31</sup> or else with the rein

<sup>28</sup> *Leander.*]—Ver. 1. This letter begins, like the preceding one, with an affectionate salutation, and ardent expressions of her desire of meeting Leander once again.

<sup>29</sup> *You men.*]—Ver. 10. Hero proceeds to give some reasons why so long a separation must prove more irksome to her than to himself. Men, as being gifted by nature with more resolution and strength of mind, may justly be supposed to be more capable of enduring distress. They have it, moreover, in their power to dispel anxiety by a variety of amusements. Women, on the contrary, are deprived of these resources; and she, in particular, is able to do nothing but to think and to talk of her Leander. Her whole reasoning is wonderfully adapted not only to prove what she has advanced, but also to win the affections of her lover, by insinuating, with the greatest delicacy, how dear he is to her.

<sup>30</sup> *Courts of justice.*]—Ver. 11. Pleading the causes of their clients in the courts, was a favourite pursuit with the noble youth of Rome. Indeed, it may be said to have been almost universally practised.

<sup>31</sup> *Anointed Palaestra.*]—Ver. 11. The 'palæstra' of the Greeks, where wrestling and other athletic exercises were practised, were public buildings; but among the Romans, they were not public, but were

you guide the neck of the swift steed. At one time you are catching the bird with the snare, at another, the fish with the hook; the later hours are drenched in the wine set on *table*.<sup>32</sup> To me, removed from these *pursuits*, nothing is left to do, even if I were inflamed less intensely, but to love. That which is left me, I do; and thee, O my only happiness! do I love, even more than can possibly be returned to me. Either I am whispering about thee with my dear nurse, and am wondering what cause can be delaying thy passage; or else, looking out on the sea, I reprove the ocean, aroused by the hateful winds, almost in thy own words; or, when the angry waves remit a little of their rage, I complain that thou mightst indeed, but that thou art not desirous to, come. And as I complain, the tears trickle from my loving eyes, which with palsied fingers, the old woman, my confidant, dries up.

Often do I search if thy foot-prints are on the shore; as though the sand<sup>33</sup> would retain the marks *once* placed *there*. And that I may enquire about thee, and may write to thee, I enquire if any one has either come from Abydos, or if any one is going to Abydos.<sup>34</sup> Why should I mention, how often I give kisses to the clothes,<sup>35</sup> which thou didst put off when about to go into the waters of the Hellespont? So, when

attached to the villas of the wealthy. The 'palæstra' is here called 'uncta,' from the 'ceroma' or oil with which the wrestler was anointed.

<sup>32</sup> *Set on table.*]—Ver. 14. After the business of the day was over, the Romans took their 'cæna,' or principal meal. The time for the 'cæna' is supposed to have been from two to three o'clock; after that was over, the rest of the evening was devoted by many to wine and conversation. The meal often occupied as much as three hours, or even more.

<sup>33</sup> *As though the sand.*]—Ver. 28. Nothing can be more natural or better conceived than this. Lovers are ready to believe everything that conduces to soothe their passion; and even impossibilities are by them strongly fancied to be possible. What can be more unlikely than that the sand, constantly washed by the sea, should retain the traces of his foot-steps? And yet Hero, as if fully persuaded of it, runs to the sea-shore to look for them.

<sup>34</sup> *Going to Abydos.*]—Ver. 30. Heinsius thinks that this line and the preceding one are in a very corrupt state, and that the distich which follows ought to be placed before them.

<sup>35</sup> *To the clothes.*]—Ver. 31. This perhaps refers to the change of clothes which Hero was in the habit of keeping for him; or, possibly, to her own garments, which she was accustomed to throw over him when he had landed.

light has been dispelled, and, the day chased away, the more grateful hour of night has shewn the bright stars; straightway do I set the watchful light at the top of the tower, the guide and the mark of thy wonted path. And lengthening the twisted threads with the turning spindle, in feminine employment we beguile the tedious hours. Dost thou enquire what I am saying in the meanwhile, during this period so long? Nothing but the name of Leander is on my lips. "Dost thou think, nurse, that my love has now left his home? Or are they all on the watch, and is he afraid of his relations? Dost thou think that he is now putting his garments from off his shoulders, and that he is now anointing his limbs with unctuous oil?"<sup>36</sup>

Mostly she gives a nod of assent; not that she is alluding to my kisses; but slumber, creeping on, shakes her aged head.<sup>37</sup> And *then*, after<sup>38</sup> a very short delay, I say, "Now for certain, he is swimming, and is moving his pliant arms in the divided waves." And when I have finished a few threads, they touching the ground,<sup>39</sup> I enquire whether thou

<sup>36</sup> *Unctuous oil.*]—Ver. 44. 'Pallade' is here used instead of 'oleo,' 'oil'; as Pallas, or Minerva, is said to have first taught men the use of oil. Such as excelled in swimming, when they were aware that they should have occasion to use all their strength, were accustomed to anoint themselves with this, as being of great service to them; inasmuch as it not only made the joints active and supple, but prevented them from being numbed by the coldness of the water.

<sup>37</sup> *Her aged head.*]—Ver. 46. This description of the nurse nodding in her doze, is extremely natural; it was not likely that she should take as much interest in these lucubrations as her charge did.

<sup>38</sup> *And then after.*]—Ver. 47. The Poet's ingenuity is here shewn in its perfection. He knew full well that the imagination is never more actively engaged, than when employed about an absent and beloved object. It is not only apt to run over all the scenes that have passed between them, but also to fancy the manner in which the absent person may be at that moment employed. The wish being 'father to the thought,' Hero naturally imagines every instant what she earnestly desires, namely, that Leander is preparing to swim across to her.

<sup>39</sup> *Touching the ground.*]—Ver. 49. 'Tactâ perfecti stamina terrâ,' Heinsius rejects the common reading here, and professes that he is not able to understand what the Poet means by 'tactâ terrâ.' Several copies, he observes, have 'tela,' 'the thread;' an emendation which he highly approves. He also conjectures that, by a mistake of the transcribers, 'tactâ' has been put in the place of 'tractâ;' for 'trahere telam,' to 'draw out the thread,' was as common a phrase as 'trahere lanam,' 'trahere



canst be in the midst of the sea. And sometimes I look out ; sometimes, with faltering voice, I pray that a propitious breeze may give thee an easy passage. Sometimes I catch the noises with my ear, and I believe that every sound is that of thy approach. When thus the greatest part of the beguiled night<sup>40</sup> has been past by me, sleep insensibly steals upon my wearied eyes. *Then*, perhaps, unkind one, though unwillingly, thou art sleeping together with me ; and though thou thyself desirest not to come, thou dost come. For sometimes I seem to behold thee swimming close to me ; *and* now, placing thy dripping arms upon my shoulders ; now, as I am wont, I seem to be reaching thee the garments for thy wet limbs, *and* now to be clasping thy breast close to my bosom. And many a thing besides, not to be mentioned by a modest tongue ; which give delight in the doing, *but* which, when done, I am ashamed to name.

Ah, wretched me !<sup>41</sup> a short-lived and an unsubstantial pleasure is this ; for with my slumbers thou art ever wont to depart. O that we<sup>42</sup> eager lovers may at length be more closely united, and that our delights may not be deprived of a firm assurance. Why, chilled, have I passed so many forlorn nights ? Why, slothful swimmer, art thou so often absent from

pensum.' This conjecture has the merit of ingenuity, but the Delphin Editor thinks, and apparently with justice, that there is no necessity for such an alteration, as the words, according to the common reading, may be very easily understood, as in lengthening out a thread it is usual to let the spindle gradually descend till it touches the ground ; after which it is wound up, and the same operation is repeated in constant succession.

<sup>40</sup> *The beguiled night.*]—Ver. 55. 'Decipere noctem,' means 'to beguile,' or 'elude the night,' to get over the tedious hours by means of some employment. It has been suggested that the word 'deceptæ' ought to be referred to Hero herself, as meaning, that having waited all night for her lover, in the morning she found herself deceived or disappointed. The word seems, however, better applied to the night itself, as in the other case it would imply a harshness ill-suited to the affectionate tone of the letter.

<sup>41</sup> *Ah, wretched me !*]—Ver. 65. Heinsius says, apparently without any sound reason, that this and the following lines are probably spurious.

<sup>42</sup> *O that we.*]—Ver. 67. This wish is introduced with great propriety. Hero, after recounting her dreams and the short unsatisfactory joys that ensued from them, could not conclude in a more natural way than by expressing her earnest wishes that these fleeting joys might soon be converted into real transports.

me? The sea (I confess it) is not yet tractable for the swimmer, but last night more gentle were the gales. Why has that<sup>43</sup> *night* passed by? Why didst thou not dread what might ensue? Why did an opportunity so fair pass away, not seized by thee? Though a like opportunity for passing over should at once be presented thee, that, at least,<sup>44</sup> was better than it, inasmuch as it was the first. But soon<sup>45</sup> the face of the troubled deep was changed; often hast thou come over in a less time, when thou hast used speed. *If* detained here,<sup>46</sup> I think thou wouldst have no reason to complain; and in my embraces no storms could hurt thee. At least, I could then listen unconcerned to the roaring winds, and I could pray that the waters might never be calm.

But why has it happened that thou art more fearful of the waves? And *why* dost thou now fear the sea, which before

<sup>43</sup> *Why has that.*]—Ver. 73. Throughout the whole Epistle, Hero fully maintains the character which she has given herself at first, that of an ardent and anxious lover. She sedulously watches times and seasons, and complains if she is disappointed in what she may expect from them. As, the night before, the storm had somewhat abated, she wonders that he did not take the opportunity of coming to her.

<sup>44</sup> *That, at least.*]—Ver. 76. Although she owns in the next verse that the storm was lulled only for a very short time, still she does not ascribe his staying away to that circumstance, but is rather apt to fear that his concern for her begins to diminish. We have here a faithful picture of the human heart, which, in proportion to the high value it sets on any object, is extremely apprehensive about losing it. The case is still more remarkable with lovers, whom the most trivial circumstances in life often fill with a thousand anxieties and alarms.

<sup>45</sup> *But soon.*]—Ver. 77. This is to be considered as an objection and excuse offered on the part of Leander; as if Hero had said, 'I know you will plead that the cessation of the storm was short, and that, dreading this with reason, you were unwilling to venture.' She immediately replies, 'Allow that you were afraid of the raging sea, yet why did you not come when it was calm? The interval, though short, continued longer than you usually take to swim across.' This answer, rejecting Leander's excuse, is happily imagined by the Poet; for, however good his plea might be, yet passion ever pays but little regard to the voice of reason.

<sup>46</sup> *Detained here.*]—Ver. 79. Leander had already owned this in his letter; but we are to consider it on both sides as only the language of thoughtless passion. Their chief concern was to conceal their passion from their parents; and such an accident as this must of necessity have discovered all. It was not, however, to be expected that, at the height of their disappointment, they would be in such a frame of mind as to think of consequences.

thou didst despise? For I remember, when, on thy arrival, the sea was not less boisterous and threatening, or *at least* not much less, I exclaimed to thee, "Do thou be bold in such a manner that thy intrepidity may not have to be bewailed by wretched me." Whence these<sup>47</sup> new fears? And whither has that boldness fled? Where is that notable swimmer who despised the waves? Yet mayst thou rather be thus, than as thou wast wont to be before; and mayst thou in safety make thy way through the becalmed sea; provided only thou dost remain the same; provided I am so loved as thou dost write *that I am*; and that thy flame proves not cold ashes. Not so much do I dread the winds that disappoint my wishes, as that thy affection, like the wind, should prove inconstant. *I fear* that I may not be held in such high esteem, and that the dangers may outweigh the occasion; and that I may seem to be a reward too small for the labour. Sometimes I am afraid that I may be injured through my native place, and that I, a Thracian girl,<sup>48</sup> may be deemed unequal for an alliance in Abydos.

<sup>47</sup> *Whence these.*]—Ver. 89. Hero still discovers the height of her passion by her anxiety. That anxiety, too, is that of a lover, which magnifies every difficulty, and fills the breast with groundless fears. She knows well enough, that since his first coming, there has been no storm at all equal to the present. There is no cause then to wonder why his courage is abated, as it has never yet been put to a similar trial. Hero, thinking only of his long absence, will not allow herself to reflect upon the danger, but charges him with want of courage in not attempting to do what is quite impossible.

<sup>48</sup> *Thracian girl.*]—Ver. 100. Heinsius gives his opinion in favour of the reading 'Thressa,' instead of 'Sesta,' in this line. This is the more probable, inasmuch as we learn from history, that the Thracians were held in general contempt by the Greeks. Thus we learn, from Cornelius Nepos, that it was objected to Themistocles, that he was born of a Thracian mother. Athenæus also remarks, that Timotheus, the celebrated general, had for his mother a Thracian and a courtesan. Hence, too, in the *Argonautics* of Valerius Flaccus, Book iii., we find that Zethes and Calais are called by Jason, in a contemptuous manner, 'Thracia proles:' 'The Thracian progeny.' We learn, too, from Diogenes Laertius, that it was made an objection to the philosopher Antisthenes, that he was born of a Thracian mother; and in like manner, Demosthenes was censured as being the offspring of a Scythian female. A great part of the courtesans at Athens, as well as the female domestics, were Thracians by birth. The people of Abydos were likewise despised by the Greeks, and were made the subject of certain proverbs.

Yet I am able to endure every thing with more patience, than if thou shouldst be taking thy ease captivated with some rival<sup>49</sup> I know not whom; than if the arms of another should come around thy neck; and than if a new love were the termination of thy passion *for me*. Oh! rather might I perish, than be wounded by such criminality; and may my doom happen before thy guilt. Not that I mention these things because thou hast given me symptoms of future grief; or *because I am* alarmed by recent rumours. But I apprehend every thing; (for who has loved<sup>50</sup> without anxieties?) and locality compels those at a distance to be most in dread. Happy they, whose presence allows them to know of real faults, *and* forbids them to apprehend imaginary ones.<sup>51</sup> As much do unfounded *injuries* disturb us, as do injuries *really* committed escape our observation; and each error begets equal affliction.

O, would that thou wouldst come! that either the winds or thy father, and no female, may be the cause of thy so long<sup>52</sup> staying away! But should I hear of any *rival*, believe me, I shall die of grief. Long time already hast thou been guilty, if thou art seeking my destruction. But thou wilt not be guilty, and in vain am I alarmed at these things; and the

<sup>49</sup> *Some rival.*]—Ver. 102. Jealousy is said to be inseparable from love, especially when, by reason of distance, the lovers are often obliged to be absent from each other. Ovid seldom fails to introduce symptoms of it in his Epistles; but he generally, with some degree of partiality, depicts it more strongly in those from the females.

<sup>50</sup> *Who has loved.*]—Ver. 109. If Hero is unable wholly to hide her suspicions from her lover, yet they are expressed in a manner so delicate, that it is next to impossible for him to take offence. She owns that he has never given her any cause for them, and that they are nothing more than those unavoidable disquiets which ever attend upon love. It would have been inconsistent with the Poet's object to introduce a jealousy fraught with sinister suspicions on either side.

<sup>51</sup> *Imaginary ones.*]—Ver. 112. There is no state of mind more uneasy than that of uncertainty, especially in cases where it highly concerns us to be resolved, and where, in consequence, there must necessarily be a great degree of impatience. The reflection, therefore, which Hero makes, is just; and as she is herself in a state of great uncertainty, it comes from her with great propriety.

<sup>52</sup> *Of thy so long.*]—Ver. 116. 'Tantæ' seems a preferable reading to 'certæ,' though the signification here is much the same.

envious storm rages, in order that thou mayst not come. Ah, wretched me! by what vast billows the shores are beaten! and how the day is hidden, obscured by the darkening clouds! Perhaps the affectionate mother<sup>53</sup> has come to the sea of Helle, and her daughter, who was drowned, is being bewailed in the streaming torrents. Or does her stepmother,<sup>54</sup> changed into a Goddess of the ocean, disturb the sea that was called by the hated name of her stepdaughter? This spot, such as it now is, is not favourable for tender maids. In these *waves* did Helle perish; by these waves am I crossed.

But *surely*, Neptune,<sup>55</sup> no love ought to have been opposed by the winds through thee, if thou dost remember thy own flames; if neither Amymone,<sup>56</sup> nor Tyro,<sup>57</sup> most celebrated for beauty, is a vain pretext for a charge against thee. The bright Halcyone,<sup>58</sup> too, and the daughter of Circe and

<sup>53</sup> *Affectionate mother.*]—Ver. 123. Hero supposes that the storm may have been raised by Nephelē, the mother of Helle, who had come down to lament the unhappy fate of her daughter. This, perhaps, was suggested by the mention of the clouds in the previous line, as well as the locality, ‘Nephelē’ meaning, in Greek, ‘a cloud.’

<sup>54</sup> *Her step-mother.*]—Ver. 126. Ino, who was afterwards changed into a sea Goddess, under the name of Leucothoë.

<sup>55</sup> *Neptune.*]—Ver. 129. Hero now addresses herself to Neptune, and expostulates with him for keeping Leander so long from her. She tells him that this treatment was least of all to have been expected from him, who had himself so often been sensible of the power of love. She then mentions several damsels of whom the poets had represented Neptune as being enamoured.

<sup>56</sup> *Amymone.*]—Ver. 131. Amymone was one of the fifty daughters of Danaüs, who, with the exception of Hypermnēstra, made themselves so notorious by the murder of their husbands. As she was hunting one day in a wood, being closely pursued by a Satyr, she implored the aid of Neptune, who came and rescued her; but he was so enchanted with her beauty, that she soon afterwards proved pregnant by him, and, according to Strabo, became the mother of Nauplius.

<sup>57</sup> *Nor Tyro.*]—Ver. 132. We learn from Homer that Tyro was the daughter of Salmoneus, and that being in love with the river God Enipeus, Neptune deceived her under that form, on which she became the parent of the twins Neleus and Pelias.

<sup>58</sup> *Halcyone.*]—Ver. 133. Alcyone, or Halcyone, was one of the Pleiades, daughters of Atlas and Pleione: by Neptune she was the mother of Lycaon, Hyrieus, and Halcyone, the wife of Ceyx, whose story is told in the Eleventh Book of the *Metamorphoses*.

Alymon,<sup>59</sup> and Medusa,<sup>60</sup> with her locks not yet wreathed with serpents; the yellow-haired Laodice,<sup>61</sup> too, and Celæno, received into the heavens, and *others*, whose names I remember to have been read by me. The poets, at least, Neptune, sing how these and many others placed their delicate sides by thy own *side*. Why, then, dost thou, *who hast* so often experienced the power of love, obstruct for us, with thy whirlwinds, the wonted path? Forbear, stern *Deity*, and wage thy battles upon the wide ocean. These narrow waves *merely* divide two lands. It becomes thee either in thy might to buffet the mighty ships, or else to be hostile to whole fleets. It is a disgraceful thing for a God of the sea to alarm a youth that swims; and such glory as that is unworthy of any *common* pond. Noble, indeed, is he, and illustrious is his birth; but he does not derive his origin from Ulysses, who was suspected<sup>62</sup> by thee.

<sup>59</sup> *Circe and Alymon.*]—Ver. 133. For the words ‘*Circeque et Alymone nata,*’ there are about forty different readings in the various MSS. The common reading is possibly the right one, in which case the daughter of Circe and Alymon, here referred to, will probably be Iphimedia, the wife of Alocus, who is mentioned by Homer in the *Odyssey*; where he tells us that she was ravished by Neptune, and bore to him the giants Otus and Ephialtes, who grew nine inches in stature every month.

<sup>60</sup> *Medusa.*]—Ver. 134. Medusa, the daughter of Phorcus, was remarkable for the beauty of her hair. She was ravished by Neptune, in the temple of Minerva. Provoked at her seeming impiety, the Goddess changed her hair into serpents, and all that looked upon her into stones.

<sup>61</sup> *Laodice.*]—Ver. 135. There were several Nymphs of this name mentioned by the ancient poets. One was the daughter of Priam and Hecuba, and the wife of Helicaon; another, a daughter of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra, who was offered in marriage to Achilles; while a third was the daughter of Cygnus. There was another Nymph of this name, the mother of Apis and Niobe. The daughter of Priam is probably the person here alluded to. Celæno was a daughter of Atlas and Pleione, being one of the Pleiades, who formed the Constellation which the Romans called ‘*Vergiliæ.*’

<sup>62</sup> *Who was suspected.*]—148. Ulysses was an object of the hatred of Neptune, as some said, because he had contrived the death of his grandson, Palamedes, before Troy; while, according to others, in consequence of Ulysses having thrust out the eye of his son, Polyphemus, in Sicily, he was retarded by Neptune on his return to his native country. We may here remark, that Ovid evidently intends to represent Hero and Leander as living after the fall of Troy; Statius, however, makes them to have lived before the Theban war, as he mentions them in the description of

Show mercy, and preserve the two; he *only* swims; but on the same waves depend the body of Leander and my hopes. The lamp, too, crackles,<sup>63</sup> (for with it placed *beside me*,<sup>64</sup> I am writing); it crackles, and it gives me a propitious omen. See! my nurse is pouring wine<sup>65</sup> upon the flames of favourable omen, and she says, "To-morrow we shall be more;" and *then* she drinks.<sup>66</sup> Do make us to be more, gliding through the surmounted waves, O thou that art so thoroughly impressed upon my heart. Return to thy camp, thou deserter of social Love. Why are my limbs extended in the middle of my couch? There is nothing for thee to fear. Venus herself will favour the attempt; and, born of the sea,<sup>67</sup> she will smooth the path over the sea. I myself am often prompted to pass over the boisterous waves, but this sea is wont to be more safe for the male sex.<sup>68</sup> For why, when Phryxus

the garment which is given as a prize to Admetus, in the games celebrated at the tomb of Archemorus.

<sup>63</sup> *Lamp, too, crackles.*]—Ver. 151. The sputtering or crackling of the lamp is mentioned as being a good omen, in the 177th Epigram of the Seventh Book of the Grecian Anthology.

<sup>64</sup> *Placed beside me.*]—Ver. 151. Before oil lamps were invented, candles made either of wax or tallow were universally used by the Romans. The bulrush, called 'scirpus,' was used for the wick. At a later period, candles were only used by the poorer classes. The lamps were mostly of an oval form, and flat upon the top, and were made of baked clay, or bronze. There were at the extremity of the lamp as many holes or nozzles as there were wicks in it. They were sometimes suspended by chains, but more frequently stood upon a stand, where statues sometimes held them. Perfumed oil was sometimes burnt.

<sup>65</sup> *Is pouring wine.*]—Ver. 154. This was done, perhaps, as a sort of libation, and with the view of making the lamp burn up more cheerfully.

<sup>66</sup> *Then she drinks.*]—Ver. 154. The nurse does not forget that very essential part of the ceremonial. Similarly with the old woman mentioned in the *Fasti*, Book II. l. 571, when performing the rites of Tacita. 'Wine too she drops on it; whatever of the wine is left, she either drinks it herself, or her attendants, yet she herself takes the greater part.'

<sup>67</sup> *Born of the sea.*]—Ver. 160. Hero is endeavouring to persuade her lover to shake off all fear, and to venture boldly. To encourage him, she reminds him that Venus is not only the Goddess of Love, and will therefore be propitious to a chaste flame like theirs, but that also, as sprung from the sea, she may be accounted in some sense a Sea Goddess, and be supposed to have power over that element.

<sup>68</sup> *The male sex.*]—Ver. 162. To make Leander the more sensible of her impatience and anxiety, she tells him that she herself is often ready

and the sister of Phryxus were borne on this *sea*, did the female alone give a name to these tremendous waves?

Perhaps thou art afraid that opportunity may be wanting for thy return, or art unable to endure the weight of a redoubled toil. Let us then, setting out from the opposite sides, meet in the midst<sup>69</sup> of the deep; and let us give kisses on our meeting upon the surface of the waves; and then let us each return again to our respective cities. That would be a small *enjoyment*, but *still*, better than none. Either could I wish that this shame, which forces us to love in secret, could give way, or that love, so apprehensive as to character, *could yield!* Now, passion and propriety, things *but* badly united, are at variance. Which I should follow is a matter of doubt; the one is proper, the other ministers to pleasure. When once Pagasæan Jason<sup>70</sup> entered Colchis, he bore off the Phasian damsel placed on board the swift ship. When once the paramour from Ida had come to Lacedæmon, he forthwith returned with his prize. Thou, so often as thou dost obtain the object which thou dost love, dost as often abandon her; and oft as it is dangerous for ships to proceed, thou dost swim.

But still, O youth, the conqueror of the boisterous waters, do thou take care and so despise the sea, as to have due caution. The ships, formed with art, are overpowered with the tempest; dost thou suppose that thy arms can effect more than oars? Whereas, Leander, thou dost wish to swim, the mariners dread it:<sup>71</sup> that is wont to be the catastrophe when the vessel is wrecked. Ah wretched me! I wish not to persuade

to rush into the waves, and is only kept back by reflecting how fatal that sea has been to her sex.

<sup>69</sup> *In the midst.*—Ver. 167. Nothing could have been more happily imagined than this passage, in order to give us a just idea of the tender affection with which Hero and Leander loved each other, or of the pleasure that a real meeting must have afforded them. Who, after reading this, can wonder at the impatience which they express under the misfortune of separation?

<sup>70</sup> *Pagasæan Jason.*—Ver. 175. Weary of her present state of doubt and uncertainty, and reflecting on her lover's danger whenever he visits her, she thinks it would be better for her if she should suffer from Leander the treatment which Medea did from Jason, and Helen from Paris, in being carried away.

<sup>71</sup> *Mariners dread it.*—Ver. 185.<sup>o</sup> It is a curious fact, that by far the greater part of the seafaring class are unable to swim.



thee that to *do* which I entreat thee ; and mayst thou thyself, I pray, be bolder than my precepts ; only do thou come, and do thou throw thy wearied arms, so oft impelled through the waves, around my shoulders.

But, oft as I turn my view to the azure waves, I know not what chill possesses my heaving breast. Not less am I disturbed by the vision of last night, although it has been expiated by rites performed by me. For, towards dawn, the lamp now flickering, (at the time<sup>72</sup> when true visions are wont to be seen) the threads fell from my fingers deadened with sleep, and I laid my neck to be supported on a pillow.<sup>73</sup> Here did I seem to myself, with reality beyond mistake, to see a dolphin swimming over the waves tossed by the winds ; after the billows had dashed it on the soaking sands, at the same moment, the waters and its life abandoned it. Whatever that means, I dread it ; and do not thou laugh at my visions, nor trust thy arms but to an untroubled sea. If thou art regardless of thyself, be regardful of thy much-loved mistress ; who will never be unhurt,<sup>74</sup> but while thou art uninjured.

Still, I have *some* hope of an ensuing calm for the subdued waves ; then, with breast free from peril, cleave the tranquil path. Meantime, since the deep is not to be passed by one swimming, let this letter that is sent soothe the hateful delay:

<sup>72</sup> *At the time.*]—Ver. 196. Apollonius Tyanæus, in his *Life of Philostratus*, tells us that the interpreters of dreams made it always their first question, at what hour the vision appeared ; for, if it was towards morning, they conjectured that the dream was true, because at that time the soul is quite disengaged from the vapours of wine and food. Horace, in his *Tenth Satire*, Book i., alludes to the same belief. Theocritus, also, in the *Idyll* called ‘*Europa*,’ which some ascribe to Moschus, marks distinctly the time of night when dreams are true. ‘*Venus sent an agreeable dream to Europa, when the third watch of the night had almost elapsed, and Aurora was approaching.*’ A few verses after, he adds, ‘*About the time that the troop of real visions hovers round those who are still in the arms of sleep.*’

<sup>73</sup> *On a pillow.*]—Ver. 198. Davison thus translates this line, ‘*And my neck was gently reclined on the barren ridge.*’ ‘*Pulvinus*’ is certainly sometimes ‘*a heap of sand and stones as a foundation for a pillar.*’ and in one instance it means ‘*a sand bank*’ ; but how he came to mistake here what so obviously means ‘*a pillow*,’ it is difficult to conceive.

<sup>74</sup> *Be unhurt.*]—Ver. 206. When she beheld his dead body floating below, she threw herself from the tower, and was drowned.

## EPISTLE XX.

## ACONTIUS TO CYDIPPE.

DELOS was an island in the Ægean sea, the most celebrated of the Cyclades. The Goddess Diana had a temple there, in which she was worshipped with great pomp. A youth named Acontius, being present at the celebration of these rites, beheld Cydippe there, and became deeply enamoured of her. Not daring to make known his passion to her, and fearing a repulse, he devised a novel stratagem, and taking the most beautiful apple he could procure, he wrote upon it the two following verses :

‘ Juro tibi sane, per mystica sacra Dianæ,  
Me tibi venturum comitem, sponsamque futuram.’

‘ I swear to thee inviolably, by the mystic rites of Diana, that I will join myself to thee as thy companion and will be thy bride.’ Having done this, he threw it at the foot of the damsel, who not suspecting the device, took it up and read it, and thereby undesignedly devoted herself to Acontius; as there was at that time a law in force at Delos, that whatever any person should swear in the temple of Diana should be performed and inviolably observed. Her father (not knowing what had happened), having some time after promised her to another, she was suddenly seized with a violent fever, at the time when the marriage solemnities were about to be performed. Acontius hearing of this, and still retaining some hopes of success, is supposed to write the present Epistle to Cydippe, in which he endeavours to persuade her that the fever has been sent by Diana, as a punishment for the breach of the vow made in her presence. These representations are enforced by the various arguments that would be likely, on such an occasion, to occur to a lover.

RECEIVE, Cydippe,<sup>75</sup> the name of the despised Acontius; of him who, by means of the apple, deceived thee. Lay aside<sup>76</sup>

<sup>75</sup> *Receive, Cydippe.*]—The first two lines are—

‘ Accipe, Cydippe, despecti nomen Acontii,  
Illius, in pomo qui tibi verba dedit.’

They are generally considered to be spurious. We may here remark, that in the Tenth Epistle of his First Book, Aristænetus tells this story in a very pleasing manner. Callimachus also depicted the love of Acontius for Cydippe in one of his poems, which is now lost. Antoninus Liberalis tells a similar story in his first book, respecting Ctesilla and Hermocharus. Burmann and Ruhnken think that this and the following Epistle were not written by Ovid. Scaliger attributes the authorship of them to Sabinus.

<sup>76</sup> *Lay aside.*]—Ver. 1. Heinsius observes of this Epistle, that it has suffered more, perhaps, than any other from the carelessness and incorrectness of transcribers; and that in many places it is so defaced, that we are at a loss how to gather any consistent sense.

thy fears ; nothing shalt thou swear here again<sup>77</sup> in favour of thy lover : 'tis enough that thou hast once been promised to me. Read *this* through ; then may thy malady, which, when any part of thee<sup>78</sup> is in pain, is my pain *as well*, depart from that body of *thine*. Why do blushes arise on thy cheeks ? For, as in the temple of Diana, I fancy that thy modest features turn red. I ask for thy alliance and thy plighted faith, *and* nothing criminal ; as thy lawful husband do I love thee, not as an adulterer.

Shouldst thou repeat the words, which, the fruit taken from off the tree, when I threw it, bore to thy chaste hands, thou wilt find that thou dost there promise that which I desire<sup>79</sup> thyself, maiden, rather than the Goddess to bear in mind. Now, too, do I apprehend this *latter* thing ; but still does this *latter alternative* increase my ardour, and the flame augments by delay ; the passion, too, that never was small, is now increased by length of time, and the hopes which thou hadst given me. Hopes didst thou give me ; this passion of mine put trust in thee ; thou canst not deny that this took place, a Goddess the witness. She was present, and in person she marked thy words just as they were ; and shaking her locks, she seemed to approve of thy sayings. Thou mayst be enabled to say that thou wast deceived by my stratagem ; so

<sup>77</sup> *Swear here again.*]—Ver. 1. As Acontius has already deceived Cydippe, she may possibly be apprehensive of some new fraud, and, having that notion, refuse to read the letter. Acontius endeavours to prevent this, by assuring her that he has no further intentions of that kind ; and that, satisfied with having once obtained her promise, he means no more than to remind her of her engagement, and to give her such advice as may lead to her recovery.

<sup>78</sup> *Any part of thee.*]—Ver. 4. If Acontius has been the cause of any disaster to Cydippe, he wishes to persuade her that he has been so purely from accident. His intention was no more than to secure her to himself ; and her own disregard of her vow has occasioned that illness, of which he has suffered all the anguish in the most sensible manner.

<sup>79</sup> *Which I desire.*]—Ver. 11. After 'quod opto,' some of the MSS. insert the two following lines :

' Ni tibi cum verbis excidit illa fides.

Id metui, ut Divæ diffusa est ira ; decebat.'—

' Unless that promise of thine has passed away with the words, *as soon as read*. This did I fear, when the wrath of the Goddess was poured forth. It befitted thee, O maiden, to bear it in mind rather than the Goddess.' Some editions adopt these lines in the text.

long as love is said to have been the cause of<sup>80</sup> my stratagem.

What was the object of my artifice, but that I might be united to thee alone? That, of which<sup>81</sup> thou dost complain, ought to recommend me. I am not so cunning by nature, nor *yet* from long practice; 'tis thou, *dear* girl, believe me, that didst make me *so* inventive. 'Twas Love,<sup>82</sup> fertile in expedients, that bound thee to me, by the words put together by me, if, indeed, I have effected aught. In words dictated by him did I compose the marriage contract;<sup>83</sup> and by the advice of Love did I become skilled in the law. Let fraud be the name of this device, and let me called deceitful, (if indeed<sup>84</sup> it is deceit, to wish to possess what you love). Lo! a second time<sup>85</sup> do I write and send the words of entreaty; this is a second fraud, and thou hast reason to complain. If I offend in that I love,

<sup>80</sup> *Been the cause of.*]—Ver. 22. Acontius seems here to accuse himself, but with considerable cunning and art. He has discovered a method of owning his crime in such a manner as to give it rather the air of a merit. It was excess of love that hurried him on to that bold step. A fault arising from this can plead many circumstances to alleviate it; and the person against whom it is committed is usually the first to forgive it.

<sup>81</sup> *That of which.*]—Ver. 24. Heinsius remarks severely on this line, and is so displeas'd with it, that he rejects the couplet as utterly unworthy of Ovid.

<sup>82</sup> *'Twas Love.*]—Ver. 28. The reader cannot fail to be struck with the ingenious manner in which Acontius excuses his fraud, by throwing the blame entirely upon love. He asserts that he has neither a natural turn for expedients of this kind, nor an aptness produced by use and practice. This assertion is extremely well calculated to gain on Cydippe, as it speaks a passion strong and lasting, and at the same time insinuates that she has been the first to make an impression on his heart.

<sup>83</sup> *Marriage contract.*]—Ver. 29. Among the Romans the 'sponsalia' was a contract made between a man and woman, in such a form as to give each party a right of action in case of non-performance. Instead of the woman, however, the person who betrothed her was a party to the contract.

<sup>84</sup> *If indeed.*]—Ver. 32. This reflection, thrown out after owning his fraud, quite effaces that idea, and leads us insensibly to excuse a step for which he alleges so plausible an excuse.

<sup>85</sup> *A second time.*]—Ver. 33. It is worth while to observe with how much artifice and ingenuity Acontius blends his former fraud of the inscription on the apple, with this latter one of writing her a love Epistle, and in each case throws the blame entirely upon the person and attractive charms of Cydippe. By this he means to insinuate, that, as in the latter instance, there is nothing really criminal, so, in like manner, it ought to be inferred, that the former was equally harmless.

I confess, I shall offend without end ; and thee shall I seek, even shouldst thou thyself take precautions not to be found. Amid swords have others borne off the maidens that pleased them, and shall *a few* letters written by me, with design, be a crime? O that the Gods would grant<sup>86</sup> that I might be enabled to find many *other* ties! so that thy plighted troth might remain at liberty in no degree. A thousand stratagems are left : at the bottom of the hill am I perspiring ; my passion will allow nothing to be untried.

It may be uncertain whether thou canst be won ; assuredly thou shalt be attempted to be won ; the event is with the Gods ; but still shalt thou be won. Though thou shouldst avoid a part, thou shalt not escape the whole of the toils, which Love has extended for thee, more in number than thou dost think for. If artifice is of no avail, to force will I<sup>87</sup> resort ; and, carried off, thou shalt be borne in the bosom that is *so* eager for thee. I am not one who is wont to blame the deeds<sup>88</sup> of Paris ; nor of any one, *indeed*, who, that he might be enabled to become a husband,<sup>89</sup> has proved himself a man. I also will ——— but

<sup>86</sup> *Gods would grant.*]—Ver. 39. It may at first appear somewhat strange that Acontius, who has just before owned his crime, and endeavoured to alleviate it by reason of the circumstances in which he found himself, should suddenly so far change his mind as to avow it openly, and profess his readiness to repeat it a thousand times, did the case admit. But, as we have already remarked, he has by the ingenious turn he gives it, endeavoured to make it appear rather as a merit. It is therefore well-judged, after this, to boast rather of an action that, as he avers, bespeaks the strength of his passion, and to avow that far from repenting of it, he is ready to repeat it, in order to give a fresh testimony of his continued and unalterable love. He has already bound her by one tie ; and so earnest is he to secure her to himself, that were it possible to bind her by a thousand more, he would gladly take that method to prevent a possibility of losing her.

<sup>87</sup> *To force will I.*]—Ver. 47. From a remark in the 47th Chapter of Petronius Arbitrator, we find that ‘*sudare in clivo*,’ was a common proverb among the Romans, used to describe a difficulty which it required great pains to surmount.

<sup>88</sup> *Blame the deeds.*]—Ver. 49. Acontius makes this remark, to show that his resolution is fixed and unalterable, and that he is not to be deterred by any sense of danger. His temper naturally makes him incline to soft and gentle measures ; but if these are not successful, he wants not courage to take an effectual course. His disposition does not lead him to blame either Paris or Theseus ; and even a certainty that death must be the consequence, will not shake his resolution.

<sup>89</sup> *A husband.*]—Ver. 50. The word ‘*vir*’ has the two significations of

I am silent. Though death should be the reward of this violence, it will be a less *punishment* than not to have possessed thee. Or, hadst thou been less beautiful, thou mightst be sought with moderation; by thy *very* beauty am I forced to be audacious.

This dost thou<sup>90</sup> effect, and thy eyes, to which the burning stars yield, *those eyes*, which were the cause of my flames. This do thy yellow locks and thy ivory neck *effect*; those hands too, which I trust, may meet around my neck. Thy gracefulness too, and thy features, modest without coyness, and thy feet, such<sup>91</sup> as I can hardly believe Thetis to possess. Were I able to commend the rest, I should be more happy; and I question not but that the whole frame is uniform in itself. Impelled by these charms, 'tis not to be wondered at, if I wished to have a pledge from thy own lips. In fine, since thou art compelled to confess that thou hast been deceived, prove thyself a damsel deceived<sup>92</sup> by my device. I will endure the obloquy; let his reward be given to him who submits to it. Why is its reward withheld from a crime so great? Telamon took Hesione,<sup>93</sup> Achilles, the daughter of Brises; each conquered *damsel* attended her conqueror.

Thou mayst accuse me as much as thou shalt please, and mayst be enraged; only let it be granted me to be able to obtain thee thus enraged. I, the same person who causes *this* anger,

'husband,' and 'man.' Ovid here plays upon it; the word 'vir' being understood after 'fuit'; 'who, that he might be a husband, has proved himself a man.'

<sup>90</sup> *This dost thou.*—Ver. 55. He studiously softens what he says, by giving it such a turn as is most likely to make it agreeable to his mistress. Cydippe can scarcely refuse to forgive a fault that took its rise in admiration of her charms. Flattery is one of the methods too often used for promoting our advances with the fair sex, and it is very often crowned with an ill-deserved success.

<sup>91</sup> *Thy feet such.*—Ver. 60. We may take it for granted that Thetis was noted for the whiteness of her feet, inasmuch as Homer gives her the epithet of ἀργυρόπεζα, 'the silver-footed' Goddess.

<sup>92</sup> *A damsel deceived.*—Ver. 66. Ovid here falls into his usual failing of playing upon words, whenever he has the opportunity. 'Capta' may mean either 'deceived,' or 'obligated,' according to the context. Cydippe would readily own that she had been deceived, and would complain of it as an injury.

<sup>93</sup> *Took Hesione.*—Ver. 69. Hercules, after punishing Laomedon for his perfidy, gave his daughter Hesione to his friend Telamon.

will appease it when caused ; only let me have a little opportunity of soothing thee. Let me stand weeping before thy face, and let me add words to their appropriate tears ; and as slaves are wont, when they dread the cruel lash, *allow* me to stretch my hands in supplication to thy feet. Thou art ignorant of thy rights;<sup>94</sup> call me; why, *thus* absent, am I accused? Command me to come, in the manner of one who has long been my mistress. Though tyrannically thou shouldst tear my locks, and my features should be made livid with thy fingers, all *this* will I endure ; perhaps I shall only be fearful lest those hands *of thine* should be hurt by my body. But secure me neither with fetters nor with chains ; bound by constant affection for thee I shall be retained.

When thy wrath shall have quite expended itself, and as much as it shall wish, thou wilt say to thyself, "How patiently does he love!" When thou shalt see me enduring everything, thou wilt say to thyself, "He who serves so well, *still* let him serve me." Now, to my sorrow, I am condemned in my absence ; and my cause, though it is most just, fails, no one defending it. And let this<sup>95</sup> writing of mine, as is proper *to be done*, be an injury *on my part* ; thou hast reason then to complain of me alone. The Delian Goddess ought not to be deceived,<sup>96</sup> as well, with me ; if thou dost not wish to perform thy promise for me, perform it for the Goddess. She was present, and she saw when thou, deceived, didst blush ; and with tenacious ear, she treasured up thy words. Let omens fail of being realized ; nothing is more infuriate than she, when, as I wish she may not, she beholds her divine power set at nought.

<sup>94</sup> *Of thy rights.*—Ver. 79. Acontius professes himself to be her slave, and is willing to submit to all that can be exacted of one in that position ; but he seems to insinuate at the same time, that she uses him with more rigour than is commonly used, even towards the very lowest of that ill-treated class. He complains that she will not allow him to plead his own cause, but condemns him without a hearing.

<sup>95</sup> *And let this.*—Ver. 93. Heinsius is so dissatisfied with the corrupt state of this and the following line, that he is inclined to reject the distich altogether.

<sup>96</sup> *To be deceived.*—Ver. 95. 'Fallere Deos,' 'to deceive the Gods,' was a common way of speaking among the Romans, when they wished to express the neglect of a vow made to any of the Divinities:

The boar of Calydon<sup>97</sup> shall be my witness ; for we know how a mother was found more savage than it towards her child.<sup>98</sup> Actæon, too,<sup>99</sup> is a witness, *who was* once believed to be a wild beast by those *hounds* with which before he pursued the wild beasts to the death. The vain-glorious mother, too, who even now exists, as she weeps in the Mygdonian land,<sup>1</sup> the rock growing over her body. Alas! Cydippe! I dread to tell thee the truth, lest I should appear to be admonishing thee falsely for my own sake. Still, speak I must ; it is on this account, believe me, that *thus* often thou art lying ill at the time for thy nuptials. She herself has a care for thee ; she is striving that thou mayst not prove perjured ; and she desires thee to be safe, thy oath being unbroken. Thence it arises, that as often as thou dost attempt to prove perfidious, so often does she correct thy guiltiness. Cease to provoke the hostile bow of the implacable Virgin ; still may she become softened, if thou wilt permit her.

Forbear, I pray, to enfeeble thy tender limbs with fevers ; let that form be preserved to be enjoyed by me ; let *those* features be preserved that were produced for *the purpose* of inflaming me ; those lively blushes, too, that are upon thy snow-white complexion. If any one of *my* enemies should strive that thou mayst not be mine, then may he be, as, when thou art ill, it is wont to be with me. Whether thou dost wed *another*, or whether *thou art* ill, I am equally tortured ; nor can I say myself which I would the least desire. Sometimes I am distracted, because I am the cause of thy being

<sup>97</sup> *Boar of Calydon.*]—Ver. 101. The story of the Calydonian boar which was sent by Diana, is told in the Eighth Book of the Metamorphoses.

<sup>98</sup> *Towards her child.*]—Ver. 102. Heinsius inveighs much against this passage, which he thinks has been inserted by some Scholiast, who, having added the instance of the Calydonian boar to those of Niobe and Actæon, might perhaps turn it into a distich, and afterwards, in transcribing, insert it in the text ; Lennep, however, thinks it to be genuine.

<sup>99</sup> *Actæon, too.*]—Ver. 103. The sad fate of Actæon is related in the Third Book of the Metamorphoses.

<sup>1</sup> *Mygdonian land.*]—Ver. 106. Mygdonia was properly a portion of Macedonia, between the rivers Axios and Strymon. Lydia, in Asia Minor, is supposed to have received a colony from Mygdonia, and is here called by the epithet Mygdonia. The story of Niobe, which is here referred to, is related in the Sixth Book of the Metamorphoses.



in pain; and I reflect that through my cunning thou art afflicted. May the perjuries of my mistress, I pray, fall upon this head<sup>2</sup> of mine; let her be safe from a punishment that is my due. Still, that I may not be ignorant how thou dost fare, many a time, in my anxiety, do I go secretly to thy threshold, to and fro. Stealthily do I follow after *some* handmaid or servant, enquiring what sleep or what nourishment has refreshed thee.

Ah wretched me! that I do not administer the prescriptions of the physicians, and chafe thy hands,<sup>3</sup> and press upon thy couch. And again, ah wretched me! that, myself removed far thence, perhaps another, *one* whom I could far from wish, is there. He chafes those hands of *thine*, and sits by thee in thy illness, hated by the Gods above, and, with the Gods above, by myself. And while with his thumb he feels the throbbing pulse,<sup>4</sup> on this pretence he often grasps thy fair arms; and he touches thy bosom, and perhaps gives thee kisses; too ample for his services is that reward.

“Who has given thee leave to reap my harvest beforehand? Who has granted thee a path to the boundaries of another? That bosom is mine; basely dost thou usurp kisses that are mine; keep thy hands off the body *that is* promised to me. Wretch! keep off thy hands; she whom thou art touching is to be mine; if thou shouldst do this again, thou wilt be an adulterer. Choose from among those disengaged one that another may not claim for himself; if thou knowest it not, this property has its owner. And do not trust me; let the form of her engagement be read over; and that thou mayst not say it is false, make herself repeat it. To thee I say, to thee, depart from the nuptial chamber of another man. What art thou doing here? Begone, this bed is not disengaged. For, although thou, too, hast another form of an engagement sanctioned by man, still thy cause will not for that reason be equal to my own. To me did she bind herself; to thee did her father *promise her*, the next after herself; but surely she

<sup>2</sup> *Upon this head.*]—Ver 127. This was an imprecation much in use among the Greeks.

<sup>3</sup> *Chafe thy hands.*]—Ver. 134. ‘Effingo’ means ‘to press gently,’ probably ‘to chafe.’

<sup>4</sup> *Throbbing pulse.*]—Ver. 139. The feeling of her pulse and other minute circumstances are very naturally described.

herself is one degree nearer to herself than is her father. Her father has promised hers, he has vowed herself to her lover ; he *called* men *to witness*, she appealed to the testimony of a Goddess. He fears to be called a deceiver, she, *to be called* perjured. Canst thou question whether this or that is the more substantial fear ? In fine, that thou mayst be able to compare the dangers of both, look at the results ; she keeps her bed, *while* he is well.<sup>5</sup> We are entering the lists, too, with unequal feelings ; neither have we equal hopes, nor *yet* equal fears. Thou art wooing without fear *for the result* ; a repulse is more insupportable than death to me. And that object I am now in love with, which thou, perhaps, wilt love *at a future time*. If thou hadst *any* regard for justice, *if any* for propriety, *at least* thou thyself wouldst have given way to my passion.”

Now, since he inhumanly contends for an unjust claim, to what, Cydippe, does my letter tend ? He is causing thee to lie in sickness, and to be suspected by Diana : if thou wast wise, thou wouldst forbid him to approach thy threshold. While he does this, thou art undergoing so severe a struggle for thy life ; and I wish that he who causes it may perish instead of thee. Shouldst thou reject him, and not love one whom the Goddess condemns ; instantly thou *wouldst recover*, and doubtless I should be healed. Banish thy fears, maiden, thou shalt enjoy established health ; only take care and venerate the temple<sup>6</sup> that was conscious of thy engagement. The powers of heaven rejoice not in the slaughtered ox, but in the faith which even without a witness to be kept. Let others endure iron and fire to recover health ; to others the bitter potions give an unpleasant relief. Of these thou hast no need ; only avoid *the guilt of* perjury, and preserve at the same moment thyself, and me, and thy plighted vows. The being unaware will give thee pardon for thy past faults ; the agreement read *by thee* may have escaped thy recollection.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *He is well.*]—Ver. 164. This argument is more specious than good. There was no reason for her father incurring the wrath of the Divinities ; for so far, he had adhered to his promise made in betrothing her.

<sup>6</sup> *Venerate the temple.*]—Ver. 180. He is chiefly anxious that Cydippe shall not forget her vow. He is therefore very properly represented as admonishing her to repair frequently to the temple, that being the most likely method of reminding her of her obligation.

<sup>7</sup> *Escaped thy recollection.*]—Ver. 188. This is artfully introduced

Now art thou put in mind by my words, now by these toils;<sup>8</sup> which, so oft as thou dost endeavour to escape them, thou art wont to carry *together with thyself*. Even on these being avoided, still, in child-birth thou wilt have to entreat her to extend to thee the hands that give the light.<sup>9</sup> She will hearken to *thee*; and calling to mind what has been heard, she will enquire by what husband thy travail is occasioned. *Then* wilt *thou* be making vows; she knows that thou dost make false promises; *then* wilt thou be swearing; she knows that thou art capable of deceiving the Deities. I am not concerned for myself; by greater cares am I harassed; my breast is anxious on account of thy life. Why now are thy trembling parents lamenting thee in this doubtful state, whom thou dost cause to be in ignorance of thy transgression? And why should they be in ignorance? Thou shouldst disclose every thing to thy mother. Thy actions, Cydippe, have nothing *for thee* to be ashamed of.

Take care and state in order how thou wast first known to me, while thou wast<sup>10</sup> performing the rites of the quivered Goddess; how, on beholding thee, suddenly (if perchance thou didst observe it) I stood with my gaze fixed upon thy

by Acontius, who must be aware that a promise of this kind is not likely to slip out of Cydippe's memory. It is however, his interest to suppose it, because, by furnishing her with this excuse, he gives her a fairer opportunity of owning that she has before been in the wrong, in neglecting a promise so solemnly made in the presence of the Goddess.

<sup>8</sup> *By these toils.*]—Ver. 189. The word 'cassibus' signifies 'nets' or 'toils'; but some of the editions have 'casibus,' 'misfortunes,' in its place. The former is, perhaps, the correct reading, as both Ovid and Tibullus use the words 'cassis' in subjects relating to love. Heinsius and Burmann approve of 'cassibus,' while Lennep and Amor prefer 'casibus.' The word evidently alludes to the sickness by which Diana had endeavoured to prevent Cydippe from incurring the guilt of perjury.

<sup>9</sup> *Give the light.*]—Ver. 192. Women, in childbirth, invoked Diana Lucina, who was supposed peculiarly to have the charge of them, and to assist in bringing the child to light. Hence the Poet gives the title of 'luciferas' to her hands.

<sup>10</sup> *While thou wast.*]—Ver. 204. 'Dum facit ipsa' seems more likely to be the true reading than 'dum facis ipsa.' 'While she (your mother) was performing the rites.' For we learn from the Epistle of Cydippe, that she and her nurse were walking about and viewing the remarkable things in the place, while her mother was performing the sacrifice; and that while she was so walking, the apple fell at her feet.

limbs ; how, while I was admiring thee too much, a sure sign of my distraction, my cloak<sup>11</sup> slipped and fell from off my shoulders. *How*, afterwards an apple came rolling, whence I know not, bearing in skilful characters the ensnaring words ; how, because this was read in the presence of the holy Diana, thy faith was pledged, a Divinity the witness. But that she may not be ignorant what was the meaning of the inscription, repeat now as well the words once read by thee. She will say, I trust, “Marry him to whom the gracious Deities unite thee ; let him be my son-in-law who thou hast sworn shall so be. Whoever he is, let him be agreeable *to me* ; since he has already proved agreeable to Diana. Such will thy mother prove, if only she shall prove a mother.

But still do thou bid her, too, enquire who and what I am ; she will find that the Goddess has been considerate for thee. An island, Cea<sup>12</sup> by name, once very much ennobled by the Corycian<sup>13</sup> Nymphs, is encircled by the Ægean sea. That is my native land ; and if thou hast any esteem for noble names, I am not said to be descended from despicable ancestors. I have also riches ; my morals, too, are without reproach ; and,

<sup>11</sup> *My cloak.*]—Ver. 208. Though commonly translated by the word ‘cloak,’ the ‘pallium’ of the ancients differed very materially from that article of dress. It was a square piece of cloth which came direct from the loom in that shape, and did not require any forming or cutting out by the tailor. The ‘pallia’ were mostly worn in an undyed state, consequently white, brown, and grey were the prevailing colours. They were sometimes dyed of crimson, purple, and saffron colour. Sometimes they were striped, and they then resembled our checks or plaids. Flowers were sometimes interwoven, and occasionally with gold thread. Wool was the most common material. They were not only used for wearing, but also for spreading over beds and couches, and for covering the body during sleep ; in fact, the word ‘pallium’ as often means a coverlet as a garment. Sometimes they were used as carpets, and sometimes as awnings or curtains. When worn, it was passed over the left shoulder, then drawn behind the back and under the right arm, leaving it bare, and then thrown again over the left shoulder. For a very full account of the ‘pallium,’ see Dr. Smith’s Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities.

<sup>12</sup> *An island, Cea.*]—Ver. 222. Cea, or Ceos, was an island of the Ægean Sea, near Eubœa.

<sup>13</sup> *Corycian.*]—Ver. 221. The Muses are so called from Corycus, the name of a cave on Mount Parnassus. The reading is probably corrupt, as it is not known that there was any particular relation between the Muses and the island of Cea.

though there were nothing more, affection unites me to thyself. Even hadst thou not made the vow, thou mightst have longed for such a husband; such a one had been acceptable, even if thou hadst not made the vow. These words in my sleep did Phœbe, who hurls the javelin, bid me write to thee; these words did Love bid me, while awake, to write to thee. Our welfare is united; have compassion both on me and on thyself. Why dost thou hesitate to give one relief for *us* both?

And if it should fall to my lot, when now the appointed signal<sup>14</sup> shall sound, and Delos shall be stained with votive blood; a golden likeness of the lucky apple shall be erected, and the reason shall be inscribed in *these* two lines; "Acontius declares, by the resemblance of this apple, that what was written upon it was performed."

That too long an Epistle may not harass thy weakened frame, and that it may be closed for thee with the usual conclusion—Farewell.

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### EPISTLE XXI.

#### CYDIPPE TO ACONTIUS.

HAVING received the foregoing Epistle from Acontius, and on perusing it, finding reason to suspect that her present illness has proceeded from the resentment of Diana at her broken vow, Cydippe is inclined to yield to the wishes of Acontius, even against the will of her parents, rather than continue under her present affliction. She begins by professing her unwillingness to be too free in acquainting him with her sentiments, lest, as before, in the case of the apple, she may insensibly enter into a new engagement. After this, she takes the opportunity of mentioning her first arrival at Delos, and the manner in which she was ensnared by the contrivance of her lover; and her narrative is beautified by its circumstantial relation, and the justice of her reflections. Towards the conclusion of the Epistle, after inveighing against his treachery, she gradually softens to compliance, and shows concern to remove his suspicions and the jealousy which he entertains against his rival. In conclusion, she gives her consent, and ends with a hope that the nuptials may be celebrated immediately.

THY letter<sup>15</sup> has come as usual, Acontius, and had almost betrayed my eyes.

<sup>14</sup> *Appointed signal.*]—Ver. 235. People were summoned to the sacrifice by the sound of the trumpet; it was performed to the music of the pipe and other instruments.

<sup>15</sup> *Thy letter.*]—These two lines,

'Litera pervenit tua, quo consuevit, Aconti,  
Et pene est oculis insidiata meis'

I was much alarmed, and without a murmur<sup>16</sup> did I read thy writing, lest unconsciously my tongue might swear by some Divinities. And I think thou wouldst again have ensnared me,<sup>17</sup> unless, as thou thyself dost confess, thou didst know that it was enough for me once to have been promised. Nor would I have read it; but, if I had proved obdurate to thee, perhaps the wrath of the cruel Goddess would have been increased. Though I do every thing, though I offer pious frankincense to Diana, still does she favour thee in more than an ordinary degree; and as thou dost wish it to be supposed, she avenges thee with resentful anger.

Hardly did she prove such towards her own Hippolytus.<sup>18</sup> But with more propriety would she, a virgin, have proved kind to the years of a virgin; which, I fear, she wishes to be of but short duration for me.<sup>19</sup> For my illness continues, while the cause is not perceptible; and, in my exhaustion, I am refreshed by no aid of the physician. Canst thou believe how, thin *as I am*, I can hardly write this to thee, and how I can hardly rest on my elbow my wearied limbs? To this are added my apprehensions lest any one but my nurse, my confidant, should know that we have an interchange of correspondence. Before the door is she seated; and, that I may be enabled to write in safety, to those who enquire what

are found in some of the MSS., but are generally considered to be spurious. Indeed, the last line seems to contradict the next, which usually commences the Epistle, and in which she says that she has read his letter.

<sup>16</sup> *Without a murmur.*]—Ver. 1. That is, in perfect silence, without so much as a whisper; as she fears that she may commit another error, and unadvisedly contract some fresh engagement.

<sup>17</sup> *Have ensnared me.*]—Ver. 3. Cydippe has reason to form this conclusion, from the earnestness which he has shown in his letter to secure her. He even says himself, expressly, that had it been possible to secure her by yet stronger ties, no means would have been left untried by him.

<sup>18</sup> *Her own Hippolytus.*]—Ver. 10. Hippolytus was dear to Diana, by reason of his extreme chastity and his fondness for the chase.

<sup>19</sup> *For me.*]—Ver. 12. We may here remark, that in all the MSS., with the exception of three, there is a deficiency of the rest of this Epistle. Many of the critics are therefore of opinion, that the verses which follow this line are not the composition of Ovid, but have been supplied by some other Poet. This notion possibly receives some weight from the remark of many of the learned, that the whole Epistle falls short of the usual spirit and elegance of Ovid.

I am doing within,<sup>20</sup> she says, "She is asleep." Afterwards, when sleep, the best pretext for long privacy, ceases, through the length of time slowly passing, to be a plausible *excuse*, and *when* she sees some one coming whom it is a difficult matter not to admit, she coughs,<sup>21</sup> and by *this* feigned signal she gives me warning. Just as I am, in haste, I leave the words unfinished, and the concealed letter is hidden in my palpitating bosom. Afterwards, taken out again it wearies my fingers; thou thyself seest<sup>22</sup> how great a labour it is to me.

May I die, to speak the truth, if thou art deserving of this; but I am kinder than thy due, and than what thou dost deserve. And have I, then, on thy account, uncertain of my recovery, so often paid the penalty for thy artifices, and do I *still* pay it? Is this the reward that falls to me for my extraordinary beauty, thou being my admirer? And is it criminal to have proved agreeable? If, which I would have preferred, I had appeared ugly to thee, my body, censured *for its imperfections*, would have been requiring no assistance. Now, when admired, I am groaning *with anguish*; now with your contentions<sup>23</sup> you are destroying me; and from my own

<sup>20</sup> *Am doing within.*]—Ver. 19. 'Intus' is a reading very happily substituted by Heinsius for 'inter,' which was the general reading before, 'rogantibus inter' being taken to mean 'interrogantibus.' This was one of the passages severely censured by the critics, and pronounced to be unworthy of the genius of Ovid. They could not imagine it probable that a Poet so distinguished by plainness and evenness of style, would have used the figure Tmesis in this word, and at the end of a line. We may here remark, that the word 'Tmesis' is derived from the Greek word *τέμνω*, 'to divide,' and that it is a figure by which the parts of a compound word are divided by the interposition of another.

<sup>21</sup> *She coughs.*]—Ver. 24. 'Exscreo' seems to imply a combination of coughing and spitting. This inelegant method of giving a signal is elsewhere mentioned by Ovid. She alludes here to the visits of the persons of her family, who had a right to enter her chamber.

<sup>22</sup> *Thyself seest.*]—Ver. 28. Probably in allusion to the unevenness of the writing. We are to suppose that she writes while sitting up in bed; consequently, from her position, the labour of writing would be materially increased.

<sup>23</sup> *Your contentions.*]—Ver. 37. The word 'vestro' being used, we must understand this censure as being directed against both Acontius and his rival, though, in reality, only the former was in fault. But, as the addresses of the other were an obstruction to her being the wife of Acontius, and consequently both brought on her present illness and retarded her recovery, he, too, is complained of as having contributed to her misfortune.

merits do I receive the wound. While neither dost thou give way, nor does he think himself thy inferior; thou dost prove an obstacle to his desires, he to thine. I myself am tossed to and fro, just like a ship, which the strong Boreas is driving out to the open sea, *as* the tide and the waves carry it back.

And when *now* the day, wished for by my dear parents, is at hand, just then an extreme fever pervades my body; and at the very moment for my forced marriage stern Persephone<sup>24</sup> is knocking at my door. I am ashamed now, *for some undefined reason*; and I am in dread, although I am not conscious to myself *of guilt*, lest I should appear to have deserved the Gods to be angry. One affirms that this happens through chance; and another declares that this husband is not acceptable to the Gods above. And do not suppose that report says nothing against thee as well; a part believe that this happens through thy enchantments. The cause is unknown; my sufferings are evident; you *two*, banishing peace, wage hostile warfare; I bear the punishment. Continue still,<sup>25</sup> and deceive me<sup>26</sup> in thy usual manner; what wilt thou do in hatred, when in love thou dost thus afflict me? If thou dost injure<sup>27</sup> what thou dost love, to good purpose wilt thou love thy enemy.

<sup>24</sup> *Stern Persephone.*—Ver. 46. When Cydippe says that Persephone is knocking at the door, she means that the fever rages with such violence as to threaten her with death. Tibullus has a similar passage. ‘At mihi Persephone nigram denunciat horam.’ ‘But Persephone warns me of the gloomy hour.’

<sup>25</sup> *Continue still.*—Ver. 55. The usual reading is ‘Dicam nunc,’ ‘Now I will tell you:’ but Heinsius thinks it should be ‘I jam nunc.’ This has been adopted, as it renders the sense clear and distinct, which the other reading does not.

<sup>26</sup> *Deceive me.*—Ver. 55. Cydippe hints at her sufferings and the cause of them, which, according to his own account, is his love. If then his love is so fatal to her, what must she not fear from his hatred. This gives rise to her injunction, that he shall still persist in deceiving her; as she has less reason to apprehend danger from that, than if he should change his mind.

<sup>27</sup> *Thou dost injure.*—Ver. 57. If, as has been suggested, Ovid really was not the author of this Epistle, it is clear that whoever composed it has copied him very closely in his ingenious turns and witticisms, as they are imitated with the greatest exactness. The present distich is an admirable instance of those argumentative turns which bear such strong marks of the forensic education of the writer.



That thou mayst save me, I pray thee, wish to be ready<sup>28</sup> to destroy me. Either thou hast<sup>29</sup> now no regard for the fair for whom thou didst sigh, whom in thy cruelty thou art allowing to perish by an undeserved fate; or else, if in vain the unrelenting Goddess is entreated by thee in my behalf, why boast about thyself to me? Thou hast no influence *with her*. Choose which<sup>30</sup> to adopt. *If* thou dost not choose to propitiate Diana, *then* thou art forgetful of me; *if* thou canst not, *then* is she *forgetful* of thee.

I could wish either that Delos had never been known by me in the Ægean waves, or, *at least*, not on that occasion. At that moment was my bark launched in an inauspicious sea, and unlucky was the hour for my intended voyage. With which foot<sup>31</sup> did I commence my journey? With which foot did I move from the threshold? With which foot did I touch the painted sides of the swift bark? But twice with adverse gales did our canvass bear us back. Alas! in my distraction, I am speaking falsely! those

<sup>28</sup> *To be ready.*]—Ver. 58. Heinsius contends, and with considerable justice, that there must be some mistake here on the part of the transcribers. ‘Velle velis’ is a way of speaking, harsh and unpoetical in the extreme. He would therefore substitute for it ‘perdere, dure, velis,’ ‘that, cruel one, thou mayst wish to injure me.’

<sup>29</sup> *Either thou hast.*]—Ver. 59. This reasoning of Cydippe, with reference to the wrath of the offended Goddess, is specious, but still it is fallacious. Whatever degree of favour Acontius might enjoy from the Goddess, his prayers could not avail to pacify her resentment, unless Cydippe at the same time should resolve to perform her engagement; for, as the breach of her vow had first provoked her wrath, so there was no way left to remove it, but by removing the offence. Acontius therefore had done all that could be expected from him; he had acquainted Cydippe in what manner she was to hope for relief, and, if she should refuse the terms, the blame would not be his.

<sup>30</sup> *Choose which.*]—Ver. 63. The argument that Cydippe here uses against Acontius is what we commonly term a ‘dilemma,’ in which method of reasoning an adversary is puzzled whichever side he takes. Cydippe tells him, that take which he pleases, there is nothing on either side of the argument in the least favourable to his cause. ‘Either you do not wish to appease Diana, or you cannot do it. If the former is the case, you are regardless of me; if the latter, Diana is regardless of you.’

<sup>31</sup> *With which foot.*]—Ver. 69. Among other superstitions, the ancients were careful not to set out on a journey by moving the left foot first, as that was an omen of ill.

*gales* were propitious. Propitious were those *gales* that bore me back as I sped; and that opposed my ill-fated voyage. And would that they had remained obstinately opposed to my sails! but it is ridiculous to complain of the inconstancy of the winds.

Attracted by<sup>32</sup> the fame of the place, I hastened to visit Delos; and I seemed to be making the voyage in a slow ship. How often did I utter reproaches against the oars, as though tardy; and I complained that *too* little sail was given to the winds. And now had I passed Myconos, now Tenos and Andros;<sup>33</sup> and bright Delos was before my eyes. Soon as I beheld it from afar, I said, "Island, why dost thou retreat from me? Art thou floating in the great sea as in former times?" I reached the land, when now, day nearly past, the Sun was preparing to take the harness off his purple steeds. After he had recalled them to their wonted rising, my locks were dressed by the order of my mother. She herself put jewels on my fingers, and gold upon my locks,<sup>34</sup> and she herself placed the garments upon my shoulders. At once, going forth, we presented to the Gods above, to whom the island is sacred, saluted *by us*, yellow frankincense and wine. And while my mother was staining the altars with votive blood,

<sup>32</sup> *Attracted by.*—Ver. 77. The descriptions of the Poet are generally consistent with truth and nature. There is nothing more common when any misfortune has happened to us, than to recal to our mind all the little circumstances and particulars that have concurred to produce it. We are apt to imagine a certain fatality in things, and to see ourselves hurried on by a train of circumstances that rendered it unavoidable. Thus, Cydippe, from a reflection on her misfortune, is led to revert to its origin, and the several steps by which it has been brought about. The narrative is diversified with very apt reflections; and all the particulars that may have conducted to her sorrows are mentioned with great exactness. Delos was an island in the Ægean Sea, the chief of the Cyclades, especially famous for the birth there of Apollo and Diana. It was said to have formerly floated under the waves.

<sup>33</sup> *And Andros.*—Ver. 81. Andros was an island in the Ægean sea, opposite the coast of Eubœa. Myconos was one of the Cyclades. Tenos was also an island in the Ægean sea.

<sup>34</sup> *Upon my locks.*—Ver. 89. Burmann would prefer 'cruribus,' in place of 'crinibus,' and would take the word 'aurum,' to refer to leggings or garters embroidered with gold. Ovid seems, however, really to refer to the 'crinale,' or 'bodkin,' worn in the hair. The mother's pride in dressing the girl in all her finery is beautifully depicted.

and was heaping up the hallowed entrails on the smoking altars ; my attentive nurse led me also to the other temples, and with wandering steps we strayed through the holy spots. And sometimes I sauntered in the porticos, sometimes I admired the gifts of the kings, and the statues that stood in every quarter ; I admired, too, the altar built of horns<sup>35</sup> innumerable, and the tree<sup>36</sup> against which the Goddess leaned in her labour ; the other things, too, besides, which Delos possesses, (for neither do I remember, nor do I care to mention, whatever I saw there.)

Perhaps, Acontius, while beholding these things, I was beheld by thee, and my simplicity seemed to be able to be ensnared. I returned to the temple of Diana, lofty with its steps ;<sup>37</sup> what place ought to have been more secure than that ? An apple is thrown before my feet with an inscription like this—Ah me ! now, again, had I almost sworn to thee.—My nurse took this up, and, surprised, she said, “ Read it over.” Then, wondrous poet, did I read thy ensnaring words. The name of wedlock mentioned, confused with shame I felt that I was blushing all over my cheeks ; my eyes, too, I kept as though fixed on my bosom ; eyes that had been made the accomplices of thy design. Traitor ! why dost thou rejoice ? Or what glory has been acquired by thee ? Or what renown hast thou, a man, for having deceived a maiden ? Defended by a buckler,<sup>38</sup> I had not taken my stand, wielding the battle-axe ; like Penthesilea<sup>39</sup> on the Ilian shores. No

<sup>35</sup> *Built of horns.*—Ver. 99. Callimachus says that this altar was built by Apollo, with the horns of beasts that had been slain by Diana in the chase. An anonymous author adds, that they were all the right horns of beasts that had been slain in one day.

<sup>36</sup> *And the tree.*—Ver. 100. We are told in the Sixth Book of the *Metamorphoses*, l. 335, that Latona, when she was delivered of Apollo and Diana, leaned against an olive and a palm tree.

<sup>37</sup> *With its steps.*—Ver. 105. The ancients, in building their temples to the Gods, generally made choice of an elevated situation.

<sup>38</sup> *By a buckler.*—Ver. 117. The ‘pelta’ was a small light shield, first introduced among the Greeks by Iphicrates. It was generally made of wood or wicker, covered with skin or leather. It is said by some authors to have been quadrangular. A light shield of that character having been part of the national armour of Thrace, it was attributed to the Amazons, in whose hands it is sometimes represented as elliptical, and sometimes with a semi-circular indentation, in shape like a half moon.

<sup>39</sup> *Penthesilea.*—Ver. 118. Penthesilea was a queen of the Amazons,

belt, embossed with Amazonian gold, was borne off as a booty by thee, as though from Hippolyta.<sup>40</sup>

Why dost thou exult if thy words did<sup>41</sup> act the deceiver for me; and if I, a thoughtless girl, was caught by thy stratagem? An apple beguiled Cydippe, *so did* an apple *deceive* the daughter of Schœneus.<sup>42</sup> Thou wilt now be a second Hippomenes, forsooth. But it had<sup>43</sup> been better (if that boy had possession of thee, who, as thou sayest, carries I know not what torches), after the usual manner with honourable men, not to debase thy hopes by fraudulence; I ought to have been solicited, not circumvented by thee. Why, since thou didst sigh for me, didst thou not think that those *points* ought to be urged on account of which thou thyself wast worthy to be desired by me? Why wast thou willing rather to force than to persuade me, if, on learning thy proposal, I could have been won over? Of what advantage to thee now is the form of the oath, and the tongue that called the Goddess personally to witness? It is the intention<sup>44</sup> that takes the oath; in that I have not sworn; that alone is able to give weight to what we say. Design and the avowed pur-

who was said to have invented the battle-axe. Going to the Trojan war to assist Priam, she was slain by Achilles, who afterwards manifested extreme sorrow for her fate.

<sup>40</sup> *Hippolyta.*—Ver. 120. She alludes to the task enjoined by Eurystheus upon Hercules, of obtaining the belt of Hippolyta, the queen of the Amazons. Cydippe means that Acontius, in triumphing over her, can acquire no such glory as Hercules did in vanquishing Hippolyta.

<sup>41</sup> *Thy words did.*—Ver. 121. As usual on all possible occasions, he puns on the word 'verba.' 'Verba' alone means 'words,' but 'verba dare,' is a phrase meaning 'to deceive.'

<sup>42</sup> *Daughter of Schœneus.*—Ver. 123. The story of Atalanta, the daughter of Schœneus, and how she was vanquished in the race by Hippomenes, is related in the Tenth Book of the Metamorphoses.

<sup>43</sup> *But it had.*—Ver. 125. Cydippe here begins to relent, and to betray her affection for Acontius. She could be content to fall to his lot, but, if possible, with less danger and misery to herself. She therefore blames him for not having addressed her in the usual and approved mode. It would have been both a more honorable and a safer way of proceeding. He has now nothing to trust to but the semblance of an oath, which, as it was pronounced without the assent of the will or the judgment, cannot, with any appearance of reason, be deemed binding.

<sup>44</sup> *The intention.*—Ver. 135. Here, at least, her argument is quite unanswerable.

pose of the intention form the oath, and no fetters but those of the judgment are binding.

If I intended to engage myself to thee in wedlock ; *then* insist upon the due rights of the promised alliance. But if I have given thee nothing except *mere* words without meaning ; thou dost vainly depend upon words destitute of their *proper* force. I have taken no oath ; I have read the form of an oath. Not in such manner as that wast thou to be chosen for my husband. Deceive others in the same manner ; let an epistle come after the apple. If this is binding, carry off the great wealth of the rich man ; make kings to swear<sup>45</sup> that they will give to thee their realms ; and, whatever pleases thee throughout the whole world, let it be thine. By that same (believe me) thou art much greater than Diana herself, if thy writing has a divine power so efficacious *in its favour*.

*And yet*, when I have said these things, when I have resolutely refused myself to thee, when the reason of my promise has been *so* well discussed ; I confess that I stand in dread of the wrath of the relentless daughter of Latona ; and I suspect that from that quarter my body is afflicted. For why, so oft as the nuptial rites are in preparation, do the languid limbs of the destined bride as often fail ? Three times has approaching Hymenæus now fled at the altars erected for me, and turned his back on the threshold of my nuptial chamber. The lamps, too, so often filled by the wearied hand, with difficulty are lighted up ; hardly do the torches keep alight on the flame being waved. Often do the unguents drop from his hair crowned with garlands, and his mantle, beautiful with plenteous crimson,<sup>46</sup> is swept along *the ground*. When he reached our threshold, he perceived my tears<sup>47</sup> and my apprehensions of

<sup>45</sup> *Kings to swear.*]—Ver. 147. By a ‘*reductio ad absurdum*,’ Cydippe endeavours to put Acontius out of conceit with his device, by representing it as contrary to common sense. But as the absurd law then in force at Delos, bound persons by their words and not by the intention, Cydippe was still obliged to make good her vow ; and her reasoning, though just in the abstract, is irrelevant in this particular case.

<sup>46</sup> *Plenteous crimson.*]—Ver. 162. The Romans, with a singular want of perspicuity, were in the habit of calling any yellow, red, or pink colour, by the general name of ‘*croceum*,’ or ‘*crocus*,’ which originally meant ‘*saffron colour*’ alone.

<sup>47</sup> *My tears.*]—Ver. 163. Hymen was always supposed to be received

death, and many things the reverse of his own rites. He himself threw down his chaplets *torn* from his contracted brow, and he wiped the thick amomum from his shining locks. He was ashamed, too, to arise joyous in a sorrowing crowd, and the red that was<sup>48</sup> on his mantle was transferred to his face.

But, ah wretched me! my limbs are parched with fever; and the coverings<sup>49</sup> have a weight greater than usual. I behold my parents, too, lamenting over my features; and instead of the torch of marriage, the torch of death is prepared for me. Compassionate my sufferings, Goddess, that dost delight in the painted quiver; and grant me now the health-restoring aid of thy brother. It is a reproach to thee, that he does avert the causes of death; and that thou, on the other hand dost have the credit of my destruction. Have I ever, unawares, turned my looks towards thy bath,<sup>50</sup> when thou wast preparing to bathe at the fountain? Have I passed by thy altars *alone* out of so many inhabitants of heaven? And has thy mother *ever* been slighted by my mother?<sup>51</sup> In nought have I offended, except that I have read the perjured lines; and I have been learned in *the matter* of the verse so far from fortunate to me.

*But* do thou as well, if thou art not pretending thy affection, offer frankincense in my behalf; those hands which have done the injury may furnish the relief. Why does *the Goddess*, who is enraged that the damsel already promised to thee does not become thine, cause her not to be able to become thine? Every thing must be hoped by thee while I am alive; why does the cruel Goddess take away life from me, and the hope of *gaining* me from thee? But do not<sup>52</sup> thou

with joy and gladness. Consequently, on entering a house full of tears and apprehensions, he saw nothing that bespoke his usual reception.

<sup>48</sup> *The red that was.*]—Ver. 168. This shows that the colour of his ‘palla’ was not saffron, but pink or crimson. The ‘flammeum’ or veil worn by the bride, was of the colour called ‘croceum;’ probably of a red or fiery hue, if we may judge from ‘flamma,’ the origin of the word.

<sup>49</sup> *The coverings.*]—Ver. 170. Here the word ‘pallium’ seems to have the meaning of ‘blanket,’ or ‘counterpane.’

<sup>50</sup> *Towards thy bath.*]—Ver. 178. She alludes to the offence of which Actæon was guilty, and in the next line to that of Æneus, the king of Calydon.

<sup>51</sup> *By my mother.*]—Ver. 180. She here alludes to the guilt of Niobe.

<sup>52</sup> *But do not.*]—Ver. 189. Cydippe now begins to open her mind

suppose that he, to whom I am destined for a wife, chafes my weakened limbs with his hand laid upon them. He sits by, indeed, so far as is allowed him; but he remembers that mine is the bed of a virgin. Now, too, he seems to have discovered I know not what about me; for, the cause lying concealed, his tears often fall. And he caresses me with less boldness, and seldom snatches a kiss; and he calls me his own with faltering voice. Nor am I surprised that he has discovered it, since I am betrayed by manifest signs. When he comes, I turn myself upon my right side;<sup>53</sup> I do not speak, and closing my eyes, sleep is pretended *by me*; and I push away his hand as it tries to touch me. He groans and sighs with silent breast; and he finds me averse, although he deserves it not. Ah me! that thou dost rejoice, and that this pleasure delights thee! Ah me! that I have avowed to thee my feelings!

If utterance<sup>54</sup> were allowed me, *then* art thou justly deserving of my anger, who didst lay *these* toils for me. Thou writest that it may be allowed thee to visit my languishing body; thou art far away from me; and yet from a distance dost thou wound. I used to wonder why thy name was Acontius; thou hast a dart<sup>55</sup> which inflicts wounds from afar. At least, I have not yet recovered from such a wound; pierced from afar by thy letter, as though by a javelin. But why shouldst thou come here? To behold my wretched body indeed, the

more plainly, so as to give Acontius reason to think that he is not altogether indifferent to her. She takes pains to remove all his jealousies and fears, and to satisfy him that his rival has had no reason to boast of her indulgence.

<sup>53</sup> *My right side.*—Ver. 198. Some suggest that this means that she would be lying at other times on her left side, for the purpose of extending her right hand, that the physician might feel her pulse. But ‘dexter’ probably means here, the opposite side to that on which her lover was standing.

<sup>54</sup> *If utterance.*—Ver. 205. This and the two preceding lines are generally supposed to be hopelessly corrupt.

<sup>55</sup> *Hast a dart.*—Ver. 210. By reason of this pun upon his name, Burmann will not admit this line and the next to have been composed by Ovid; inasmuch as a play upon a name is never found in the better poets. To us it would appear to be particularly Ovidian, as the Poet seldom appears to have resisted such a temptation. ‘Acumen’ means ‘the point of a javelin, or dart’; and she here alludes to his name in its original signification, as ἀκόντιον was the Greek for ‘a javelin.’

twofold trophy<sup>56</sup> of thy ingenuity. I am fallen away with thinness; my complexion is bloodless; just as I call to mind that it was on thy apple. My fair features, too, are not tinted with a mixture of red; the appearance of new marble is wont to be such. The colour of silver *plate* at a feast is such, which turns pale when touched with the chill of cold water. If thou wast now to see me, thou wouldst deny that thou hadst seen me before, *and* thou wouldst say, "She is not worthy to be sought after by my artifices;" and thou wouldst release me from the stringency of my promise, that I might not be united to thee; and thou wouldst desire the Goddess not to bear that in mind. Perhaps, too, thou wouldst make me swear over again the contrary, and wouldst be sending other words to me to read.

But still I wish that thou couldst see me, as thou hast requested, and couldst perceive the weakened limbs of her who is engaged to thee. Hadst thou a heart, Acontius, even harder than iron, *yet* thou thyself wouldst entreat pardon in my own words. But that thou mayst not be ignorant by what means I may be restored to health; enquiries have been made at Delphi of the God who predicts futurity. He, too, as a floating report now whispers, complains that some *damsel*, I know not who, has neglected her oath, he attesting it. This, the God<sup>57</sup> and the prophetess, this, too, do my own *ill-written* lines proclaim; but no verses<sup>58</sup> are wanting for thy wishes. Whence this favour to thee? Unless, perchance, some new characters have been discovered by thee, which, when read,

<sup>56</sup> *Two-fold trophy.*]—Ver. 214. This is generally supposed to mean, a trophy gained, first, by his deceiving her through the stratagem of the apple, and then by his exciting against her the enmity of Diana. The passage is, however, of very obscure signification; it may possibly mean the alternative of death or marriage.

<sup>57</sup> *This, the God.*]—Ver. 235. This and the following line are in a very corrupt state. Some would take 'vates' to refer to Acontius; it appears rather to mean the Pythia, or priestess of Apollo at Delphi. Cydippe seems to mean that the 'carmina,' or 'verses,' had been a cause of woe to her, while they had succeeded so much to his wishes.

<sup>58</sup> *No verses.*]—Ver. 236. She seems to play upon the word 'carmina' here in its various significations, of 'prophecies,' 'incantations,' 'lines,' 'poetical composition,' through the medium of which Acontius had been successful; both as regarded his 'carmina' or 'line,' written on the apple, the 'carmina,' or 'answer,' given by the Pythia, and her own 'carmina,' or 'lines,' which, by the bad writing, testified the wrath of the Goddess.



deceive<sup>59</sup> the great Gods. And *thus*, thou obtaining *the favour* of the Gods, I myself submit to the power of the Gods; and I willingly extend my conquered hands *in obedience* to thy desires. I have confessed, too, to my mother, the engagement *made* by my deceived tongue, *while* keeping my eyes, full of shame, fixed upon the ground.

The rest is thy care; even this that I have done is more than *becomes* a maiden, in that my paper has not hesitated to hold converse with thee. Now have I sufficiently wearied my weakened limbs with the pen, and my feeble hand refuses its duty any longer. But that I wish now to unite myself with thee, what remains<sup>60</sup> but that I should write? Farewell.

<sup>59</sup> *When read, deceive.*]—Ver. 238. Some would render ‘*capiat*’ as signifying ‘please,’ or ‘win over.’ The meaning seems rather to be ‘deceive,’ or ‘beguile,’ in the same manner as she has been beguiled by his writing.

<sup>60</sup> *What remains.*]—Ver. 247. Some Commentators remark that this conclusion is as inelegant as the Epistle itself: a censure which neither the Epistle nor its conclusion seems to us to deserve. It is worthy of observation, that of these twenty-one Epistles, Ovid, in the Eighteenth Elegy of the Second Book of the ‘*Amores*,’ avows himself to be the author of the following nine. Penelope to Ulysses, Phyllis to Demophoön, CEnone to Paris, Phædra to Hippolytus, Hypsipyle to Jason, Dido to Æneas, Ariadne to Theseus, Canace to Macareus, and Sappho to Phaon.

THE  
THREE RESPONSIVE EPISTLES

OF  
AULUS SABINUS,  
A POET OF THE AUGUSTAN PERIOD.

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EPISTLE I.

ULYSSES TO PENELOPE.

THIS Epistle is written in answer to that of Ovid from Penelope to Ulysses. He accounts to his wife for his delay, now that Troy has been levelled with the ground; he informs her of his numerous afflictions, and assures her of his continued affection.

CHANCE, Penelope, has brought, at last, thy words, inscribed on the affectionate paper, to the wretched Ulysses. I recognized both the dear hand, and the faithful signet;<sup>1</sup> they proved a consolation amid my protracted woes; thou dost blame me as being slow *to return*; perhaps I could even wish I were *so*; rather than tell thee what I have endured and what I *still* endure. Greece did not accuse me of that fault;<sup>2</sup> when feigned madness detained my sails on my native shores; but rather that<sup>3</sup> I was not desirous, and was not able to forego thy society; and thou thyself didst prove the cause of my dissembling as to my sanity.

'Tis thy anxiety that I should write nothing in return,<sup>4</sup> and

<sup>1</sup> *The faithful signet.*]—Ver. 3. 'Gemmasque fideles:' literally, 'and the faithful gems.' 'Gemma' is especially used to signify the precious stone that is fixed in the bezel of a ring.

<sup>2</sup> *Of that fault.*]—Ver. 7. Of being 'lentus,' 'inert' or 'inactive in my love for you.'

<sup>3</sup> *But rather that.*]—Ver. 9. He says that the objection made to him was, that he was too fond of his wife, when he feigned madness to avoid parting with her; a stratagem which was discovered by Palamedes.

<sup>4</sup> *Write nothing in return.*]—Ver. 11. He alludes to the second line of the Epistle of Penelope, 'Nil mihi rescribas attamen; ipse veni.'

that I should hasten to come. As I was hastening, the hostile South winds bore back my sails. Troy, so hateful to the Grecian fair, does not detain me; Troy is now only ashes, and a dismal plain. Deïphobus, too, lies prostrate, Asius is prostrate,<sup>5</sup> and Hector is prostrate; and whoever, *besides*, was the cause of thy apprehensions. I have escaped, too, the onsets of the Thracians, their leader Rhesus slain, being borne back to my tents by his captured steeds; in safety, also, from the midst of the citadel of the Phrygian Tritonis, did I bear off the captured pledge of victory decreed by the Fates.<sup>6</sup> Entrusting myself to the horse,<sup>7</sup> I feared not; although the prophetess,<sup>8</sup> disastrously anxious, cried aloud, "Ye Trojans, burn the horse; burn it; within the deceiving wood Greeks are concealed; and they are making their last attack<sup>9</sup> upon the wretched Phrygians." Achilles had gone without the last honours of sepulture, but by my shoulders was he restored to Thetis.

And for labours so great, the Greeks did not refuse *due* praise; as my reward,<sup>10</sup> I received the arms of the body which I had rescued. *But* what matters that? In the ocean are they sunk.<sup>11</sup> No fleets, no companions survive for me; the deep has them all. Love only still remains with me, who, patient under misfortunes, has hardened me by so many woes. The virgin daughter of Nisus<sup>12</sup> has not discouraged him with her raven-

<sup>5</sup> *Asius is prostrate.*]—Ver. 15. Asius was a Trojan, the son of Hyrtacus; he was killed by Idomeneus.

<sup>6</sup> *Decreed by the Fates.*]—Ver. 20. The several points here referred to by Ulysses will be found detailed and explained in his speech in the Thirteenth Book of the Metamorphoses.

<sup>7</sup> *To the horse.*]—Ver. 21. Ulysses was one of the warriors who were enclosed in the wooden horse, when it was admitted within the walls of Troy.

<sup>8</sup> *Although the prophetess.*]—Ver. 22. This was Cassandra, who advised them to burn the wooden horse; but it was her fate never to be believed.

<sup>9</sup> *Making their last attack.*]—Ver. 24. 'Ultima bella ferunt,' may mean this, or possibly, 'are bringing the warfare home to.'

<sup>10</sup> *As my reward.*]—Ver. 28. He contended with Ajax Telamon for the honour of receiving the arms of Achilles. See the narrative in the Thirteenth Book of the Metamorphoses.

<sup>11</sup> *In the ocean are they sunk.*]—Ver. 29. When his vessel was wrecked on his return from Troy.

<sup>12</sup> *Daughter of Nisus.*]—Ver. 33. In common with both Virgil and Ovid, Sabinus falls into the error of supposing that the Scylla, who was changed into the Sicilian whirlpool, was identical with the Scylla who be-

ing dogs; nor yet Charybdis, whirling with her swelling waves; nor savage Antiphates,<sup>13</sup> nor Parthenope<sup>14</sup> partaking of two forms in one body, assiduous with her charming melody. Not because Circe tried her Colchian herbs,<sup>15</sup> not because another Goddess<sup>16</sup> employed her embraces so solemnly pledged.<sup>17</sup> Both of them used to give hopes that they were able to take away from me my mortal threads,<sup>18</sup> and both, the Stygian paths. But, despising even this gift, I have sought thyself, doomed to suffer so many evils by land, and so many by sea. But thou, perhaps now influenced by the name of a female, wilt not read the rest of my words free from anxiety. Thou wilt, too, be tormented with apprehensions, before unknown, what Circe had to do with me, and what the cunning Calypso.<sup>18\*</sup>

Assuredly, when I read of Antinoüs, and Polybus, and Medon,<sup>19</sup> alas! in all my body did no blood remain! Amid so many youths, so much streaming wine,<sup>20</sup> thou dost continue (ah me! on what proof shall I credit it?) still chaste. Or trayed her father Nisus to Minos, when besieging the city of Megara. The story of the one is to be found in the Eighth, and of the other in the Fourteenth Book of the Metamorphoses.

<sup>13</sup> *Antiphates.*]—Ver. 35. He was the king of the Læstrygons, who were cannibals.

<sup>14</sup> *Parthenope.*]—Ver. 36. This was one of the Sirens, who, when she was unable to arrest Ulysses in his course by the melody of her voice, precipitated herself from a rock in despair, and was carried by the waves to the spot which was afterwards called by her name, and was the site of the city of Naples.

<sup>15</sup> *Colchian herbs.*]—Ver. 37. Circe, as being the sister of Medea, was supposed to be a native of Colchis.

<sup>16</sup> *Another Goddess.*]—Ver. 38. This was Calypso, who was charmed with Ulysses, and strongly opposed his departure from her island.

<sup>17</sup> *Solemnly pledged.*]—Ver. 38. 'Solennes' may have this meaning, or perhaps that of 'acknowledged,' 'avowed,' or 'usual,' as a matter of course.

<sup>18</sup> *My mortal threads.*]—Ver. 39. That is, 'They both declared themselves able to withdraw my life from the power of the Fates, and to protect me from having to cross the Stygian waves.'

<sup>18\*</sup> *Cunning Calypso.*]—Ver. 45. 'Cauta,' 'cunning,' or 'wary,' seems better than the usual reading, 'causa.' Heinsius approves of the former.

<sup>19</sup> *Antinoüs, and Polybus, and Medon.*]—Ver. 47. These were three of the suitors who were pestering Penelope with their addresses, and squandering the substance of her husband.

<sup>20</sup> *Much streaming wine.*]—Ver. 49. 'Vina liquentia.' This reading seems preferable to 'vina licentia,' meaning 'wine unrestrained,' or 'without limit,' though the latter is preferred by Heinsius and Barthius.

why do thy features please any one if they are in tears,<sup>21</sup> and *why* do not those charms of thine decay with weeping? To marriage too, hast thou been pledged, did not the deceiving web detain thee, and didst thou not cunningly always undo the work thou hadst commenced. A duteous contrivance *indeed*; but how often<sup>22</sup> wilt thou deceive their eyes with the wool? Will that contrivance ensure thee success as often?

Oh Polyphemus! overwhelmed in thy cavern, I should have finished my days, wretched by reason of calamities<sup>23</sup> so great! Better had I fallen conquered by the Thracian soldiers,<sup>24</sup> at the time when<sup>25</sup> my wandering barks arrived at Ismaros. Or I might have satisfied the cruel Pluto *by my destruction* at the time when, having delayed my death, I returned from the Stygian waves; where I saw (a thing that thy epistle in vain conceals<sup>26</sup> from me) her, who, when I departed, was my still surviving mother. She reported the same misfortunes of my house; and she fled from me as I sought *to embrace her*, thrice gliding away from my embrace. I saw, *too*, him of Phylace;<sup>27</sup> despising the prophecy,<sup>28</sup> he was the first to carry the warfare

<sup>21</sup> *They are in tears.*]—Ver. 51. He hints that she cannot have wept so much as she professes, or else all her beauty would have vanished, and she would have ceased to inflame her hearts of the suitors. Saltonstall renders this line rather quaintly—

‘Could they delight in thy tear-blubbered face?’

<sup>22</sup> *But how often.*]—Ver. 55. In accordance with the suggestion of Heinsius, a note of interrogation is here read after ‘*lana,*’ and another after ‘*tibi.*’

<sup>23</sup> *Of calamities.*]—Ver. 58. ‘*Ob mala*’ seems to be a preferable reading to ‘*ad mala.*’

<sup>24</sup> *The Thracian soldiers.*]—Ver. 59. On setting out homewards, Ulysses landed in Thrace, in the country of the Ciconians, where his followers took and burned the town of Ismarus; but while they delayed on the coast, they were attacked by the Ciconians and driven to their ships, with the loss of six men out of each ship. See the Ninth Book of the Odyssey.

<sup>25</sup> *At the time when.*]—Ver. 62. He refers here to his descent to, and return from, the Infernal regions.

<sup>26</sup> *In vain conceals.*]—Ver. 63. He accuses her of having concealed the fact, that his mother Anticlea had died since he had set out for the Trojan war.

<sup>27</sup> *Him of Phylace.*]—Ver. 67. He alludes to Protesilaüs, who was of Phylax, or Phylace, in Thessaly.

<sup>28</sup> *Despising the prophecy.*]—Ver. 67. The prophecy which foretold death to the first person that should land on the Trojan shores.

into the home of Hector. Blest *is he*, with his much praised wife!<sup>29</sup> joyous, amid the valiant shades she walks, accompanying her husband. And yet Lachesis had not numbered for her her allotted years; but she is delighted thus to have perished before her time. I beheld, and my eyes did not withhold the falling tears, the son of Atreus, (ah me!) mangled by his recent murder.<sup>30</sup> That hero Troy had not injured; he had passed by *both* the infuriate Nauplius<sup>31</sup> and the Eubœan bays. To what purpose? Through a thousand wounds did he pour forth his soul, now as he was performing his vows due to Jove, the guardian of his return. This penalty had the daughter of Tyndarus prepared for him, on account of his breach of<sup>32</sup> the *nuptial* contract; she who herself consorted with strange men.<sup>33</sup>

Alas! of what use is it to me that (when the wife and the sister of Hector were standing amid the Trojan captives) I rather chose Hecuba,<sup>34</sup> with her failing years, in order that the love of a rival might not be suspected by thee? She was the first to give a dreadful omen for my ships; *when* she was discovered with limbs not her own.<sup>35</sup> With bark-

<sup>29</sup> *Much-praised wife.*]—Ver. 69. Laodamia. It is said by some authors, that she had a statue of her husband, to which she paid divine honours, but that her father Acastus caused it to be burned, on which she threw herself into the flames which consumed it. See her Epistle to Protesilaüs.

<sup>30</sup> *His recent murder.*]—Ver. 74. Agamemnon was slain by his wife Clytemnestra, and her paramour, Ægisthus, while he was getting out of the bath.

<sup>31</sup> *The infuriate Nauplius.*]—Ver. 76. Palamedes was treacherously slain by the contrivance of Ulysses. (See the Thirteenth Book of the Metamorphoses.) Upon this, his father Nauplius, the king of Eubœa, with the view of avenging the death of his son, caused lighted torches to be exhibited on the promontory of Caphareus, in Eubœa, in consequence of which many of the Grecian ships suffered shipwreck on the rocks of that island.

<sup>32</sup> *His breach of.*]—Ver. 79. This alludes to Cassandra, who fell to the lot of Agamemnon, and about whom the infamous Clytemnestra professed to be jealous. She was afterwards slain by Clytemnestra.

<sup>33</sup> *With strange men.*]—Ver. 80. She intrigued with Ægisthus, the cousin of Agamemnon.

<sup>34</sup> *Chose Hecuba.*]—Ver. 83. The story of the last days of the wretched Hecuba is pathetically told in the Thirteenth Book of the Metamorphoses.

<sup>35</sup> *Not her own.*]—Ver. 86. This was when she was turned into

ing did the wretched *creature* put an end to her woful complaints; and suddenly<sup>36</sup> she stood *there* changed into a raving bitch. Through such a portentous sight Thetis removed the calmness of the ocean, and pouring forth the South winds Æolus brooded over it. Wandering thence, no longer happy, I have been carried over all the earth, and wherever the waves and the breezes call me, *thither* am I borne. But if Tiresias<sup>37</sup> was a soothsayer as prescient of what is fortunate as he was a true prophet with regard to my misfortunes; having, by land and by sea, experienced in travel whatever he prophesied of evil to me, I am now wandering under more propitious auspices.

Now, on what shores I know not, Pallas unites herself as a companion to me, and leads me through spots safe with *kind* entertainers. Now, for the first time since the destruction of ruined Troy, has Pallas been seen by me; in the intervening time her anger withdrew her. In whatever the son of Oileus<sup>38</sup> had offended, one man was guilty for all; for all the Greeks was her wrath destructive. Not *even* thee, son of Tydeus, did she exempt, whose arms she had so lately encouraged; thou, too, art returning from wandering over the world.<sup>39</sup> Not Teucer sprung from Telamon<sup>40</sup> by his captured wife; not

a bitch, after having wreaked her vengeance on Polymnestor for the murder of Polydorus.

<sup>36</sup> *And suddenly.*]—Ver. 88. Saltonstall thus renders this line—

‘But she out of her former shape did slip.’

<sup>37</sup> *But if Tiresias.*]—Ver. 93. The story of Tiresias is related in the Third Book of the *Metamorphoses*.

<sup>38</sup> *The son of Oileus.*]—Ver. 101. He alludes to the crime of Ajax Oileus, who had attempted to commit violence on Cassandra; in return for which, Minerva sent a storm that dispersed the ships of the Greeks on their return.

<sup>39</sup> *Over the world.*]—Ver. 104. Diomedes, the son of Tydeus, being expelled from his native country on returning from the Trojan war, led a colony into the South of Italy. See the Fourteenth Book of the *Metamorphoses*.

<sup>40</sup> *Sprung from Telamon.*]—Ver. 105. Teucer was the son of Telamon by Hesione, the captive daughter of Laomedon. After Ajax Telamon had put himself to death on being refused the arms of Achilles, Teucer was requested by his father to avenge the fate of his brother, which, however, he declined to do. On this, he was expelled from Salamis, and flying to Cyprus, he there founded a city which he named Salamis.

himself for whose *command* were the thousand ships.<sup>41</sup> Fortunate son of Plisthenes,<sup>42</sup> whatever lot thou didst experience with thy beloved wife, it was not a deadly one. Whether the winds, or whether the ocean caused you delay; by no misfortunes was your love checked. At least, neither did the winds nor the waves forbid thy kisses; and thy arms were ever in readiness for the embrace.

Would that I had been thus a wanderer; thou wouldst have made the ocean smooth, my wife; with thee for my companion, there would have been nothing sad for me. Even now, when I read that Telemachus is safe and well with thee, all my misfortunes are already lightened to my feelings. Still do I complain that he is going<sup>43</sup> again over the adverse waves to Sparta, the city of Hercules, and Pylos, the land of Nestor. Displeasing is the affection which so many perils attend; for to his misfortune, has he been entrusted to the waves.

But my labours<sup>44</sup> are at their close: the prophet has foretold our meeting on the shore; in the embrace that belongs to thee, dear *son*, shalt thou be clasped. To be recognised by thee alone shall I come; do thou carefully repress thy joy, and conceal thy gladness in thy silent breast. I must not contend by force, nor must I rush into open warfare; thus has *Apollo* declared that his laurels<sup>45</sup> forewarn.

Perhaps before a banquet, and amid the listlessness of wine, there will be a fitting opportunity for the quivers of the

<sup>41</sup> *The thousand ships.*]—Ver. 106. He alludes to Agamemnon in his capacity of generalissimo of the Greek forces.

<sup>42</sup> *Son of Plisthenes.*]—Ver. 107. He alludes to Menelaüs, who was said, with Agamemnon, to have been the son of Plisthenes, and adopted by Atreus. He says that whatever his lot may have been after leaving Troy, still it was not a deadly one. His wife must, indeed, have been truly 'dilecta' to him, considering all the trouble he took to regain so worthless a person.

<sup>43</sup> *That he is going.*]—Ver. 117. She has mentioned in her Epistle the fact that he has been sent to those places.

<sup>44</sup> *But my labours.*]—Ver. 120. This had been prophesied to him by Tiresias. It was fulfilled when he met his son Telemachus in the cottage of Eumæus, situate on the sea-shore of Ithaca.

<sup>45</sup> *That his laurels.*]—Ver. 126. The laurel was sacred to Apollo, and his image was decorated with boughs of it. Persons who went to consult the Delphic oracle, were adorned with garlands of laurel. The Roman priests, on certain festivals, wore wreaths of laurel.



avenger.<sup>46</sup> And *then* suddenly will they be surprised by Ulysses so lately despised.<sup>47</sup> Alas! I pray that that day may hasten to approach! That joyous *day*, which shall renew the compact of our marriage in days gone by; and *then*, at length, my dear one, mayst thou begin to be blest in thy husband.

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EPISTLE II.

DEMOPHOÖN TO PHYLLIS.

THIS Epistle is written in answer to that of Ovid from Phyllis to Demophoön. In it, he excuses himself, on several grounds, for having failed to perform his promise of immediately returning to her.

DEMOPHOÖN sends *this* to *thee*, Phyllis, from his native city; and he remembers that his native land was thy gift.<sup>48</sup> With no other flame or wife is Demophoön engaged; but no so happy<sup>49</sup> is he, as *when* he was known to thee. A disgraceful thine for me to endure—the ruthless enemy has expelled Theseus from his realms, in whom, Phyllis, thou didst vainly pride thyself as thy father-in-law, (and perhaps he may have *even* given an impulse<sup>50</sup> to thy flame); this end did prolonged old age provide<sup>51</sup> for him. He who so lately routed<sup>51\*</sup> the shield-bear-

<sup>46</sup> *Quivers of the avenger.*]—Ver. 128. He alludes prophetically to the manner in which the suitors were doomed to meet with destruction at his hands.

<sup>47</sup> *So lately despised.*]—Ver. 129. As having appeared in the garb of a beggar.

<sup>48</sup> *Was thy gift.*]—Ver. 2. As she gave him a hospitable shelter, and provided him with a ship to return to Athens.

<sup>49</sup> *But not so happy.*]—Ver. 4. ‘Sed tam non felix’ seems a particularly awkward expression, and it is probably corrupt; but it does not seem, as Hemsius thinks it to be, contrary to the sense of the passage; for he is evidently complaining that he is not now so light-hearted as when he was with her, nor so ready to be attracted by a new passion.

<sup>50</sup> *Given an impulse.*]—Ver. 6. This is certainly not very complimentary to the disinterestedness of Phyllis.

<sup>51</sup> *Old age provide.*]—Ver. 8. Demophoön had left Phyllis to proceed to Athens, on hearing of the death of Mnesteus, who had succeeded to the throne on the expulsion of Theseus.

<sup>51\*</sup> *So lately routed.*]—Ver. 9. Theseus accompanied Hercules in his expedition against the Amazons, who dwelt on the banks of the Thermodon; and distinguished himself so much on the occasion, that Hercules bestowed on him the hand of the vanquished queen, Antiope, or, as

ing female dwellers in Mæotis<sup>52</sup> with his arms, the companion of the great Alcides, himself no less. He who formerly made Minos to be his father-in-law<sup>53</sup> from a vengeful enemy, as he wondered how the horns of his monster were overcome.

I am accused (who could have believed it?) of having been the cause of his exile; and my brother<sup>54</sup> does not allow me to be silent under the accusation. "While," says he, "thou art pressing for an alliance with thy beloved Phyllis, and thy passion is occupied in love for a stranger, time has sped in the meanwhile gliding on with fleeting foot, and the hour of sorrow has anticipated thy delay. Perhaps thou mightst have been able either to arrive while our affairs were not as yet in a ruinous state, or *even if* ruined, thou still mightst have been able to be useful. Why have the Rhodopeian realms proved more delightful to thee, and the fair one who has been more dear to thee than kingdoms?" In these words does Acamas<sup>55</sup> thunder aloud: presently does Æthra<sup>56</sup> blame me in the same terms; a wretched old woman who has now nearly finished her days. She is always declaring, too, that my delay has been the cause that the hands of her son do not close her dying eyes.

For my part I do not deny it; much did they both<sup>57</sup> call for she is sometimes called, Hippolyta, who became by him the mother of Hippolytus, and whom he afterwards put to death. According to some writers, the Amazons, in revenge, invaded the Attic territory, and were signally defeated by Theseus.

<sup>52</sup> *Dwellers in Mæotis.*]—Ver. 9. The Palus Mæotis, situate at the north of the Euxine, is now called the sea of Azeph. In its vicinity the Amazons were said to dwell.

<sup>53</sup> *His father-in-law.*]—Ver. 11. This was when he had conquered the Minotaur by the aid of Ariadne, whom he then carried away from Crete.

<sup>54</sup> *And my brother.*]—Ver. 14. This was Acamas, who is afterwards referred to by name.

<sup>55</sup> *Does Acamas.*]—Ver. 23. Acamas was a son of Theseus, and a brother of Demophoön, whom he accompanied to the Trojan war. Virgil mentions him in the number of those who were enclosed in the wooden horse, on which occasion he was, according to Pausanias, accompanied by his brother Demophoön, though the latter, is not named by Virgil. Lucian, in one passage, seems to hint that it was Acamas who was beloved by Phyllis. He finally obtained the throne at Athens, and gave its name to the Acamantian tribe.

<sup>56</sup> *Does Æthra.*]—Ver. 23. She was the wife of Ægeus, and the mother of Theseus.

<sup>57</sup> *Did they both.*]—Ver. 27. Acamas and Æthra, namely.

me, when my ship was standing *at anchor* in the Thracian waves. "The winds, Demophoön, invite thy sails, why art thou lingering? Obdurate Demophoön, have regard for the Gods of thy native land. Have some regard; and take Phyllis, with whom thou art *so* pleased, as an example. She *so* loves, as to be unwilling to depart from her *native* land. And she entreats thee that thou wilt be ready to return, that she may not attend thee *when* departing; and she prefers her barbarian realms to thine." Still, *though* silent amid these reproaches, I remember that full oft I offered my prayers to the adverse South winds; and that often, placing my arms about to depart around thy neck, I rejoiced that the seas were heaved up into threatening billows.

Nor should I fear to confess this before my father himself; the power of *so* doing has been given me by thy kindness; to say, "I left not dear Phyllis with an ungrateful heart, and I have not precipitately given my sails to be borne on *by the winds*. I wept too, and, full often, consoling her as she wept, I tarried on, when now a certain day had been fixed by me for my departure. At last, I came *hither* in a Thracian ship; the bark which Phyllis was *so* unwilling<sup>58</sup> to give, she commanded to go at a slow speed. Pardon, too, the confession; thou thyself dost bear in mind<sup>59</sup> the daughter of Minos. That old flame has not yet quitted thy heart; and so often as the stars surround thy eyes, thou dost say,<sup>60</sup> 'She, who *now* shines in the heavens, was my mistress.'"

Bacchus ordered him to yield his dear wife up to himself; but he incurs the charge of having deserted her.<sup>61</sup> After the example of my father, I too, myself, am called forsworn; and,

<sup>58</sup> *Was so unwilling.*]—Ver. 46. 'Non voluit' seems to be much preferable to 'non potuit,' which will hardly admit of any meaning.

<sup>59</sup> *Thyself dost bear in mind.*]—Ver. 47. He is supposing himself to be pleading his own cause before Theseus, and to be recalling to his recollection his own passion for Ariadne.

<sup>60</sup> *Surround thy eyes, thou dost say.*]—Ver. 49. The common reading 'circumdat sidera, dixit,' is evidently corrupt, as he is supposed to be still addressing Theseus in the second person. It is not improbable that the passage was written 'circumstant sidera, dixit:' and that reading has been adopted.

<sup>61</sup> *Having deserted her.*]—Ver. 52. He says that Theseus was unjustly accused of deserting Ariadne, when, in fact, he was ordered by Bacchus to yield her to him; and that he, in like manner, has been wrongfully charged with similar perfidy.

cruel Sithonian fair, thou dost not inquire the cause of my delaying ; and thou dost not think that I give thee a sufficiently large assurance that I will return, if no love for another, no passion whatever is detaining me. And has no report, Phyllis, mentioned to thee the troubled home of Theseus and the fortunes of his wretched house ? Dost thou not hear how I am bewailing the halter<sup>62</sup> of my wretched mother ? A cause (ah me !) exists, more full of sorrow than that halter. Nor *yet* of my brother Hippolytus ?<sup>63</sup> Miserably has he perished, dragged headlong through the sea by his frightened steeds.

Still I am not excusing myself from returning, though the Destinies should accumulate reasons from every quarter ; I ask *but* for a little time. What is left *for me to do*, my father Theseus will I first entomb ;<sup>64</sup> let him be becomingly placed in the sepulchre not without honour. Grant me time and pardon, I entreat ; I am not absent through perfidiousness ; and now no land is more safe to me than *is* thy own. Whatever has been pleasing *to me* since Pergamus was levelled ; whatever either warfare or the delays of the ocean have been withholding *from me* ; that is Thrace alone ; even in my very country<sup>65</sup> am I buffeted about ; thou alone dost survive as my aid in my misfortunes. If only thou hast<sup>66</sup> the same feelings ; and *if* it does not elevate thee so much that thou hast a palace,

<sup>62</sup> *Bewailing the halter.*]—Ver. 59. He alludes to the fate of his mother Phædra, who hanged herself on being unsuccessful in her criminal passion for Hippolytus, the son of Theseus, by Hippolyta. He hints in the next line, that the cause of her suicide was a disgraceful one.

<sup>63</sup> *Hippolytus.*]—Ver. 61. It is clear that a note of interrogation ought to be placed after ‘Hippolytum,’ though it is wanting in the common reading of the text. His story is related in the Fifteenth Book of the *Metamorphoses*.

<sup>64</sup> *Will I first entomb.*]—Ver. 65. Theseus, on being expelled from Athens, fled to the court of Lycomedes, the king of Scyros : where he was treacherously murdered by order of the king, or, as some say, he accidentally fell from a cliff in the dark.

<sup>65</sup> *In my very country.*]—Ver. 71. ‘*In ipsâ*’ is suggested by Heinsius, with good reason, as being preferable to the usual reading, ‘*in illâ*.’

<sup>66</sup> *If only thou hast.*]—Ver. 73. The usual reading is evidently corrupt, and deficient in sense ; that suggested by Heinsius has been adopted.

‘*Nec tam quod sit tibi dives.*’

‘*Jam*,’ ‘*now*,’ is certainly incorrect, as there had been no change in the fortunes of Phyllis.

rich, and not less than the Cecropian citadel; and *if* the misfortunes of my father do not offend thee, nor the criminality of my mother; and if Demophoön is not now of unhappy omen.

What if, with thee for my wife, I had repaired to Troy, the city of Phœbus, and for ten years had *so* followed the pursuits of war? Thou hast heard of Penelope; over the whole world is she praised; she who has become no slight example of a faithful wife. She, so rumour says, has invented the contrivance of the duteous web, and by her skill has put off the urgent suitors; when by night<sup>67</sup> she has undone the threads that in their presence were hurried on *towards completion*, and all the work has returned again to *raw wool*. But, Phyllis, thou art afraid lest the slighted Thracians should hereafter avoid an alliance with thee; *and* canst thou, cruel one, marry any one *of them*? And hast thou the heart to accept the offer<sup>68</sup> of any one? And do not these apprehensions prove an obstacle to thy perfidiousness? Alas! how great will be thy shame at thy deeds! Alas! how great thy grief, when thou shalt behold my sails from afar! Too late, in thy rashness, thou wilt condemn thy own complaints! “Ah me!” wilt thou say, “*after all*, Demophoön was faithful to me! Behold! my Demophoön!<sup>69</sup> and he has returned after having endured the raging East winds and the wintry waves as he ploughed the deep. Wretched me! why, alas! did I not know the guilty step which I was hastening? I have broken that faith which I complained of as broken towards myself.”

And yet thus,<sup>70</sup> ah! thus, mayst thou rather persist *in thy determination*, than that any further grief should, Phyllis, afflict

<sup>67</sup> *When by night.*]—Ver. 83. Instead of the usual reading, ‘nocti,’ ‘noctu,’ which is found in one edition, seems to be preferable.

<sup>68</sup> *Accept the offer.*]—Ver. 87. ‘Accedere tædæ.’ Literally, ‘to approach the nuptial torch.’

<sup>69</sup> *Behold! my Demophoön!*]—Ver. 93. Instead of the common reading, that of the edition of Gryphius seems preferable, and has been adopted;

‘En mihi Demophoön! et sævos redditur Euros  
Passus, et hybernas dum freta sulcat, aquas!’

<sup>70</sup> *And yet thus.*]—Ver. 97. He tells her that he would rather that she should persist in a determination to contract a Thracian alliance, than that she should continue to torment herself on his account, and thus afford him cause for sorrow.

my heart on thy account. Ah wretched me! what halters, what death, art thou threatening against thyself? How *far* too<sup>71</sup> ruthless Deities does that nation worship. Desist, I pray; and do not, cruel *fair*, impress with a twofold mark<sup>72</sup> the character of my house, that *already* incurs the charge of perfidiousness. Let the Gnossian fair,<sup>73</sup> left to her destiny and to become a prey to *another*, be the accuser of my father. I have not deserved myself to be considered guilty.

Now let those winds bear my words, which have borne *onward* my sails. It is my intention to return; but a reason of duty is detaining me.

### EPISTLE III.

#### PARIS TO CENONE.

PARIS is supposed to write this Epistle in his own defence, in answer to the one of Ovid, written by CEnone, in which she reproaches him for his inconstancy.

I CONFESS, O Nymph, that my hand is in search of words, sufficiently well-suited for me to write in answer to thee making complaints so just. It seeks them, but they suggest themselves not. It is only sensible of its own criminality. That which it is sensible of, another passion allows it not to atone for. If this *confession* mitigates thy wrath, *then*, myself the judge, I am condemned. What matters it? *Still*, with thy cause the better one, thou art vanquished.<sup>74</sup>

Condemned, too, by thee, Cupid brings me back under his

<sup>71</sup> *How far too.*—Ver. 100. ‘Ut nimis,’ as suggested by Heinsius, seems better than ‘et nimis’; with either reading, the meaning is obscure, and the passage probably corrupt. He, perhaps, means to say, that as the Thracian Gods were of ferocious manners, their worshippers were too apt to imitate them and to seek to gain their favour by precipitate and violent conduct, such as suicide.

<sup>72</sup> *A twofold mark.*—Ver. 102. He implores her not to censure him for treachery, as the conduct of Theseus is already open to that charge.

<sup>73</sup> *The Gnossian fair.*—Ver. 104. This line seems to be in a corrupt state. The reading of the edition of Gryphius has been here adopted, ‘Accuset patrem fatis prædæque relicta,’ as approaching the nearest to any definite sense.

<sup>74</sup> *Thou art vanquished.*—Ver. 6. ‘Cales’ is evidently a corrupt reading. At the suggestion of Burmann, ‘cadis’ has been adopted.

own subjection : *and* thus am I the prize of another.<sup>75</sup> First wast thou engaged for my bed, and my love acknowledged its youthfulness on receiving thee first for a wife. Not as yet was I so great a person. Then could I have been claimed by him as my master, of whom for my father thou dost blame me 'as being proud. I hoped not for Deiphobus or Hector as a brother, when, thou accompanying me, I drove the flocks to pasture ; Hecuba, too, I knew by the name of queen,<sup>76</sup> and not of mother ; and worthy wast thou to remain her daughter-in-law. But Love is not *endowed* with reason. Nymph, consult thyself.<sup>77</sup> Thou hast been wronged ; but, *though* wronged, thou writest that thou still dost love. And whereas the Satyrs, whereas the Pans seek thy hand, still art thou ever mindful of thy rejected alliance.

Besides, this passion is promoted by the Fates, and long since did my sister,<sup>78</sup> prescient of the future, see it. Not yet had the name of the daughter of Tyndarus reached my ear, *and still* she prophesied that a Grecian alliance<sup>79</sup> would invite me. All this thou seest hast come to pass ; my wounds alone survive ; and *the fact* that I am forced suppliantly to entreat thy aid.<sup>80</sup> In thy power is the decision upon my life and my death ; now as the conqueror<sup>81</sup> hear my confessions. Still, as I remember, thou didst weep at these words as she prophesied ; and thou didst say, " May these evils, I pray, be afar off. Neither, if the Fates ordain it, nor though other things should ordain it, could I, afflicted CEnone, endure to lose *my* Paris."

<sup>75</sup> *Of another.*]—Ver. 8. Of Helen, namely.

<sup>76</sup> *Name of queen.*]—Ver. 15. The usual reading of this line is evidently corrupt, and void of sense. Heinsius suggests ' Reginæque Hecubæ non matris nomine, noram,' which reading has been adopted.

<sup>77</sup> *Consult thyself.*]—Ver. 17. As to the truth of the allegation, that love is not ruled by reason.

<sup>78</sup> *Did my sister.*]—Ver. 22. He pleads the decrees of fate, which were long since revealed by his sister Cassandra.

<sup>79</sup> *A Grecian alliance.*]—Ver. 24. Instead of the common reading for this line, which is manifestly corrupt, the following has been adopted : ' Me cecinit Graios illa vocare toros.'

<sup>80</sup> *Entreat thy aid.*]—Ver. 26. Because she was prescient of the future.

<sup>81</sup> *As the conqueror.*]—Ver. 28. Heinsius considers this line to be hopelessly corrupt. ' Victuræ,' as found in the earliest edition of the author, is probably more correct than ' victuri.'

The same love which (grant me pardon) compels me to subdue my many apprehensions and not to believe this, is deceiving thee as well. He rules the Deities; when he chooses, he humbles Jove to the horns of a bull,<sup>82</sup> when he chooses, to the feathers of a bird. There would be no daughter of Tyndarus on the earth wondrous for beauty so great, (a fair, alas! born for my destruction!) if Jupiter had not changed his features for *those* of the swan.

Before this, he had flowed *as a shower* of gold into the bosom of Danaë; as a fictitious bird<sup>83</sup> he had surveyed the pine-bearing Ida, and he had stood among the cattle of Agenor. Who could have thought that victorious Alcides would hold the task *allotted* by his mistress?<sup>84</sup> But it was Love that forced him to spin. He is said, too, to have sat<sup>85</sup> in the Coan garment<sup>86</sup> of the damsel; she was covered with *the skin* of the lion of Cleonæ.<sup>87</sup> I remember, (Enone, (I speak to my own disparagement) that thou didst fly from Phœbus, and didst prefer my embraces. I was not preferable to Phœbus; but Cupid was determined that on these conditions his arrows should be launched against thee. Still, alleviate thy misfortunes in a rival worthy of *thyself*; the fair whom I have preferred to thee, is the daughter

<sup>82</sup> *The horns of a bull.*]—Ver. 35. He means the change of Jupiter into a bull, when enamoured of Europa, and into a swan, for the purpose of deceiving Leda.

<sup>83</sup> *A fictitious bird.*]—Ver. 41. He alludes to the ravishment of Gany-mede, which was said to have been effected by Jupiter on Mount Ida, in the form of an eagle.

<sup>84</sup> *By his mistress.*]—Ver. 44. He alludes either to Omphale or Iole; with both of which amours Deianira reproaches him in her Epistle.

<sup>85</sup> *To have sat.*]—Ver. 45. Probably she alludes here to Omphale and the story related in the Second Book of the Fasti.

<sup>86</sup> *In the Coan garment.*]—Ver. 45. The Coan cloth was remarkable for its extreme fineness and transparency, and is mentioned by both Horace, Tibullus, and Propertius. In the Augustan age it was probably only worn by women of light reputation, as every feature of the body could be discerned through it. It was sometimes of a purple colour, and adorned with gold embroidery. It is supposed to have been made of silk, as the island of Cos, in the Ægean sea, was famous for the weaving and spinning of silk at a very early period. 'Silk gauze' is probably the proper name for the texture. A female of the name of Pamphila was said to have invented it.

<sup>87</sup> *The lion of Cleonæ.*]—Ver. 46. Cleonæ was a town on the borders of Argolis in Peloponnesus, near the wood in which Hercules killed the Nemean lion, which is here referred to.



of Jove. But that she is born of Jove, affects me in her the least *of all*; that there is not any face more *beauteous than hers*, does the mischief.

And I wish that I had been deemed an unskilful judge of beauty, Nymph of the streams, on the heights of Ida! No wrath of Juno nor yet of Pallas would have persecuted me, because Cytherea was commended by my eyes. For others she divides the flame both rapid and mutually *burning*; just as she pleases she modifies the fires of her son. And yet she was not able to avoid the weapons of her own house. The bow which<sup>88</sup> she wielded against others, unrelenting, she wielded too against herself. Her husband grieved that she was detected with Mars. The Gods being witnesses, to Jove did he complain. And *next* does Mars now grieve, and of his own accord he leaves the earth; about to have him<sup>89</sup> as her own, she has preferred Anchises to him. For the sake of Anchises has she wished to appear *beauteous*; and twice has she pined,<sup>90</sup> taking vengeance on the slighted Gods. What wonder that it was possible for Paris to yield to Love, from whom even his own mother was not safe? Her whom injured Menelaüs loves, uninjured do I love.<sup>91</sup> Add *the fact*, that she was the companion of me *thus* uninjured.

Carried off, she prepares (I see) for me vast troubles; and a thousand armed ships are making for Troy. I do not fear that the cause of the war will not be approved of; she has features worthy to arouse the chieftains. If thou believest me not, look at the sons of Atreus in arms. She, whom in such manner they are attempting to recover for themselves, in such manner must be retained<sup>92</sup> for me. But if thou dost conceive

<sup>88</sup> *The bow which.*]—Ver. 62. This line appears to be in a corrupt state.

<sup>89</sup> *About to have him.*]—Ver. 66. Of course this must refer to a time long since past; as at this period Anchises was an aged man.

<sup>90</sup> *Twice has she pined.*]—Ver. 68. This line appears as ‘*Visaque postlatam jacuit ultra Deam,*’ which is evidently corrupt, and makes perfect nonsense. The suggestion of Heinsius has been adopted: ‘*Bisque ita post latos marcuit ultra Deos.*’

<sup>91</sup> *Uninjured do I love.*]—Ver. 71. His meaning seems to be, that Menelaüs, though injured, still loves Helen; how much more then must he, who has received no injury, but, on the contrary, a return of affection from her?

<sup>92</sup> *Must be retained.*]—Ver. 78. The common reading is ‘*metuenda,*’

*any* hopes of changing this determination, why are thy herbs or thy charms unemployed? For no female is more skilled than thee in the arts of Phœbus; and thou dost behold the true visions of Hecate, the sister of Phœbus. I remember that thou<sup>93</sup> didst bring down the Moon covered with clouds, together with the stars, and that thou didst withdraw the *light of day*. I was feeding my bulls; and I was amazed that at thy voice the tamed lions went amid the herds. Why should I add that Xanthus, called back, Simois, *called back*, did not keep on their course? Thy father Cebren<sup>94</sup> himself, not in safety from the words of his daughter, how often has he stood still amid his charmed waves?

Now is the opportunity for Ænone, now display her; whether thou shalt attempt to dispel my passion or thine own.

which is clearly objectionable. ‘Retinenda,’ as suggested by Heinsius, is decidedly preferable

<sup>93</sup> *I remember that thou.*—Ver. 83. This line is evidently corrupt. Heinsius suggests ‘Te cum sideribus tectam deducere lunam,’ which has been adopted.

<sup>94</sup> *Thy father Cebren.*—Ver. 89. Ænone was said to be the daughter of the river Cebren or Cebrenus, who was also the sire of the Nymph Hesperie, beloved by Æsacus, and mentioned in the Eleventh Book of the Metamorphoses, l. 769.

# THE AMORES; OR, AMOURS.

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## BOOK THE FIRST.

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### AN EPIGRAM ON THE AMOURS.

WE who of late were five books<sup>1</sup> of Naso, are *now but* three : this work our author has preferred to the former one. Though it should<sup>2</sup> now be no pleasure to thee to read us ; still, the labour will be less, the two being removed.

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### ELEGY I.

HE says that he is compelled by Cupid to write of love instead of battles ; and that the Divinity insists on making each second Hexameter line into a Pentameter.

I WAS preparing to write of arms and impetuous warfare in serious numbers,<sup>3</sup> the subject-matter being suited to the measure.<sup>4</sup> The second verse was of equal measure *with the first* ; but Cupid is said to have smiled, and to have abstracted one foot.<sup>5</sup> “Who, cruel boy, has given thee this right over my lines ? We poets are the choir of *the Muses*, the Pierian maids,

<sup>1</sup> *Were five books.*]—Ver. 1. From this it is clear, that the first edition which Ovid gave to the public of his ‘Amores’ was in five Books ; but that on revising his work, he preferred (prætulit) these three books to the former five. It is supposed that he rejected many of those Elegies which were of too free a nature and were likely to embroil him with the authorities, by reason of their licentiousness.

<sup>2</sup> *Though it should.*]—Ver. 3. Burmann has rightly observed, that ‘ut jam,’ in this line, has exactly the force of ‘quamvis,’ ‘although.’

<sup>3</sup> *In serious numbers.*]—Ver. 1. By the ‘graves numeri,’ he means Heroic or Hexameter verses. It is supposed that he alludes to the battle of the Giants or the Titans, on which subject he had begun to write an heroic poem. In these lines Ovid seems to have had in view the commencement of the first Ode of Anacreon.

<sup>4</sup> *Suited to the measure.*]—Ver. 2. The subject being of a grave character, and, as such, suited to Heroic measure.

<sup>5</sup> *Abstracted one foot.*]—Ver. 4. He says that every second line (as is the case in Heroic verse) had as many feet as the first, namely, six : but that Cupid stole a foot from the Hexameter, and reduced it to a Pentameter, whereby the Poet was forced to recur to the Elegiac measure.

not thine. What if Venus were to seize the arms of the yellow-haired Minerva, *and* if the yellow-haired Minerva were to wave the lighted torches *of Love*? Who would approve of Ceres holding her reign in the woods on the mountain ridges, *or* of the fields being tilled under the control of the quivered Virgin? Who would arm Phœbus, graceful with his locks, with the sharp spear, while Mars is striking the Aonian lyre? Thy sway, O youth, is great, and far too potent; why, in thy ambition, dost thou attempt a new task? Is that which is everywhere, thine? Is Heliconian Tempe thine? Is even his own lyre hardly safe now for Phœbus? When the new page has made a good beginning in the first line, at that moment does he diminish my energies.<sup>8</sup> I have no subject fitted for *these* lighter numbers, whether youth, or girl with her flowing locks arranged."

*Thus* was I complaining; when, at once, his quiver loosened,<sup>9</sup> he selected the arrows made for my destruction; and he stoutly bent upon his knee the curving bow, and said, "Poet, receive a subject on which to sing." Ah wretched me! unerring arrows did that youth possess. I burn; and in my heart, *hitherto* disengaged, does Love hold sway. *Henceforth*, in six feet<sup>10</sup> let my work commence; in five let it close. Farewell, ye ruthless wars, together with your numbers. My Muse,<sup>11</sup> to eleven feet destined to be attuned, bind with the myrtle of the sea shore thy temples encircled with their yellow locks.

<sup>8</sup> *Diminish my energies.*]—Ver. 18. See the Note to the fourth line.

<sup>9</sup> *His quiver loosened.*]—Ver. 21. The 'pharetra,' or quiver, filled with arrows, was used by most of the nations that excelled in archery, among whom were the Scythians, Persians, Lycians, Thracians, and Cretans. It was made of leather, and was sometimes adorned with gold or painting. It had a lid, and was suspended by a belt from the right shoulder. Its usual position was on the left hip, and it was thus worn by the Scythians and Egyptians. The Cretans, however, wore it behind the back, and Diana, in her statues, is represented as so doing. This must have been the method in which Cupid is intended in the present instance to wear it, as he has to unloose the quiver before he takes out the arrow. Some Commentators, however, would have 'solutâ' to refer simply to the act of opening the quiver.

<sup>10</sup> *In six feet.*]—Ver. 27. He says that he must henceforth write in Hexameters and Pentameters, or, in other words, in the Elegiac measure.

<sup>11</sup> *My Muse.*]—Ver. 30. The Muse addressed by him would be Erato, under whose protection were those Poets whose theme was Love. He bids her wreath her hair with myrtle, because it was sacred to Venus; while, on the other hand, laurels would be better adapted to the Heroic Muse. The myrtle is said to love the moisture and coolness of the sea-shore.

## ELEGY II.

HE says, that being taken captive by Love, he allows Cupid to lead him away in triumph.

WHY shall I say it is, that my bed appears thus hard to me, and that my clothes rest not upon the couch? The night, too, long as it is, have I passed without sleep; and why do the weary bones of my restless body ache? But were I assailed by any flame, I think I should be sensible of it. Or does *Love* come unawares and cunningly attack in silent ambush? 'Tis so; his little arrows have pierced my heart; and cruel Love is tormenting the breast he has seized.

Am I to yield? Or by struggling *against it*, am I to increase this sudden flame? I must yield; the burden becomes light which is borne contentedly. I have seen the flames increase when agitated by waving the torch; and when no one shook it, I have seen them die away. The galled bulls suffer more blows while at first they refuse the yoke, than those whom experience of the plough avails. The horse which is unbroken bruises his mouth with the hard curb; the one that is acquainted with arms is less sensible of the bit. Love goads more sharply and much more cruelly those who struggle, than those who agree to endure his servitude. Lo! I confess it; I am thy new-made prey, O Cupid; I am extending my conquered hands for thy commands. No war *between us* is needed; I entreat for peace and for pardon; and no credit shall I be to thee, unarmed, conquered by thy arms. Bind thy locks with myrtle; yoke thy mother's doves; thy stepfather<sup>14</sup> himself will give a chariot which becomes thee. And in the chariot *so* given thee, thou shalt stand, and with thy skill shalt guide the birds *so* yoked<sup>15</sup>, while the people shout "*Io triumphe*"<sup>16</sup> aloud. The captured youths and the captive fair shall be led *in triumph*; this procession shall be a splendid triumph for thee.

<sup>14</sup> *Thy step-father.*]—Ver. 24. He calls Mars the step-father of Cupid, in consequence of his intrigue with Venus.

<sup>15</sup> *Birds so yoked.*]—Ver. 26. These are the doves which were sacred to Venus and Cupid. By yoking them to the chariot of Mars, the Poet wishes to show the skill and power of Cupid.

<sup>16</sup> *Io triumphe.*]—Ver. 25. 'Clamare triumphum,' means 'to shout *Io triumphe*,' as the procession moves along. Lactantius speaks of a poem called 'the Triumph of Cupid,' in which Jupiter and the other Gods were represented as following him in the triumphal procession.

I myself, a recent capture, shall bear my wound *so* lately made ; and with the feelings of a captive shall I endure thy recent chains. Soundness of Understanding shall be led along with hands bound behind his back, Shame as well, and whatever *beside* is an enemy to the camp of Love. All things shall stand in awe of thee : towards thee the throng, stretching forth its hands, shall sing "Io triumphe" with loud voice. Caresses shall be thy attendants, Error too, and Madness, a troop that ever follows on thy side. With these for thy soldiers, thou dost overcome both men and Gods ; take away from thee these advantages, *and* thou wilt be helpless. From highest Olympus thy joyous mother will applaud thee in thy triumph, and will sprinkle her roses falling on thy face. While gems bedeck thy wings, *and* gems thy hair ; in thy golden chariot shalt thou go, resplendent thyself with gold.<sup>17</sup>

Then too, (if well I know thee) wilt thou influence not a few ; then too, as thou passest by, wilt thou inflict many a wound. Thy arrows (even shouldst thou thyself desire it) cannot be at rest. A glowing flame *ever* injures by the propinquity of its heat. Just such was Bacchus when the Gangetic land<sup>18</sup> was subdued ; thou art the burden of the birds ; he was *that* of the tigers. Therefore, since I may be some portion of thy hallowed triumph, forbear, Conqueror, to expend thy strength on me. Look at the prospering arms of thy kinsman Cæsar ;<sup>19</sup> with the same hand with which he conquers does he shield the conquered.<sup>20</sup>

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### ELEGY III.

HE entreats his mistress to return his affection, and shows that he is deserving of her favour.

I ASK for what is just ; let the fair who has so lately captivated

<sup>17</sup> *Thyself with gold.*—Ver. 42. The poet Moschus represents Cupid as having wings of gold.

<sup>18</sup> *The Gangetic land.*—Ver. 47. He alludes to the Indian triumphs of Bacchus, which extended to the river Ganges.

<sup>19</sup> *Thy kinsman Cæsar.*—Ver. 51. Because Augustus, as the adopted son of Julius Cæsar, was said to be descended from Venus, through the line of Æneas.

<sup>20</sup> *Shield the conquered.*—Ver. 52. Although Augustus had many faults, it must be admitted that he was, like Julius, a most merciful conqueror, and was generally averse to bloodshed.

me, either love me, or let her give me a cause why I should always love her. Alas! too much have I desired; only let her allow herself to be loved; and then Cytherea will have listened to my prayers so numerous. Accept one who will be your servant through lengthened years; accept one who knows how to love with constant attachment. If the great names of ancient ancestors do not recommend me, or if the Equestrian founder of my family<sup>21</sup> fails to do so; and if no field of mine is renewed by ploughs innumerable, and each of my parents<sup>22</sup> with frugal spirit limits my expenditure; still Phœbus and his nine companions and the discoverer of the vine may do so; and Love besides, who presents me as a gift to you; a fidelity, too that will yield to none, manners above reproach, ingenuousness without guile, and modesty ever able to blush.

A thousand damsels have no charms for me; I am no rover in affection;<sup>23</sup> you will for ever be my choice, if you do but believe me. May it prove my lot to live with you for years as many as the threads of the Sister *Destinies* shall grant me, and to die with you sorrowing for me. Grant me yourself as a delightful theme for my verse; worthy of their matter my lines will flow. Io, frightened by her horns, and she whom the adulterer deceived in the shape of the bird<sup>24</sup> of the stream have a name in song; she, too, who, borne over the seas upon the fictitious bull, held fast the bending horns with her virgin hand. We, too, together shall be celebrated throughout all the world; and my name shall ever be united with thy own.

<sup>21</sup> *Founder of my family.*]—Ver. 8. See the Life of Ovid prefixed to the Fasti; and the Second Book of the Tristia.

<sup>22</sup> *Each of my parents.*]—Ver. 10. From this it appears that this Elegy was composed during the life-time of both of his parents, and while, probably, he was still dependent on his father.

<sup>23</sup> *No rover in affection.*]—Ver. 15. 'Desultor,' literally means 'one who leaps off.' The figure is derived from those equestrians who rode upon several horses, or guided several chariots, passing from the one to the other. This sport was very frequently exhibited in the Roman Circus. Among the Romans, the 'desultor' generally wore a 'pileus,' or cap of felt. The Numidian, Scythian, and Armenian soldiers, were said to have been skilled in the same art.

<sup>24</sup> *Of the bird.*]—Ver. 22. He alludes to Leda and Europa.

## ELEGY IV.

HE instructs his mistress what conduct to observe in the presence of her husband at a feast to which he has been invited.

YOUR husband is about to come to the same banquet<sup>26</sup> as ourselves : I pray that it may be the last meal<sup>27</sup> for this husband of yours. And am I then only as a guest to look upon the fair so much beloved ? And shall there be another, to take pleasure in being touched *by you* ? And will you, conveniently placed below, be keeping warm the bosom of another ?<sup>28</sup> *And* shall he, when he pleases, be placing his hand upon your neck ? Cease to be surprised that the beauteous damsel of Atrax<sup>29</sup> excited the two-formed men to combat when the wine was placed *on table*. No wood is my home, and my limbs adhere not to *those of* a horse ; *yet* I seem to be hardly able to withhold my hands from you. Learn, however, what must be done by you ; and do not give my injunctions to be borne away by the Eastern gales, nor on the warm winds of the South.

<sup>26</sup> *The same banquet.*]—Ver. 1. He says that they are about to meet at ‘*cœna*,’ at the house of a common friend.

<sup>27</sup> *The last meal.*]—Ver. 2. The ‘*cœna*’ of the Romans is usually translated by the word ‘supper’ ; but as being the chief meal of the day, and being in general, (at least during the Augustan age) taken at about three o’clock, it really corresponds to our ‘dinner.’

<sup>28</sup> *Warm the bosom of another.*]—Ver. 5. As each guest while reclining on the couch at the entertainment, mostly leaned on his left elbow during the meal, and as two or more persons lay on the same couch, the head of one person reached to the breast of him who lay above him, and the lower person was said to lie on the bosom of the other. Among the Romans, the usual number of persons occupying each couch was three. Sometimes, however, four occupied one couch ; while, among the Greeks, only two reclined upon it. In this instance, he describes the lady as occupying the place below her husband, and consequently warming his breast with her head. For a considerable time after the fashion of reclining at meals had been introduced into Rome, the Roman ladies sat at meals while the other sex was recumbent. Indeed, it was generally considered more becoming for females to be seated, especially if it was a party where many persons were present. Juvenal, however, represents a bride as reclining at the marriage supper on the bosom of her husband. On the present occasion, it is not very likely that the ladies were particular about the more rigid rules of etiquette. It must be remembered that before lying down, the shoes or sandals were taken off.

<sup>29</sup> *Damsel of Atrax.*]—Ver. 8. He alludes to the marriage of Hippodamia to Pirithoüs, and the battle between the Centaurs and the Lapithæ, described in the Twelfth Book of the *Metamorphoses*.



Come before your husband ; and yet, I do not see what can be done, if you do come first ; but still, do come first.<sup>31</sup> When he presses the couch, with modest air you will be going as his companion, to recline by him ; *then* secretly touch my foot.<sup>32</sup> Keep your eye on me, and my nods and the expression of my features ; apprehend my secret signs,<sup>33</sup> and yourself return them. Without utterance will I give expression to words by my eyebrows ;<sup>34</sup> you shall read words traced by my fingers, words *traced* in the wine.<sup>35</sup> When the delights of our dalliance recur to your thoughts, press your blooming cheeks<sup>36</sup> with your beauteous finger. If there shall be anything, of which you may be making complaint about me silently in your mind, let your delicate hand reach from the extremity of your ear. When, my life, I shall either do or say aught which shall give you delight, let your ring be continually twisted on your fingers.<sup>37</sup>

<sup>31</sup> *Do come first.*—Ver. 14. He hardly knows why he asks her to do so, but still she must come before her husband ; perhaps, that he may have the pleasure of gazing upon her without the chance of detection ; the more especially as she would not recline till her husband had arrived, and would, till then, probably be seated.

<sup>32</sup> *Touch my foot.*—Ver. 16. This would show that she had safely received his letter.

<sup>33</sup> *My secret signs.*—Ver. 18. See the Note in this Volume, to the 90th line of the 17th Epistle.

<sup>34</sup> *By my eye-brows.*—Ver. 19. See the 82nd line of the 17th Epistle.

<sup>35</sup> *Traced in the wine.*—Ver. 20. See the 88th line of the 17th Epistle.

<sup>36</sup> *Your blooming cheeks.*—Ver. 22. Probably by way of check to his want of caution.

<sup>37</sup> *Twisted on your fingers.*—Ver. 26. The Sabines were the first to introduce the practice of wearing rings among the Romans. The Romans generally wore one ring, at least, and mostly upon the fourth finger of the left hand. Down to the latest period of the Republic, the rings were mostly of iron, and answered the purpose of a signet. The right of wearing a gold ring remained for several centuries the exclusive privilege of Senators, Magistrates, and Knights. The emperors were not very scrupulous on whom they conferred the privilege of wearing the gold ring, and Severus and Aurelian gave the right to all Roman soldiers. Vain persons who had the privilege, literally covered their fingers with rings, so much so, that Quintilian thinks it necessary to warn the orator not to have them above the middle joint of the fingers. The rings and the gems set in them, were often of extreme beauty and value. From Juvenal and Martial we learn that the coxcombs of the day had rings for both winter and summer wear. They were kept in ‘*dactyliotheçæ*,’ or ring boxes, where they were ranged in a row.

Take hold of the table with your hand, in the way in which those who are in prayer<sup>38</sup> take hold of *the altar*, when you shall be wishing many an evil for your husband, who so well deserves it. *The cup* which he has mixed for you, if you are discreet,<sup>39</sup> bid him drink himself ; *then*, in a low voice, do you ask the servant<sup>41</sup> for what *wine* you wish. I will at once take the cup which you have put down ;<sup>42</sup> and where you have sipped, on that side will I drink. If, perchance, he shall give you any morsels, of which he has tasted beforehand, reject them *thus* touched by his mouth.<sup>43</sup> And do not allow him to press your neck, by putting his arms around it ; nor recline your gentle head on his unsightly breast.<sup>44</sup> Let not your bosom, or your breasts so close at hand,<sup>45</sup> admit his fingers ; and especially allow him to give you no kisses. If you do give him *any* kisses, I shall be discovered to be your lover, and I shall say, "Those art my own," and shall be laying hands upon him.

Still, this I shall *be able to see* ; but what the clothing carefully conceals, the same will be a cause for me of apprehension full of doubts. Touch not his thigh with yours, and cross not legs with him, and do not unite your delicate foot with his uncouth leg. To my misery, I am apprehensive of many a thing, because many a thing have I done in my wantonness ; and I myself am tormented, through fear of my own precedent.

<sup>38</sup> *Who are in prayer.*]—Ver. 27. It was the custom to hold the altar while the suppliant was praying to the Deities ; he here directs her, while she is mentally uttering imprecations against her husband, to fancy that the table is the altar, and to take hold of it accordingly.

<sup>39</sup> *If you are discreet.*]—Ver. 29. 'Sapias' is put for 'si sapias,' 'if you are discreet,' 'if you would act sensibly.'

<sup>41</sup> *Ask the servant.*]—Ver. 30. This would be the slave, whose office it was to mix the wine and water to the taste of the guests. He was called οἰνόχοος by the Greeks, 'pincerna' by the Romans.

<sup>42</sup> *Which you have put down.*]—Ver. 31. That is, which she either puts upon the table, or gives back to the servant, when she has drunk.

<sup>43</sup> *Touched by his mouth.*]—Ver. 34. This would appear to refer to some choice morsel picked out of the husband's plate, which, as a mark of attention, he might present to her.

<sup>44</sup> *On his unsightly breast.*]—Ver. 36. This, from her position, if she reclined below her husband, she would be almost obliged to do.

<sup>45</sup> *So close at hand.*]—Ver. 37. A breach of these injunctions would imply either a very lax state of etiquette at the Roman parties, or, what is more probable, that the present company was not of a very select character.

Oft *by joining hands* beneath the cloth,<sup>48</sup> have my mistress and I forestalled our hurried delights. This, I *am sure*, you will not do *for him*; but that you may not *even* be supposed to do so, take away the conscious covering<sup>49</sup> from your bosom. Bid your husband drink incessantly, but let there be no kisses with your entreaties; and while he is drinking, if you can, add wine by stealth.<sup>50</sup> If he shall be soundly laid asleep with dozing and wine, circumstances and opportunity will give us *fitting* counsel. When you shall rise to go home, we all will rise as well; *and* remember that you walk in the middle rank of the throng. In that rank you will either find me, or be found *by me*; *and* whatever part of me you can there touch, *mind and touch*.

Ah wretched me! I have given advice to be good for *but* a few hours; *then*, at the bidding of night, I am separated from my mistress. At night her husband will lock her in; I, sad with my gushing tears, will follow her as far as I may, even to her obdurate door. *And* now will he be snatching a kiss; *and* now not kisses only will he snatch; you will be compelled to grant him that, which by stealth you grant to me. But grant him this (you can do so) with a bad grace, and like one acting by compulsion; let no caresses be heard; and let Venus prove inauspicious. If my wishes avail, I trust, too, that he will find no satisfaction therein; but if otherwise, still at least let it have no delights for you. But, however, whatever luck may attend upon the night, assure me in positive language to-morrow, that you did not dally with him.

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### ELEGY V.

The beauties of Corinna.

'Twas summer time,<sup>51</sup> and the day had passed the hour of noon;

<sup>48</sup> *Beneath the cloth.*]—Ver. 48. 'Vestis' means a covering, or clothing for anything, as for a couch, or for tapestry. Let us charitably suppose it here to mean the table cloth; as the passage will not admit of further examination, and has of necessity been somewhat modified in the translation.

<sup>49</sup> *The conscious covering.*]—Ver. 50. The 'pallia,' here mentioned, are clearly the coverlets of the couch which he has before mentioned in the 41st line; and from this it is evident, that during the repast the guests were covered with them.

<sup>50</sup> *Add wine by stealth.*]—Ver. 52. To make him fall asleep the sooner.

<sup>51</sup> 'Twas summer time.]—Ver. 1. In all hot climates it is the custom to repose in the middle of the day. This the Spaniards call the 'siesta.'

when I threw my limbs to be refreshed on the middle of the couch. A part of the window<sup>53</sup> was thrown open, the other part shut; the light *was* such as the woods are wont to have; just as the twilight glimmers, when Phœbus is retreating; or *as* when the night has gone, and still the day is not risen. Such light should be given to the bashful fair, in which coy modesty may hope to have concealment.

Behold! Corinna<sup>54</sup> came, clothed in a tunic<sup>55</sup> hanging loose, her flowing hair<sup>56</sup> covering her white neck; just such as the

<sup>53</sup> *A part of the window.*]—Ver. 3. On the ‘fenestræ,’ or windows of the ancients, see the Notes to the Pontic Epistles, Book iii. Ep. iii. l. 5, and to the Metamorphoses, Book xiv. l. 752. He means that one leaf of the window was open, and one shut.

<sup>54</sup> *Corinna.*]—Ver. 9. In the Fourth Book of the *Tristia*, Elegy x. l. 60, he says, ‘Corinna, (so called by a fictitious name) the subject of song through the whole city, had imparted a stimulus to my genius.’ It has been supposed by some Commentators, that under this name he meant Julia, either the daughter or the grand-daughter of the emperor Augustus, but there seems really to be no ground for such a belief; indeed, the daughter of Augustus had passed middle age, when Ovid was still in boyhood. It is most probable that Corinna was only an ideal personage, existing in the imagination of the Poet; and that he intended the name to apply to his favourite mistress for the time being, as, though he occasionally denies it, still, at other times, he admits that his passion was of the roving kind. There are two females mentioned in history of the name of Corinna. One was a Theban poetess, who excelled in Lyric composition, and was said to have vanquished Pindar himself in a Lyric contest; while the other was a native of Thespiæ, in Bœotia. The former, who was famous for both her personal charms and her mental endowments, is supposed to have suggested the use of the name to Ovid.

<sup>55</sup> *Clothed in a tunic.*]—Ver. 9. ‘Tunica’ was the name of the undergarment with both sexes among the Romans. When the wearer was out of doors, or away from home, it was fastened round the waist with a belt or girdle, but when at home and wishing to be entirely at ease, it was, as in the present instance, loose or ungirded. Both sexes usually wore two tunics. In female dress, Varro seems to call the outer tunic ‘subucula,’ and the ‘interior tunica’ by the name also of ‘indusium.’ The outer tunic was also called ‘stola,’ and, with the ‘palla’ completed the female dress. The ‘tunica interior,’ or what is here called ‘tunica,’ was a simple shift, and in early times had no sleeves. According to Nonius, it fitted loosely on the body, and was not girded when the ‘stola’ or outer tunic was put on. Poor people, who could not afford to purchase a ‘toga,’ wore the tunic alone; whence we find the lower classes called by the name of ‘tunicati.’

<sup>56</sup> *Her flowing hair.*]—Ver. 10. ‘Dividuis,’ here means, that her hair was scattered, flowing over her shoulders and not arranged on the head in a knot.

beauteous Semiramis<sup>57</sup> is said to have entered her chamber, and Lais,<sup>58</sup> beloved by many a hero. I drew aside the tunic; in its thinness<sup>59</sup> it was but a small impediment; still, to be covered with the tunic did she strive; and, as she struggled as though she was not desirous to conquer, without difficulty was she overcome, through betrayal of herself. When, her clothing laid aside, she stood before my eyes, throughout her whole body nowhere was there a blemish. What shoulders, what arms I *both* saw and touched! The contour of her breast, how formed was it to be pressed! How smooth her stomach beneath her faultless bosom! How full and how beauteous her sides! How plump with youthfulness the thigh! *But* why enlarge on every point? Nothing did I behold not worthy of praise; and I pressed her person even to my own.

The rest, who knows not? Wearied, we both reclined. May such a midday often prove my lot.

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#### ELEGY VI.

He entreats the porter to open to him the door of his mistress's house.

PORTER, fastened (*and* how unworthily!) with the cruel fetter,<sup>60</sup> throw open the stubborn door with its turning hinge. What I ask, is but a trifle; let the door, half-opened, admit me sideways with its narrow passage. Protracted Love has

<sup>57</sup> *Semiramis.*]—Ver. 11. Semiramis was the wife of Ninus, king of Babylon, and was famous for her extreme beauty, and the talent which she displayed as a ruler. She was also as unscrupulous in her morals as the fair one whom the Poet is now describing.

<sup>58</sup> *And Lais.*]—Ver. 12. There are generally supposed to have been two famous courtesans of the name of Lais. The first was carried captive, when a child, from Sicily, in the second year of the 91st Olympiad, and being taken to Corinth, became famous throughout Greece for her extreme beauty, and the high price she put upon her favours. Many of the richest and most learned men resorted to her, and became smitten by her charms. The second Lais was the daughter of Alcibiades, by his mistress, Timandra. When Demosthenes applied for a share of her favours, she made the extravagant demand of ten thousand drachmæ, upon which, regaining his wisdom (which had certainly forsaken him for a time) he said that he would not purchase repentance at so high a price.

<sup>59</sup> *In its thinness.*]—Ver. 13. Possibly it was made of Coan cloth, if Corinna was as extravagant as she was vicious.

<sup>60</sup> *The cruel fetter.*]—Ver. 1. Among the Romans, the porter was frequently bound by a chain to his post, that he might not forsake it.

made my body thin for such an emergency, and by diminishing my bulk, has rendered my limbs *quite* supple. 'Tis he who shows me how to go softly amid the watches of the keepers;<sup>62</sup> 'tis he directs my feet that meet no harm. But, at one time, I used to be afraid of the night and imaginary ghosts; and I used to be surprised if any one was about to go in the dark: Cupid, with his graceful mother, laughed, so that I could hear him, and he softly said, "Thou too wilt become bold." Without delay, love came upon me; then, I feared not spectres that flit by night,<sup>63</sup> or hands uplifted for my destruction.

I only fear you, *thus* too tardy; you alone do I court; you hold the lightning by which you can effect my destruction. Look (and that you may see, loosen the obdurate bars) how the door has been made wet with my tears. At all events, 'twas I, who, when, your garment laid aside, you stood ready for the whip,<sup>64</sup> spoke in your behalf to your mistress as you were trembling. Does then, (O shocking thought!) the credit which once prevailed in your behalf, now fail to prevail in my own favour? Give a return for my kindness; you may *now* be grateful. As you wish,<sup>65</sup> the hours of the night pass on;<sup>66</sup> from the door-post<sup>67</sup> strike away the bar.

<sup>62</sup> *Watches of the keepers.*]—Ver. 7. Properly, the 'excubiæ' were the military watches that were kept on guard, either by night or day, while the term 'vigiliæ,' was only applied to the watch by night. He here alludes to the watch kept by jealous men over their wives.

<sup>63</sup> *Spectres that flit by night.*]—Ver. 13. The dread of the ghosts of the departed entered largely among the Roman superstitions. See an account of the Ceremony, in the Fifth Book of the *Fasti*, l. 422, *et seq.*, for driving the ghosts, or Lemures, from the house.

<sup>64</sup> *Ready for the whip.*]—Ver. 19. See the Note to the 81st line of the Epistle of Deïanira to Hercules. Ovid says, that he has often pleaded for him to his mistress; indeed, the Roman ladies often showed more cruelty to the slaves, both male and female, than the men did to the male slaves.

<sup>65</sup> *As you wish.*]—Ver. 28. Of course it would be the porter's wish that the night should pass quickly on, as he would be relieved in the morning, and was probably forbidden to sleep during the night.

<sup>66</sup> *Hours of the night pass on.*]—Ver. 24. This is an intercalary line, being repeated after each seventh one.

<sup>67</sup> *From the door-post.*]—Ver. 24. The fastenings of the Roman doors consisted of a bolt placed at the bottom of each 'foris,' or wing of the door, which fell into a socket made in the sill. By way of additional precaution, at night, the front door was secured by a bar of wood or iron, here called 'sera,' which ran across, and was inserted in sockets on each

Strike it away ; then may you one day be liberated from your long fetters, and may the water of the slave<sup>68</sup> be not for ever drunk of by you. Hard-hearted porter ! you hear me, as I implore in vain ; the door, supported by its hard oaken *posts*, is *still* unmoved. Let the protection of a closed gate be of value to cities when besieged ; *but* why, in the midst of peace are you dreading warfare ? What would you do to an enemy, who thus shut out the lover ? The hours of the night pass on ; from the door-post strike away the bar.

I am not come attended with soldiers and with arms ; I should be alone, if ruthless Love were not here. Him, *even* if I should desire it, I can never send away ; first should I be even severed from my limbs. Love then, and a little wine about my temples,<sup>69</sup> are with me, and the chaplet falling from off my anointed hair. Who is to dread arms *such as* these ? Who may not go out to face them ? The hours of the night pass on ; from the door-post strike away the bar.

Are you delaying ? or does sleep (who but ill befriends the lover) give to the winds my words, as they are repelled from your ear ? But, I remember, when formerly I used to avoid you, you were awake, with the stars of the midnight. Perhaps, too, your own mistress is now asleep with you ; alas ! how much superior *then* is your fate to my own ! And since 'tis so, pass on to me, ye cruel chains. The hours of the night pass on ; from the door-post strike away the bar.

Am I mistaken ? Or did the door-posts creak with the turning hinge, and did the shaken door give the jarring signal ? *Yes*, I am mistaken ; the door was shaken by the boisterous wind. Ah me ! how far away has that gust borne side of the doorway. Hence it was necessary to remove or strike away the bar, 'excudere seram,' before the door could be opened.

<sup>68</sup> *Water of the slave.*]—Ver. 26. Water was the principal beverage of the Roman slaves, but they were allowed a small quantity of wine, which was increased on the Saturnalia. 'Far,' or 'spelt,' formed their general sustenance, of which they received one 'libra' daily. Salt and oil were also allowed them, and sometimes fruit, but seldom vegetables. Flesh meat seems not to have been given to them.

<sup>69</sup> *About my temples.*] — Ver. 37. 'Circa mea tempora,' literally, 'around my temples.' This expression is used, because it was supposed that the vapours of excessive wine affect the brain. He says that he has only taken a moderate quantity of wine, although the chaplet falling from off his hair would seem to bespeak the contrary.

my hopes! Boreas, if well thou dost keep in mind the ravished Orithyia, come hither, and with thy blast beat open this relentless door. 'Tis silence throughout all the City; damp with the glassy dew, the hours of the night pass on; from the door-post strike away the bar.

Otherwise I, myself,<sup>73</sup> now better prepared *than you*, with my sword, and with the fire which I am holding in my torch,<sup>74</sup> will scale this arrogant abode. Night, and love, and wine,<sup>75</sup> are persuasive of no moderation; the first is without shame, Bacchus and Love *are without fear*.

I have expended every method; neither by entreaties nor by threats have I moved you, O *man*, even more deaf yourself than your door. It becomes you not to watch the threshold of the beauteous fair; of the anxieties of the prison,<sup>76</sup> are you more deserving. And now Lucifer is moving his wheels beset with rime; and the bird is arousing<sup>77</sup> wretched *mortals* to their work. But, chaplet taken from my locks joyous no longer, be you the livelong night upon this obdurate threshold. You, when in the morning she shall see you *thus* exposed, will be a witness of my time thus thrown away. *Porter*, whatever your disposition, good bye, and *one day* experience the pangs of him who is *now* departing;

<sup>73</sup> *Otherwise I myself.*]—Ver. 57. Heinsius thinks that this and the following line are spurious.

<sup>74</sup> *Holding in my torch.*]—Ver. 58. Torches were usually carried by the Romans, for their guidance after sunset, and were generally made of wooden staves or twigs, bound by a rope around them, in a spiral form, or else by circular bands at equal distances. The inside of the torch was filled with flax, tow, or dead vegetable matter, impregnated with pitch, wax, rosin, oil, or other inflammable substances.

<sup>75</sup> *Love and wine.*]—Ver. 59. He seems, by this, to admit that he has taken more than a moderate quantity of wine, 'modicum vinum,' as he says above.

<sup>76</sup> *Anxieties of the prison.*]—Ver. 64. He alludes to the 'ergastulum,' or prison for slaves, that was attached to most of the Roman farms, whither the refractory slaves were sent from the City to work in chains. It was mostly under ground, and, was lighted with narrow windows, too high from the ground to be touched with the hand. Slaves who had displeased their masters were usually sent there for a punishment, and those of uncouth habits were kept there. Plutarch says that they were established, on the conquest of Italy, in consequence of the number of foreign slaves imported for the cultivation of the conquered territory. They were finally abolished by the Emperor Hadrian.

<sup>77</sup> *Bird is arousing.*]—Ver. 65. The cock, whom the poets universally consider as 'the harbinger of morn.'



sluggish one, and worthless in not admitting the lover, fare you well. And you, ye cruel door-posts, with your stubborn threshold; and *you, ye doors, equally slaves,*<sup>73</sup> hard-hearted blocks of wood, farewell.

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### ELEGY VII.

HE has beaten his mistress, and endeavours to regain her favour.

PUT my hands in manacles (they are deserving of chains), if any friend of mine is present, until all my frenzy has departed. For frenzy has raised my rash arms against my mistress; hurt by my frantic hand, the fair is weeping. In such case could I have done an injury even to my dear parents, or have given unmerciful blows to even the hallowed Gods. Why; did not Ajax, too,<sup>80</sup> the owner of the sevenfold shield, slaughter the flocks that he had caught along the extended plains? And did Orestes, the guilty avenger of his father, the punisher of his mother, dare to ask for weapons against the mystic Goddesses?<sup>81</sup>

And could I then tear her tresses so well arranged; and were not her displaced locks unbecoming to my mistress? Even thus was she beautiful; in such guise they say that the daughter of Schœneus<sup>82</sup> pursued the wild beasts of Mænalus

<sup>73</sup> *Equally slaves.*]—Ver. 74. He called the doors, which were bivalve or folding-doors, his ‘conservæ,’ or ‘fellow slaves,’ from the fact of their being obedient to the will of a slave. Plautus, in the *Asinaria*, act. ii. sc. 3, has a similar expression:—‘Nolo ego fores, conservas meas a te verberarier.’ ‘I won’t have my door, my fellow-slave, thumped by you.’

<sup>80</sup> *Did not Ajax too.*]—Ver. 7. Ajax Telamon, on being refused the arms of Achilles, became mad, and slaughtered a flock of sheep, fancying that they were the sons of Atreus, and his enemy Ulysses. His shield, formed of seven ox hides, ἐπταβόειον, is celebrated by Homer.

<sup>81</sup> *Mystic Goddesses.*]—Ver. 10. Orestes avenged the death of his father, Agamemnon, by slaying his own mother, Clytemnestra, together with her paramour, Ægistheus. He also attempted to attack the Furies, when they haunted him for the murder of his mother.

<sup>82</sup> *Daughter of Schœneus.*—Ver. 13. Atalanta, the Arcadian, or Mænaliant, was the daughter of Iasius, and was famous for her skill in the chase. Atalanta, the Bœotian, was the daughter of Schœneus, and was renowned for her swiftness, and for the race in which she was outstripped by Hippomenes. The Poet has here mistaken the one for the other, calling the Arcadian one the daughter of Schœneus. The story of the Arcadian Atalanta is told in the Eighth Book of the *Metamorphoses*, and that of the daughter of Schœneus, at the end of the Tenth Book of the same work.

with her bow. In such guise did the Cretan damsel<sup>63</sup> weep, that the South winds, in their headlong flight, had borne away both the promises and the sails of the forsworn Theseus. Thus, *too*, chaste Minerva, did Cassandra<sup>64</sup> fall in thy temple, except that her locks were bound with the fillet.

Who did not say to me, "You madman!" who did not say *to me*, "You barbarian!" She herself *said* not a word; her tongue was restrained by timid apprehensions. But still her silent features pronounced my censure; by her tears *and* by her silent lips did she convict me.

First could I wish that my arms had fallen from off my shoulders; to better purpose could I have parted with a portion of myself. To my own disadvantage had I the strength of a madman; and for my own punishment did I stoutly exert my strength. What do I want with you, ye ministers of death and criminality? Impious hands, submit to the chains, your due. Should I not have been punished had I struck the humblest Roman<sup>65</sup> of the multitude? *And* shall I have a greater privilege against my mistress? The son of Tydeus has left the worst instance of crime: he was the first to strike a Goddess,<sup>66</sup> I, the second. But less guilty was he; by me, she, whom I asserted to be loved *by me*, was injured; against an enemy the son of Tydeus was infuriate.

Come now, conqueror, prepare your boastful triumphs; bind your locks with laurel, and pay your vows to Jove, and let the multitude, the train, that escorts your chariot, shout aloud, "Io *trumphe!* by *this* valiant man has the fair been conquered!" Let the captive, in her sadness, go before with dishevelled locks, pale all over, if her hurt cheeks<sup>67</sup> may allow

<sup>63</sup> *The Cretan damsel.*]—Ver. 16. Ariadne, the daughter of Minos, when deserted on the island of Naxos or Cea.

<sup>64</sup> *Cassandra.*]—Ver. 17. Cassandra being a priestess, would wear the sacred fillets, 'vittæ.' She was ravished by Ajax Oileus, in the temple of Minerva.

<sup>65</sup> *The humblest Roman.*]—Ver. 29. It was not lawful to strike a free-born Roman citizen. See Acts, c. xxii. v. 25. 'And as they bound him with thongs, Paul said unto the Centurion that stood by, Is it lawful for you to scourge a man that is a Roman, and uncondemned?' This privilege does not seem to have extended to Roman women of free birth.

<sup>66</sup> *Strike a Goddess.*]—Ver. 32. He alludes to the wound inflicted by Diomedes upon Venus, while protecting her son Æneas.

<sup>67</sup> *Her hurt cheeks.*]—Ver. 40. He implies by this, to his disgrace, that he has made her cheeks black and blue by his violence.

it. 'Twere more fitting for her face to be pale from the impress of kisses, and for her neck to bear the marks of the toying teeth. In short, if, after the manner of a swelling torrent, I was impelled, and if impetuous anger did make me its prey; would it not have been enough to have shouted aloud at the trembling girl, and not to have thundered out my threats far too severe? Or else, to my own disgrace, to have torn her tunic from its upper edge down to the middle? Her girdle should, at the middle,<sup>89</sup> have come to its aid. But now, in the hardness of my heart, I could dare, seizing her hair on her forehead, to mark her free-born cheeks<sup>90</sup> with my nails. *There* she stood, amazed, with her features pale and bloodless, just as the marble is cut in the Parian mountains.<sup>91</sup> I saw her fainting limbs, and her palpitating members; just as when the breeze waves the foliage of the poplars; just as the slender reed quivers with the gentle Zephyr; or, as when the surface of the waves is skimmed by the warm South wind. Her tears, too, so long repressed, flowed down her face, just as the water flows from the snow when heaped up.

Then, for the first time, did I begin to be sensible that I was guilty; the tears which she was shedding were *as* my own blood. Yet, thrice was I ready, suppliantly to throw myself before her feet; thrice did she repel my dreaded hands. But, *dearest*, do not you hesitate, (*for* revenge will lessen your grief) at once to attack my face with your nails. Spare not my eyes, nor *yet* my hair; let anger nerve your hands, weak though they may be.

And that tokens so shocking of my criminality may no longer exist, put your locks, arranged anew, in their proper order.<sup>92</sup>

<sup>89</sup> *At the middle.*—Ver. 48. He says that he ought to have been satisfied with tearing her tunic down to the waist, where the girdle should have stopped short the rent; whereas, in all probability, he had torn it from the top to the bottom.

<sup>90</sup> *Her free-born cheeks.*—Ver. 50. It was a common practice with many of the Romans, to tear and scratch their slaves on the least provocation.

<sup>91</sup> *The Parian mountains.*—Ver. 52. The marble of Paros was greatly esteemed for its extreme whiteness. Paros was one of the Cyclades, situate about eighteen miles from the island of Delos.

<sup>92</sup> *Their proper order.*—Ver. 68. 'In statione,' was originally a military phrase, signifying 'on guard'; from which it came to be applied to any thing in its place or in proper order.

## ELEGY VIII.

HE curses a certain procuress, whom he overhears instructing his mistress in the arts of a courtesan.

THERE is a certain—(whoever wishes to make acquaintance with a procuress, let him listen.)—There is a certain old hag, Dipsas by name. From fact does she derive<sup>94</sup> her name; never in a sober state does she behold the mother of the swarthy Memnon with her horses of roseate hue. She knows well the magic arts, and the charms of *Ææa*,<sup>95</sup> and by her skill she turns back to its source<sup>96</sup> the flowing stream. She knows right well what the herbs, what the thrums impelled around the whirling spinning-wheel,<sup>97</sup> and what the venomous exudation<sup>98</sup> from the prurient mare can effect. When she

<sup>94</sup> *Does she derive.*—Ver. 3. He says that her name, ‘Dipsas,’ is derived from reality, meaning thereby that she is so called from the Greek verb *διψάω*, ‘to thirst’; because she was always thirsty, and never rose sober in the morning.

<sup>95</sup> *The charms of Ææa.*—Ver. 5. He alludes to the charms of Circe and Medea. According to Eustathius, *Ææa* was a city of Colchis.

<sup>96</sup> *Turns back to its source.*—Ver. 6. This the magicians of ancient times generally professed to do.

<sup>97</sup> *Spinning wheel.*—Ver. 8. ‘Rhombus,’ means a parallelogram with equal sides, but not having right angles, and hence, from the resemblance, a spinning wheel, or winder. The ‘*licia*’ were the cords or thrums of the old warp, or the threads of the old web to which the threads of the new warp were joined. Here, however, the word seems to mean the threads alone. The spinning-wheel was much used in magical incantations, not only among the Romans, but among the people of Northern and Western Europe. It is not improbable that the practice was founded on the so-called threads of destiny, and it was the province of the wizard, or sorceress, by his or her charms, to lengthen or shorten those threads, according as their customers might desire. Indeed, in some parts of Europe, at the present day, charms, in the shape of forms of words, are said to exist, which have power over the human life at any distance from the spot where they are uttered; a kind of superstition which dispenses with the more cumbrous paraphernalia of the spinning-wheel. Some Commentators think that the use of the ‘*licia*’ implied that the minds of individuals were to be influenced at the will of the enchanter, in the same way as the old thrums of the warp are caught up and held fast by the new threads; this view, however, seems to dispense with the province of the wheel in the incantation. See the Second Book of the *Fasti*, l. 572. The old woman there mentioned as performing the rites of the Goddess, Tacita, among her other proceedings, ‘binds the enchanted threads on the dark-coloured spinning-wheel.’

<sup>98</sup> *Venomous exudation.*—Ver. 8. This was the substance called

wills it, the clouds are overspread throughout all the sky; when she wills it, the day is bright with a clear atmosphere.

I have beheld (if I may be believed) the stars dripping with blood: the face of the moon was empurpled<sup>99</sup> with gore. I believe that she, transformed,<sup>1</sup> was flying amid the shades of night, and that her hag's carcass was covered with feathers. *This* I believe, and such is the report. A double pupil, too,<sup>2</sup> sparkles in her eyes, and light proceeds from a twofold eyeball. Forth from the ancient sepulchres she calls our great grandsires, and their grandsires<sup>3</sup> as well; and with her long incantations she cleaves the solid ground. She has made it her occupation to violate the chaste bed; and besides, her tongue is

'hippomanes,' which was said to flow from mares when in a prurient state. Hesiod says, that 'hippomanes' was a herb which produced madness in the horses that ate of it. Pliny, in his Eighth Book, says that it is a poisonous excrescence of the size of a fig, and of a black colour, which grows on the head of the mare, and which the foal at its birth is in the habit of biting off, which, if it neglects to do, it is not allowed by its mother to suck. This fictitious substance was said to be especially used in philtres.

<sup>99</sup> *Moon was empurpled.*]—Ver. 12. If such a thing as a fog ever exists in Italy, he may very possibly have seen the moon of a deep red colour.

<sup>1</sup> *That she, transformed.*]—Ver. 13. 'Versam,' 'transformed,' seems here to be a preferable reading to 'vivam,' 'alive.' Burmann, however, thinks that the 'striges' were the ghosts of dead sorcerers and wizards, and that the Poet means here, that Dipsas had the power of transforming herself into a 'strix' even while living, and that consequently 'vivam' is the proper reading. The 'strix' was a fabulous bird of the owl kind, which was said to suck the blood of children in the cradle. See the Sixth Book of the *Fasti*, l. 141, and the Note to the passage.

<sup>2</sup> *A double pupil, too.*]—Ver. 15. The pupil, or apple of the eye, is that part through which light is conveyed to the optic nerve. Some persons, especially females, were said by the ancients to have a double pupil, which constituted what was called 'the evil eye.' Pliny the Elder says, in his Seventh Book, that 'all women injure by their glances, who have a double pupil.' The grammarian, Hæphestion, tells us, in his Fifth Book, that the wife of Candaules, king of Lydia, had a double pupil. Heinsius suggests, that this was possibly the case with the Ialysian Telchines, mentioned in the Seventh Book of the *Metamorphoses*, l. 365, 'whose eyes corrupting all things by the very looking upon them, Jupiter, utterly hating, thrust them beneath the waves of his brother.'

<sup>3</sup> *And their grandsires.*]—Ver. 17. One hypercritical Commentator here makes this remark: 'As though it were any more difficult to summon forth from the tomb those who have long been dead, than those who are just deceased.' He forgot that Ovid had to make up his line, and that 'antiquis proavos atavosque' made three good feet, and two-thirds of another.

not wanting in guilty advocacy. Chance made me the witness of her language ; in such words was she giving her advice ; the twofold doors <sup>5</sup> concealed me.

“ You understand, my life, how greatly you yesterday pleased a wealthy young man ; *for* he stopped short, and stood gazing for some time on your face. And whom do you not please ? Your beauty is inferior to no one’s. *But* woe is me ! your person has not a fitting dress. I *only* wish you were as well off, as you are distinguished for beauty ; if you became rich, I should not be poor. The adverse star of Mars in opposition <sup>6</sup> was unfortunate for you ; Mars has gone ; now Venus is befriending you with her planet. See now how favourable she is on her approach ; a rich lover is sighing for you, and he makes it his care <sup>7</sup> what are your requirements. He has good looks, too, that may compare with your own ; if he did not wish to have you at a price, he were worthy himself to be purchased.”

*On this the damsel* blushed : <sup>8</sup> “ Blushing,” *said the hag*, “ suits a fair complexion indeed ; but if you *only* pretend it, ’tis an advantage ; *if* real, it is wont to be injurious. When, your eyes cast down, <sup>9</sup> you are looking full upon your bosom,

<sup>5</sup> *The twofold doors.*]—Ver. 20. The doors used by the ancients were mostly bivalve, or folding doors.

<sup>6</sup> *Mars in opposition.*]—Ver. 29. She is dabbling here in astrology, and the adverse and favourable aspects of the stars. We are to suppose that she is the agent of the young man who has seen the damsel, and she is telling her that the rising star of Venus is about to bring her good luck.

<sup>7</sup> *Makes it his care.*]—Ver. 32. Burmann thinks that this line, as it stands at present, is not pure Latin ; and, indeed, ‘*curæ habet,*’ ‘makes it his care,’ seems a very unusual mode of expression. He suggests another reading—‘*et, cultæ quod tibi deficit, habet,*’ ‘and he possesses that which is wanting for your being well-dressed,’ namely, money.

<sup>8</sup> *The damsel blushed.*]—Ver. 35. He says that his mistress blushed at the remark of the old hag, that the young man was worthy to be purchased by her, if he had not been the first to make an offer. We must suppose that here the Poet peeped through a chink of the door, as he was on the other side, listening to the discourse ; or he may have reasonably guessed that she did so, from the remark made in the same line by the old woman.

<sup>9</sup> *Your eyes cast down.*]—Ver. 37. The old woman seems to be advising her to pretend modesty, by looking down on her lap, so as not to give away even a look, until she has seen what is deposited there, and then only to give gracious glances in proportion to her present. It was the custom for the young simpletons who lavished their money on the Roman courtesans, to place their presents in the lap or bosom.

each man must *only* be looked at in the proportion in which he offers. Possibly the sluttish Sabine females,<sup>11</sup> when Tatius was king, were unwilling to be accommodating to more men *than one*. Now-a-days, Mars employs the bravery of *our men* in foreign warfare;<sup>12</sup> but Venus holds sway in the City of her own Æneas. Enjoy yourselves, my pretty ones; she is chaste, whom nobody has courted; or else, if coyness does not prevent her, she herself is the wooer. Dispel these frowns<sup>13</sup> as well, which you are carrying upon your lofty brow; with those frowns will numerous failings be removed. Penelope used to try<sup>14</sup> the strength of the young men upon the bow; the bow that tested *the strength of* their sides, was made of horn. Age glides stealthily on, and beguiles us as it flies; just as the swift river glides onward with its flowing waters. Brass grows bright by use; good clothes require to be worn; uninhabited buildings grow white with nasty mould. Unless you entertain *lovers*, beauty *soon* waxes old, with no one to enjoy it; and *even* one or two *lovers* are not sufficiently profitable. From many of *them*, gain is more sure, and not so difficult to be got. An abundant prey falls to the hoary wolves out of a *whole* flock.

“See now! what does this poet of yours make you a present of besides his last verses? You will read many thousands of

<sup>11</sup> *Sabine females.*]—Ver. 39. The Sabines were noted for their domestic virtues. The hag hints, that the chastity of the Sabine women was only the result of their want of good breeding. ‘Tatio regnante’ seems to point to the good old times, in the same way as our old songsters have it, ‘When good king Arthur reigned.’ Tatius reigned jointly at Rome with Romulus. See the Fourteenth Book of the Metamorphoses, l. 804.

<sup>12</sup> *In foreign warfare.*]—Ver. 41. She says, that they are now in a more civilized state, than when they were fighting just without the walls of Rome; now they are solely engaged in foreign conquests, and Venus reigns in the city of the descendants of her son, Æneas.

<sup>13</sup> *Dispel these frowns.*]—Ver. 45. The damsel has, probably, frowned here at her last remark, on which she tells her she must learn to dispense with these frowns, and that when she dispels them, ‘excudit,’ so many faults which might otherwise prove to her disadvantage, will be well got rid of.

<sup>14</sup> *Penelope used to try.*]—Ver. 47. Penelope, in order that she might escape the importunity of the suitors, proposed that they should try to bend the bow of Ulysses, promising her hand to him who should prove successful. The hag, however, says that, with all her pretended chastity, Penelope only wanted to find out who was the most stalwart man among her lovers, in order that she might choose him for a husband.

them by *this new* lover. The God himself of poets, graceful in his mantle<sup>16</sup> adorned with gold, strikes the harmonious strings of the gilded lyre. He that shall make you presents, let him be to you greater than great Homer ; believe me, it is a noble thing to give. And, if there shall be any one redeemed at a price for his person<sup>17</sup>, do not you despise him ; the fault of having the foot rubbed with chalk<sup>18</sup> is a mere trifle. Neither let the old-fashioned wax busts about the halls<sup>19</sup> take you in ; pack off with your forefathers, you needy lover. Nay more, should<sup>20</sup> one, because he is good-looking, ask for a night without a present ; *why*, let him first solicit his own admirer for something to present to you.

“ Be less exacting of presents, while you are laying your nets, *for fear* lest they should escape you : *once* caught, tease them at your own pleasure. Pretended affection, too, is not a bad thing ; let him fancy he is loved ; but have you a care that this affection is not all for nothing. Often refuse your favours ; sometimes pretend a head-ache ; and sometimes there will be Isis<sup>21</sup> to afford a pretext. *But* soon admit him again ; that he may acquire no habits of endurance, and that his love,

<sup>16</sup> *Graceful in his mantle.*—Ver. 59. The ‘palla’ was especially worn by musicians. She is supposed to refer to the statue of Apollo, which was erected on the Palatine Hill by Augustus ; and her design seems to be, to shew that poetry and riches are not so incompatible as the girl may, from her lover’s poverty, be led to imagine.

<sup>17</sup> *At a price for his person.*—Ver. 63. That is to say, some rich slave who has bought his own liberty. As many of the Roman slaves were skilful at various trades and handicrafts, and were probably allowed the profits of their work after certain hours in the day, it would be no uncommon thing for a slave, with his earnings, to purchase his liberty. Some of the slaves practised as physicians, while others followed the occupation of literary men.

<sup>18</sup> *Rubbed with chalk.*—Ver. 64. It was the custom to mark with chalk, ‘gypsum,’ the feet of such slaves as were newly imported for sale.

<sup>19</sup> *Busts about the halls.*—Ver. 65. Instead of ‘quinquatria,’ which is evidently a corrupt reading, ‘circum atria’ has been adopted. She is advising the girl not to be led away by notions of nobility, founded on the number of ‘ceræ,’ or waxen busts of their ancestors, that adorned the ‘atria,’ or halls of her admirers. See the Fasti, Book i. line 591, and the Note to the passage ; also the Epistle of Laodamia to Protesilaus, line 152.

<sup>20</sup> *Nay, more, should.*—Ver. 67. ‘Quin’ seems to be a preferable reading to ‘quid ?’

<sup>21</sup> *There will be Isis.*—Ver. 74. The Roman women celebrated the festival of Isis for several successive days, and during that period they carefully abstained from the society of men.



so often repulsed, may not begin to flag. Let your door be deaf to him who entreats, open to him who brings. Let the lover that is admitted, hear the remarks of him who is excluded. And, as though you were the first injured, sometimes get in a passion with him when injured *by you*. His censure, when counterbalanced by your censure,<sup>27</sup> may wear away. But do you never afford a long duration for anger; prolonged anger frequently produces hatred. Moreover, let your eyes learn, at discretion, to shed tears; and let this cause or that cause your cheeks to be wet. And do not, if you deceive any one, hesitate to be guilty of perjury; Venus lends *but* a deaf hearing<sup>28</sup> to deceived *lovers*.

“Let a male servant and a crafty handmaid<sup>29</sup> be trained up to their parts; who may instruct him what may be conveniently purchased for you. And let them ask but little for themselves; if they ask a little of many,<sup>30</sup> very soon, great will be the heap from the gleanings.<sup>31</sup> Let your sister, and your mother, and your nurse as well, fleece your admirer. A booty is soon made, that is sought by many hands. When occasions for asking for presents shall fail you, call attention with a cake<sup>32</sup> to your birthday. Take care that no one loves you in security, without a rival; love is not very lasting if you remove *all* rivalry. Let him perceive the traces of *another* person on the

<sup>27</sup> *By your censure.*]—Ver. 80. When she has offended she is to pretend a counter grievance, so as to outweigh her faults.

<sup>28</sup> *A deaf hearing.*]—Ver. 86. Literally, ‘deaf Godhead.’

<sup>29</sup> *A crafty handmaid.*]—Ver. 87. The comedies of Plautus and Terence show the part which the intriguing slaves and handmaids acted on such occasions.

<sup>30</sup> *A little of many.*]—Ver. 89. ‘Multos,’ as suggested by Heinsius, is preferable to ‘multi,’ which does not suit the sense.

<sup>31</sup> *Heap from the gleanings.*]—Ver. 90. ‘Stipula’ here means ‘gleanings.’ She says, that each of the servants must ask for a little, and those little sums put together will make a decent amount collected from her lovers. No doubt her meaning is, that the mistress should pocket the presents thus made to the slaves.

<sup>32</sup> *With a cake.*]—Ver. 94. The old woman tells her, when she has exhausted all other excuses for getting a present, to have the birth-day cake by her, and to pretend that it is her birth-day; in order that her lover may take the hint, and present her with a gift. The birth-day cake, according to Servius, was made of flour and honey; and being set on table before the guests, the person whose birth-day it was, ate the first slice, after which the others partook of it, and wished him happiness and prosperity. Presents, too, were generally made on birth-days.

couch ; all your neck, too, discoloured by the marks of toying. Especially let him see the presents, which another has sent. If he gives you nothing, the Sacred Street<sup>33</sup> must be talked about. When you have received many things, but yet he has not given you every thing, be continually asking him to lend you something, for you never to return. Let your tongue aid you, and let it conceal your thoughts ;<sup>34</sup> caress him, and prove his ruin.<sup>35</sup> Beneath the luscious honey cursed poisons lie concealed. If you observe these precepts, tried by me throughout a long experience ; and if the winds and the breezes do not bear away my words ; often will you bless me while I live ; often will you pray, when I am dead, that in quietude my bones may repose.”

She was in the middle of her speech, when my shadow betrayed me ; but my hands with difficulty refrained from tearing her grey scanty locks, and her eyes bleared with wine, and her wrinkled cheeks. May the Gods grant you both no home,<sup>36</sup> and a needy old age ; prolonged winters as well, and everlasting thirst.<sup>37</sup>

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### ELEGY IX.

HE tells Atticus that like the soldier, the lover ought to be on his guard ; and that Love is a species of warfare.

EVERY lover is a soldier, and Cupid has a camp of his own ;

<sup>33</sup> *The Sacred Street.*]—Ver. 100. The ‘*via sacra*,’ or ‘*Sacred Street*,’ led from the old Senate house at Rome towards the Amphitheatre, and up the Capitoline hill. For the sale of all kinds of luxuries, it seems to have had the same rank in Rome that Regent Street holds in London. The procuress tells her, that if her admirer makes no presents, she must turn the conversation to the ‘*Via Sacra* ;’ of course, asking him such questions as, What is to be bought there ? What is the price of such and such a thing ? And then she is to say, that she is in want of this or that, but unfortunately she has no money, &c.

<sup>34</sup> *Conceal your thoughts.*]—Ver. 103. This expression resembles the famous one attributed to Machiavelli, that ‘*speech was made for the concealment of the thoughts.*’

<sup>35</sup> *Prove his ruin.*]—Ver. 103. ‘*Let your lips utter kind things, but let it be your intention to ruin him outright by your extravagance.*’

<sup>36</sup> *Grant thee both no home*]—Ver. 113. The ‘*Lares*,’ being the household Gods, ‘*nullo Lares*,’ implies ‘*no home.*’

<sup>37</sup> *Everlasting thirst.*]—Ver. 114. In allusion to her thirsty name ; see the Note to the second line.

believe me, Atticus,<sup>38</sup> every lover is a soldier. The age which is fitted for war, is suited to love as well. For an old man to be a soldier, is shocking; amorousness in an old man is shocking. The years which<sup>39</sup> generals require in the valiant soldier, the same does the charming fair require in her husband. Both *soldier and lover* pass sleepless nights; both rest upon the ground. The one watches at the door of his mistress; but the other *at that* of his general.<sup>40</sup> Long marches are the duty of the soldier; send the fair *far* away, *and* the lover will boldly follow her, without a limit *to his endurance*. Over opposing mountains will he go, and rivers swollen with rains; the accumulating snows will he pace.

About to plough the waves, he will not reproach the stormy East winds; nor will he watch for Constellations favourable for scudding over the waves. Who, except either the soldier or the lover, will submit to both the chill of the night, and the snows mingled with the heavy showers? The one is sent as a spy against the hostile foe; the other keeps his eye on his rival, as though upon an enemy. The one lays siege to stubborn cities, the other to the threshold of his obdurate mistress: the one bursts open gates, and the other, doors.<sup>42</sup> Full oft has it answered to attack the enemy when buried in sleep; and to slaughter an unarmed multitude with armed hand. Thus did the fierce troops of the Thracian Rhesus<sup>43</sup> fall; and you, captured steeds, forsook your lord. Full oft do lovers take advantage of the sleep of husbands, and brandish their arms against the slumbering foe. To escape the troops of the sen-

<sup>38</sup> *Atticus.*—Ver. 2. It is supposed that this Atticus was the same person to whom Ovid addresses the Fourth and Seventh Pontic Epistle in the Second Book. It certainly was not Pomponius Atticus, the friend of Cicero, who died when the Poet was in his eleventh year.

<sup>39</sup> *The years which.*—Ver. 5. The age for serving in the Roman armies, was from the seventeenth up to the forty-sixth year.

<sup>40</sup> *Of his general.*—Ver. 8. He alludes to the four night-watches of the Roman army, which succeeded each other every three hours. Each guard, or watch, consisted of four men, of whom one acted as sentry, while the others were in readiness, in case of alarm.

<sup>42</sup> *The other, doors.*—Ver. 20. From the writings of Terence and Plautus, as well as those of Ovid, we find that the youths of Rome were not very scrupulous about kicking down the door of an obdurate mistress.

<sup>43</sup> *Thracian Rhesus.*—Ver. 23. See the preceding Epistle of Penelope to Ulysses, and the speech of Ulysses in the Thirteenth Book of the *Metamorphoses*.

tinels, and the bands of the patrol, is the part *both* of the soldier, and of the lover always in misery. Mars is wayward, and Venus is uncertain ; both the conquered rise again, and those fall whom you would say could never possibly be prostrate.

Whoever, then, has pronounced Love *mere* slothfulness, let him cease *to love* :<sup>44</sup> to the discerning mind does Love belong. The mighty Achilles is inflamed by the captive Briseïs. Trojans, while you may, destroy the Argive resources. Hector used to go to battle *fresh* from the embraces of Andromache ; and it was his wife who placed his helmet on his head. The son of Atreus, the first of *all* the chiefs, on beholding the daughter of Priam, is said to have been smitten with the dishevelled locks of the raving *prophetess*.<sup>46</sup> Mars, too, when caught, was sensible of the chains wrought at the forge ;<sup>47</sup> there was no story better known *than his*, in *all* the heavens.

I myself was of slothful habit, and born for a lazy inactivity ;<sup>48</sup> the couch and the shade<sup>49</sup> had enervated my mind. Attentions to the charming fair gave a fillip to me, in my indolence ; and *Love* commanded me to serve<sup>50</sup> in his camp. Hence it is that thou seest me active, and waging the warfare by night. Let him who wishes not to become slothful, fall in love.

<sup>44</sup> *Cease to love.*]—Ver. 32. It is hard to say whether the word ‘Desinat’ means ‘Let him leave off saying so,’ or ‘Let him cease to love’ : perhaps the latter is the preferable mode of rendering it.

<sup>46</sup> *The raving prophetess.*]—Ver. 38. ‘Mænas’ literally means ‘a raving female,’ from the Greek word *μαίνομαι*, ‘to be mad.’ He alludes to Cassandra when inspired with the prophetic spirit.

<sup>47</sup> *At the forge.*]—Ver. 39. When he was detected by means of the iron net, as related in the Fourth Book of the *Metamorphoses*.

<sup>48</sup> *A lazy inactivity.*]—Ver. 41. When persons wished to be at ease in their leisure moments at home, they were in the habit of loosening the girdle which fastened the tunic ; from this circumstance, the term ‘discinctus’ is peculiarly applied to a state of indolence.

<sup>49</sup> *Couch and the shade.*]—Ver. 42. ‘Lectus et umbra’ means ‘lying in bed and reclining in the shade.’ The shade of foliage would have peculiar attractions in the cloudless climate of Italy, especially for persons naturally inclined to be idle.

<sup>50</sup> *To serve.*]—Ver. 44. ‘Æra merere’ has the same meaning as ‘stipendium merere,’ ‘to earn the pay of a soldier,’ whence it came to signify, ‘to serve as a soldier.’ The ancient accounts differ materially as to the pay which the Roman soldiers received.

## ELEGY X.

HE tells his mistress that she ought not to require presents as a return for her love.

SUCH as she, who, borne away from the Eurotas,<sup>51</sup> in the Phrygian ships, was the cause of warfare to her two husbands; such as Leda was, whom her crafty paramour, concealed in his white feathers, deceived under *the form of a fictitious bird*; such as Amymone<sup>52</sup> used to wander in the parched *fields of Argos*, when the urn was pressing the locks on the top of her head; such were you; and I was in dread of both the eagle and the bull with respect to you, and whatever *form besides Love* has created of the mighty Jove.

Now, all fears are gone, and the disease of my mind is cured; and now no longer does that form of *yours* rivet my eyes. Do you inquire why I am changed? *It is*, because you require presents. This reason does not allow of your pleasing me. So long as you were disinterested, I was in love with your mind together with your person; now, *in my estimation*, your appearance is affected by this blemish on your disposition. Love is both a child and naked; he has years without sordidness, and *he wears* no clothes, that he may be without concealment. Why do you require the son of Venus to be prostituted at a price? He has no fold in his dress,<sup>53</sup> in which to conceal that price. Neither Venus is suited for cruel arms, nor yet the son of Venus; it befits not such unwarlike Divinities to serve for pay. The courtesan stands for hire to any one at a certain price; and with her submissive body, she seeks for wretched pelf. Still, she curses the tyranny of the avaricious procurer;<sup>54</sup> and she does,

<sup>51</sup> *The Eurotas.*]—Ver. 1. The Eurotas was the river which flowed past the walls of Sparta. He is alluding to Helen.

<sup>52</sup> *Amymone.*]—Ver. 5. She was one of the Danaïdes, and was carrying water, when she was attacked by a Satyr, and rescued by Neptune. See the Epistle of Hero to Leander, l. 131, and the Note to the passage.

<sup>53</sup> *Fold in his dress.*]—Ver. 18. The 'sinus' of the 'toga,' among the men, and of the 'palla,' among the women, which extended in folds across the breast, was used as a pocket, in which they carried money, purses, letters, and other articles. When the party was seated, the 'sinus' would almost correspond in meaning with our word 'lap.'

<sup>54</sup> *Avaricious procurer.*]—Ver. 23. 'Leno' was a person who kept a house for the purposes of prostitution, and who generally robbed his

by compulsion,<sup>55</sup> what you are doing of your own free will.

Take, as an example, the cattle, devoid of reason ; it were a shocking thing for there to be a finer feeling in the brutes. The mare asks no gift of the horse, nor the cow of the bull ; the ram does not woo the ewe, induced by presents. Woman alone takes pleasure in spoils torn from the man ; she alone lets out her nights ; alone is she on sale, to be hired at a price. She sells, too, *joys* that delight them both, *and* which both covet ; and she makes it *a matter of pay*, at what price she herself is to be gratified. Those joys, which are so equally sweet to both, why does the one sell, and *why* the other buy them ? Why must that delight prove a loss to me, to you a gain, for which the female and the male combine with kindred impulse ? Witnesses hired dishonestly,<sup>56</sup> sell their perjuries ; the chest<sup>57</sup> of the commissioned judge<sup>58</sup> is disgracefully open *for the bribe*.

'Tis a dishonourable thing to defend the wretched criminals with a tongue that is purchased ;<sup>59</sup> 'tis a disgrace for a tribunal to make great acquisitions. 'Tis a disgrace for a woman to increase her patrimonial possessions by the profits of her embraces, and to prostitute her beauty for lucre. Thanks are victims of the profits of their unfortunate calling. This was called 'lenocinium,' and the trade was not forbidden, though the 'lenones' were considered 'infames,' or 'disgraced,' and thereby lost certain political rights.

<sup>55</sup> *By compulsion*.—Ver. 24. Being probably the slave of the 'leno,' he would use force to make her comply with his commands.

<sup>56</sup> *Hired dishonestly*.]—Ver. 37. The evidence of witnesses was taken by the Prætor, and was called 'jusjurandum in judicio,' whereas the evidence of parties themselves was termed 'jusjurandum in jure.' It was given on oath by such as the Prætor or other judge chose to call, or as either party might propose for examination.

<sup>57</sup> *The chest*.]—Ver. 38. The 'arca' here means the strong box, or chest, in which the Romans were accustomed to place their money ; they were generally made of, or bound with, iron or other metal.

<sup>58</sup> *Commissioned judge*.]—Ver. 38. The 'judices selecti' were the 'centumviri,' a body of one hundred and five officers, whose duty it was to assist the Prætor in questions where the right to property was litigated. In the Second Book of the *Tristia*, l. 93, we are informed that the Poet himself filled the office of a 'judex selectus.'

<sup>59</sup> *That is purchased*.]—Ver. 39. Among the Romans, the 'patroni' defended their 'clientes' gratuitously, and it would have been deemed disgraceful for them to take a fee or present.

*justly* due for things obtained without purchase; there are no thanks for an intercourse disgracefully bartered. He who hires,<sup>60</sup> pays all *his due*; the price *once* paid, he no longer remains a debtor for your acquiescence. Cease, ye beauties, to bargain for pay for your favours. Sordid gains bring no good results. It was not worth her while to bargain for the Sabine bracelets,<sup>61</sup> in order that the arms should crush the head of the sacred maiden. The son pierced<sup>63</sup> with the sword those entrails from which he had sprung, and a *simple* necklace<sup>64</sup> was the cause of the punishment.

But yet it is not unbecoming for a present to be asked of the wealthy man; he has something to give to her who does ask for a present. Pluck the grapes that hang from the loaded vines; let the fruitful soil of Alcinoüs<sup>65</sup> afford the apples. Let the needy man proffer duty, zeal, and fidelity; what each one possesses, let him bestow it all upon his mistress. My endowments, too, are in my lines to sing the praises of those fair who deserve them; she, whom I choose, becomes celebrated through my skill. Vestments will rend, gems and gold will spoil; the fame which poesy confers is everlasting.

*Still* I do not detest giving and revolt at it, but at being asked for a price. Cease to demand it, *and* I will give you that which I refuse you while you ask.

<sup>60</sup> *He who hires.*]—Ver. 45. The ‘conductor’ was properly the person who hired the services, or the property of another, for a fixed price. The word sometimes means ‘a contractor,’ or the person with whom the bargain by the former party is made. See the public contract mentioned in the *Fasti*, Book v. l. 293.

<sup>61</sup> *The Sabine bracelets.*]—Ver. 49. He alludes to the fate of the Vestal virgin Tarpeia. See the *Fasti*, Book i. l. 261, and Note; also the Translation of the *Metamorphoses*, p. 516.

<sup>63</sup> *The son pierced.*]—Ver. 52. Alcmaeon killed his mother Eriphyle, for having betrayed his father Amphiaraus. See the Second Book of the *Fasti*, l. 43, and the Third Book of the *Pontic Epistles*, Ep. i. l. 52, and the Notes to the passages.

<sup>64</sup> *A simple necklace.*]—Ver. 52. See the Epistle of Deianira to Hercules, and the Tenth Book of the *Metamorphoses*, l. 113, with the Note to the passage.

<sup>65</sup> *Soil of Alcinoüs.*]—Ver. 56. The fertile gardens of Alcinoüs, king of the Phæacians, are celebrated by Homer in the *Odyssey*

## ELEGY XI.

HE begs Napè to deliver his letter to her mistress, and commences by praising her neatness and dexterity, and the interest she has hitherto manifested in his behalf.

NAPE, skilled at binding the straggling locks<sup>66</sup> and arranging them in order, and not deserving to be reckoned<sup>67</sup> among the female slaves ; *known, too, by experience* to be successful in the contrivances of the stealthy night, and clever in giving the signals ;<sup>68</sup> you who have so oft entreated Corinna, when hesitating, to come to me ; who have been found so often faithful by me in my difficulties ; take and carry these tablets,<sup>69</sup> so well-filled,<sup>70</sup> this morning to your mistress ; and by your diligence dispel *all* impeding delay. Neither veins of flint, nor hard iron is in your breast, nor have you a simplicity greater than that of your *clever* class. There is no doubt that you, too, have experienced the bow of Cupid ; in my behalf defend the banner of your service. If *Corinna* asks what I am doing, you will say that I am living in expectation of the night. The wax inscribed with my persuasive hand is carrying the rest.

While I am speaking, time is flying ; opportunely give her

<sup>66</sup> *The straggling locks.*]—Ver. 1. The duty of dressing the hair of the Roman ladies was divided among several slaves, who were called by the general terms of ‘cosmetæ,’ and ‘ornatrices.’ It was the province of one to curl the hair with a hot iron, called ‘calamistrum,’ which was hollow, and was heated in wood ashes by a slave who, from ‘cinis,’ ‘ashes,’ was called ‘ciniflo.’ The duty of the ‘psecas’ came next, whose place it was to anoint the hair. Then came that of the ‘ornatrix,’ who parted the curls with a comb or bodkin ; this seems to have been the province of Napè.

<sup>67</sup> *To be reckoned.*]—Ver. 2. The Nymphs of the groves were called *ναῖναι* ; and perhaps from them Napè received her name, as it is evidently of Greek origin. One of the dogs of Actæon is called by the same name, in the *Metamorphoses*, Book iii. l. 214.

<sup>68</sup> *Giving the signals.*]—Ver. 4. ‘Notis’ may mean here, either ‘hints,’ ‘signs,’ ‘signals,’ or ‘letters.’ In Nizard’s French translation it is rendered ‘missives.’

<sup>69</sup> *Carry these tablets.*]—Ver. 7. On the wax tablets, see the Note to the *Pontic Epistles*, Book ii. El. 9. l. 69, and the *Metamorphoses*, Book ix. l. 521, with the Note.

<sup>70</sup> *So well filled.*]—Ver. 7. ‘Peraratas’ literally means ‘ploughed over’ ; which term is properly applied to the action of the ‘stylus,’ in ploughing through the wax upon the tablets. Suetonius relates that Julius Cæsar, when he was murdered in the Senate House, pierced the arm of the assassin Cassius with his ‘stylus.’



my tablets, when she is at leisure ; but still, make her read them at once. I bid you watch her eyes and her forehead as she reads ; from the silent features we may know the future. And *be there* no delay ; when she has read them through, request her to write a long answer ;<sup>72</sup> I hate it, when the bleached wax is empty, with a margin on every side. Let her write the lines close as they run, and let the letters traced in the extreme margin long detain my eyes.

*But* what need is there for wearying her fingers with holding the pen ?<sup>75</sup> Let the whole of her letter contain this *one* word, "Come." *Then*, I should not delay to crown my victorious tablets with laurel, nor to place them in the midst of the temple of Venus. Beneath them I would inscribe "Naso consecrates these faithful servants of his to Venus ; but lately, you were *pieces of* worthless maple."<sup>76</sup>

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### ELEGY XII.

HE curses the tablets which he has sent, because his mistress has written an answer on them, in which she refuses to grant his request.

LAMENT my misfortune ; my tablets have returned *to me* with sad intelligence. Her unlucky letter announces that she cannot *be seen* to-day. There is something in omens ; just now, when she was preparing to go, Napè stopped short, having struck her foot<sup>78</sup> against the threshold. When sent out of doors another time, remember to pass the threshold more carefully, and *like* a sober woman lift your foot high *enough*.

<sup>72</sup> *A long answer.*]—Ver. 19. She is to write at once, on having read his letter through. This she could do the more readily, as she could use the same tablets, smoothing the wax with the broad end of the 'graphium,' or 'stylus.'

<sup>75</sup> *Holding the pen.*]—Ver. 23. 'Graphium' was the Greek name for the 'stylus,' or pen used for writing on the wax tablets. It was generally of iron or copper, but sometimes of gold. The case in which it was kept was called 'graphiarium,' or 'graphiaria theca.'

<sup>76</sup> *Of worthless maple.*]—Ver. 28. He calls the wood of the tablets 'vile,' in comparison with their great services to him : for, according to Pliny, Book xvi. c. 15, maple was the most valued wood for tablets, next to 'citrus,' cedar, or citron wood. It was also more useful than citron, because it could be cut into leaves, or laminæ, of a larger size than citron would admit of.

<sup>78</sup> *Struck her foot.*]—Ver. 4. This is mentioned as a bad omen by Laodamia, in her Epistle to Protesilaüs, l. 88. So in the Tenth Book of the Metamorphoses, in the shocking story of Cinyras and Myrrha ; 'Three times was she recalled by the presage of her foot stumbling.'

Away with you, obdurate tablets, fatal bits of board ; and you wax, as well, crammed with the lines of denial. I doubt the Corsican bee<sup>80</sup> has sent you collected from the blossom of the tall hemlock, beneath its abominable honey.

Besides, you were red, as though you had been thoroughly dyed in vermilion ;<sup>81</sup> such a colour is exactly that of blood. Useless bits of board, thrown out in the street, *there* may you lie ; and may the weight of the wheel crush you, as it passes along. I could even prove that he who formed you to shape from the tree, had not the hands of innocence. That tree *surely* has afforded a gibbet for some wretched neck, *and* has supplied the dreadful crosses<sup>82</sup> for the executioner. It has given a disgusting shelter to the screeching owls ; in its branches it has borne the eggs of the vulture and of the screech-owl.<sup>83</sup> In my madness, have I entrusted my courtship to these, and have I given soft words to be *thus* carried to my mistress ?

These tablets would more becomingly hold the prosy summons,<sup>84</sup> which some judge<sup>85</sup> pronounces, with his sour face.

<sup>80</sup> *The Corsican bee.*]—Ver. 10. From Pliny, Book xvi., we learn that the honey of Corsica was of a bitter taste, in consequence of the box-trees and yews, with which the isle abounded, and which latter, according to him, were poisonous. From Diodorus Siculus we learn that there were many turpentine trees on the island ; this would not tend to improve the flavour of the honey.

<sup>81</sup> *Dyed in vermilion.*]—Ver. 11. ‘Minium,’ ‘red lead,’ or ‘vermilion,’ was discovered by Callias, an Athenian, according to Theophrastus. It was sometimes mixed with the wax used for tablets : probably not the best, but that which was naturally of a bad colour. This censure of the tablets is a good illustration of the grapes being sour. In the last Elegy, before he has received his repulse, he declares the wax to be ‘splendida,’ ‘of brilliant whiteness through bleaching ;’ now, on the other hand, he finds, most ominously, that it is as red as blood.

<sup>82</sup> *Dreadful crosses.*]—Ver. 18. See the First Book of the Pontic Epistles, Ep. vi. l. 38, and the Note to the passage.

<sup>83</sup> *The screech-owl.*]—Ver. 20. ‘Strix’ here means a screech-owl ; and not the fabulous bird referred to under that name, in the Sixth Book of the Fasti, and the thirteenth line of the Eighth Elegy of this Book.

<sup>84</sup> *The prosy summons.*]—Ver. 23. ‘Vadimonium legere’ probably means, ‘to call a man on his bail’ or ‘recognizances.’ When the Prætor had granted an action, the plaintiff required the defendant to give security for his appearance on the day named. The defendant, on finding a surety, was said ‘vades dare,’ or ‘vadimonium facere’ ; and the ‘vas,’ or surety, was said ‘spondere.’ The plaintiff, if satisfied with the surety, was said ‘vadari reum,’ ‘to let the defendant go on his sureties.’

<sup>85</sup> *Some judge.*]—Ver. 24. Some Commentators think that the word

Much better would they lie amid diaries and day-books,<sup>86</sup> over which the avaricious huncks might lament his squandered substance. And have I then in reality as well as in name found you full of duplicity?<sup>87</sup> The very number of *you* was not one of good omen. What, in my anger, ought I to pray, but that an old age of rottenness may consume you, and that your wax may be white with nasty mould?

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ELEGY XIII.

HE entreats the morning not to hasten on with its usual speed.

Now over the Ocean does she come from her aged husband *Tithonus*, who, with her yellow locks, brings on the day with her frosty chariot. Whither, Aurora, art thou hastening? Stay; and then may the yearly bird, with its wonted death, honour the shades<sup>89</sup> of *thy* Memnon, its parent. Now do I delight to recline in the soft arms of my mistress; now, if ever, is she deliciously united to my side. Now, too, slumbers are sound,

'cognitor' here means, the attorney, or procurator of the plaintiff, who might, in his absence, carry on the cause for him. In that case they would translate 'duro,' 'shameless,' or 'impudent.' But another meaning of the word 'cognitor' is 'a judge,' or 'commissioner,' and such seems to be the meaning here, in which case 'durus' will mean 'severe,' or 'sour;' 'as,' according to one Commentator, 'judges are wont to be.'

<sup>86</sup> *And day-books.*]—Ver. 25. Seneca, at the end of his 19th Epistle, calls a Calendar by the name of 'Ephemeris,' while a day-book is meant by the term as used by Ausonius. The word here seems to mean a 'diary;' while 'tabula' is perhaps a 'day-book,' in which current expenses are set down, and over which the miser weeps, as the record of past extravagance.

<sup>87</sup> *Full of duplicity.*]—Ver. 27. The word 'duplex' means either 'double,' or 'deceitful,' according to the context. He plays on this twofold meaning, and says that double though they might be, still truly deceitful they were; and that the two leaves of the tablets were of no good omen to him. Two-leaved tablets were technically called 'diptycha.'

<sup>89</sup> *Honour the shades.*]—Ver. 4. 'Parento' means 'to celebrate the funeral obsequies of one's parents.' Both the Romans and the Greeks were accustomed to visit the tombs of their relatives at certain times, and to offer sacrifices, called 'inferiæ,' or 'parentalia.' The souls of the departed were regarded by the Romans as Gods, and the oblations to them consisted of milk, wine, victims, or wreaths of flowers. The Poet here refers to the birds which arose from the funeral pile of Memnon, and were said to revisit it annually. See the Thirteenth Book of the *Metamorphoses*.

*and* now the moisture is cooling ;<sup>90</sup> the birds, too, are sweetly warbling with their little throats. Whither art thou hastening, hated by the men, detested by the fair? Check thy dewy reins with thy rosy hand.

Before thy rising, the sailor better observes his Constellations ; and he wanders not in ignorance, in the midst of the waves. On thy approach, the wayfarer arises, weary though he be ; the soldier lays upon his arms the hands used to bear them. Thou art the first to look upon the tillers of the fields laden with the two-pronged fork ; thou art the first to summon the lagging oxen to the crooked yoke. 'Tis thou who dost deprive boys of their sleep, and dost hand them over to their masters ;<sup>92</sup> that their tender hands may suffer the cruel stripes.<sup>93</sup> 'Tis thou, too, who dost send the man before the vestibule of the attorney,<sup>94</sup> *when* about to become bail ;<sup>95</sup> that he may submit to the great risks of a single word.

<sup>90</sup> *Moisture is cooling.*]—Ver. 7. 'Humor' seems to mean the dew, or the dampness of the night, which would tend, in a hot climate, to modify the sultriness of the atmosphere. One Commentator thinks that the word means the humours of the brain.

<sup>92</sup> *To their masters.*]—Ver. 17. The schools at Rome were mostly kept by manumitted slaves ; and we learn from the *Fasti*, Book iii. l. 829, that people were not very particular about paying them.

<sup>93</sup> *The cruel stripes.*]—Ver. 18. The punishment here mentioned was generally inflicted on the hands of the Roman school-boys, with a 'ferula,' or stalk of giant-fennel, as we learn from *Juvenal*, *Satire* 1.

<sup>94</sup> *The attorney.*]—Ver. 19. The business of the 'jurisconsultus' was to expound and give opinions on the law, much like the chamber counsel of the present day. They were also known by the name of 'juris periti,' or 'consulti' only. Cicero gives this definition of the duty of a 'consultus.' 'He is a person who has such a knowledge of the laws and customs which prevail in a state, as to be able to advise, and secure a person in his dealings.' They advised their clients gratuitously, either in public places, or at their own houses. They also drew up wills and contracts, as in the present instance.

<sup>95</sup> *To become bail.*]—Ver. 19. This passage has given much trouble to the Commentators, but it has been well explained by Burmann, whose ideas on the subject are here adopted. The word 'sponsum' has been generally looked upon here as a noun substantive, whereas it is the active supine of the verb 'spondeo,' 'to become bail' or 'security.' The meaning then is, that some rise early, that they may go and become bail for a friend, and thereby incur risk and inconvenience, through uttering a single word, 'spondeo,' 'I become security,' which was the formula used. The obligation was contracted orally, and for the purpose of evidencing it, witnesses were necessary ; for this reason the undertaking was given, as in the present instance, in the presence of a 'jurisconsultus.'

Thou art no source of pleasure to the pleader,<sup>98</sup> nor yet to the counsel; for fresh combats each is forced to rise. Thou, when the labours of the females might have had a pause, dost recal the hand of the worker in wool to its task.

All *this* I could endure; but who could allow the fair to arise *thus* early, except *the man* who has no mistress of his own? How often have I wished that night would not make way for thee; and that the stars when put to flight would not fly from thy countenance. Many a time have I wished that either the wind would break thy chariot to pieces, or that thy steed would fall, overtaken by *some* dense cloud. Remorseless one, whither dost thou hasten? Inasmuch as thy son was black, such was the colour of his mother's heart. What if<sup>99</sup> she had not once burned with passion for Cephalus? Or does she fancy that her escapade was not known? I *only* wish it was allowed Tithonus to tell of thee; there would not be a more coarse tale in *all* the heavens. While thou art avoiding him, because he is chilled by length of years, thou dost rise early in the morning from *the bed* of the old man to thy odious chariot. But if thou wast *only* holding some Cephalus embraced in thy arms; *then* wouldst thou be crying out, "Run slowly on, ye horses of the night."

Why should I be punished in my affections, if thy husband does decay through *length of years*? Wast thou married to the old fellow by my contrivance? See how many hours of sleep the Moon gave<sup>1</sup> to the youth beloved *by her*; and yet her beauty is not inferior to thine. The parent of the Gods himself, that he might not see thee so often, joined two nights together<sup>2</sup> for *the attainment* of his desires.

I had finished my reproaches; you might be sure she heard them; *for* she blushed. However, no later than usual did the day arise.

<sup>98</sup> *To the pleader.*]—Ver. 21. 'Causidicus' was the person who pleaded the cause of his client in court, before the Prætor or other judges.

<sup>99</sup> *What if.*]—Ver. 33. Heinsius and other Commentators think that this line and the next are spurious. The story of Cephalus and Procris is related at the close of the Seventh Book of the Metamorphoses.

<sup>1</sup> *The Moon gave.*]—Ver. 43. Ovid says that Diana sent the sleep upon Endymion, whereas it was Jupiter who did so, as a punishment for his passion for Juno; he alludes to the youthfulness of the favorite of Diana, antithetically to the old age of Tithonus, the husband of Aurora.

<sup>2</sup> *Two nights together.*]—Ver. 46. When he slept with Alcmena, under the form of her husband Amphion.

## ELEGY XIV.

HIS mistress having been in the habit of dyeing her hair with noxious compositions, she has nearly lost it, becoming almost bald. He reminds her of his former advice, and entreats her to abstain from the practice, on which there may be a chance of her recovering it.

I ALWAYS used to say ; “ Do leave off doctoring your hair.”<sup>3</sup> And now you have no hair left, that you can be dyeing. But, if you had let it alone, what was more plenteous than it ? It used to reach down your sides, so far as ever<sup>4</sup> they extend. And besides : Was it not so fine, that you were afraid to dress<sup>5</sup> it ; just like the veils<sup>6</sup> which the swarthy Seres use ? Or like the thread which the spider draws out with her slender legs, when she fastens her light work beneath the neglected beam ? And yet its colour was not black, nor yet was it golden, but though it was neither, it was a mixture of them both. A colour, such as the tall cedar has in the moist vallies of craggy Ida, when its bark is stript off.

Besides, it was quite tractable, and falling into a thousand ringlets ; and it was the cause of no trouble to you. Neither the bodkin,<sup>8</sup> nor the tooth of the comb ever tore it ; your tire-

<sup>3</sup> *Doctoring your hair.*]—Ver. 1. Among the ancient Greeks, black hair was the most frequent, but that of a blonde colour was most valued. It was not uncommon with them to dye it when turning grey, so as to make it a black or blonde colour, according to the requirement of the case. Blonde hair was much esteemed by the Romans, and the ladies were in the habit of washing their hair with a composition to make it of this colour. This was called ‘*spuma caustica*,’ or ‘*caustic soap*,’ which was first used by the Gauls and Germans ; from its name, it was probably the substance which had been used in the present instance.

<sup>4</sup> *So far as ever.*]—Ver. 4. By this he means as low as her ancles.

<sup>5</sup> *Afraid to dress.*]—Ver. 5. He means to say, that it was so fine that she did not dare to curl it, for fear of injuring it.

<sup>6</sup> *Just like the veils.*]—Ver. 6. Burmann thinks that ‘*fila*,’ ‘*threads*,’ is better here than ‘*vela*,’ and that it is the correct reading. The swarthy Seres here mentioned, were perhaps the Chinese, who probably began to import their silks into Rome about this period. The mode of producing silk does not seem to have been known to Virgil, who speaks, in the Second Book of the Georgics, of the Seres combing it off the leaves of trees. Pliny also, in his Sixth Book, gives the same account. Ovid, however, seems to refer to silkworms under the name of ‘*agrestes tineæ*,’ in the Fifteenth Book of the Metamorphoses, l. 372.

<sup>8</sup> *Neither the bodkin.*]—Ver. 15. This was the ‘*discerniculum*,’ or ‘*bodkin*,’ which was used in parting the hair.

woman always had a whole skin. Many a time was it dressed before my eyes; and *yet*, never did the bodkin<sup>10</sup> seized make wounds in her arms. Many a time too, in the morning, her locks not yet arranged, was she lying on the purple couch, with her face half upturned. Then even, unadorned, was she *beauteous*; as when the Thracian Bacchanal, in her weariness, throws herself carelessly upon the green grass. Still, fine as it was, and just like down, what evils, alas! did her tortured hair endure! How patiently did it submit itself to the iron and the fire;<sup>11</sup> that the curls might become crisp with their twisting circlets. "'Tis a shame," I used to cry, "'tis a shame, to be burning that hair; naturally it is becoming; do, cruel one, be merciful to your own head. Away with all violence from it; it is not *hair* that deserves to be scorched; the very locks instruct<sup>12</sup> the bodkins when applied."

Those *beauteous* locks are gone; which Apollo might have longed for, *and* which Bacchus might have wished to be on his own head. With them I might compare those, which naked Dione is painted<sup>13</sup> as once having held up with her dripping hand. Why are you complaining that hair so badly treated is gone? Why, silly girl, do you lay down the mirror<sup>14</sup> with disconsolate hand? You are not seen to advantage by yourself with eyes accustomed *to your former self*. For you to please, you ought to be forgetful of your *former self*.

<sup>10</sup> *Did the bodkin.*]—Ver. 18. The 'acus' here mentioned, was probably the 'discerniculum,' and not the 'crinale,' or hair-pin that was worn in the hair; as the latter was worn when the hair was bound up at the back of the head; whereas, judging from the length of the hair of his mistress, she most probably wore it in ringlets. He says that he never saw her snatch up the bodkin and stick it in the arm of the 'ornatrix.'

<sup>11</sup> *Iron and the fire.*]—Ver. 25. He alludes to the unnecessary application of the curling-iron to hair which naturally curled so well.

<sup>12</sup> *The very locks instruct.*]—Ver. 30. Because they naturally assume as advantageous an appearance as the bodkin could possibly give them, when arranged with the utmost skill.

<sup>13</sup> *Dione is painted.*]—Ver. 34. Pliny, book xxxv. c. 4, mentions a painting, by Apelles, in which Venus was represented as rising from the sea. It was placed, by Augustus, in the temple of Julius Cæsar; and the lower part having become decayed, no one could be found of sufficient ability to repair it.

<sup>14</sup> *Lay down the mirror.*]—Ver. 16. The mirror was usually held by the 'ornatrix,' while her mistress arranged her hair.

No enchanted herbs of a rival<sup>15</sup> have done you this injury ; no treacherous hag has been washing you with Hæmonian water. The effects, too, of no disease have injured you ; (far away be all *bad omens* ;<sup>16</sup>) nor has an envious tongue thinned your abundant locks ; 'twas your own self who gave the prepared poison to your head. Now Germany will be sending<sup>17</sup> for you her captured locks ; by the favour of a conquered race you will be adorned. Ah ! how many a time will you have to blush, as any one admires your hair ; and *then* you will say, “ Now I am receiving praise for a bought commodity ! In place of myself, he is now bepraising some Sygambrian girl<sup>18</sup> unknown to me ; still, I remember *the time* when that glory was my own.”

Wretch that I am ! with difficulty does she restrain her tears ; and she covers her face with her hand, having her delicate cheeks suffused with blushes. She is venturing to look at her former locks, *placed* in her bosom ; a treasure, alas ! not fitted for that spot.<sup>19</sup>

Calm your feelings with your features ; the loss may *still* be repaired. Before long, you will become *beauteous* with your natural hair.

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#### ELEGY XV.

He tells the envious that the fame of Poets is immortal, and that theirs is not a life devoted to idleness.

WHY, gnawing Envy, dost thou blame me for years of slothfulness ; and *why* dost thou call poesy the employment of an idle mind ? *Thou sayest* that I do not, after the manner of my ancestors, while vigorous years allow me, seek the prizes of

<sup>15</sup> *Herbs of a rival.*]—Ver. 39. No person would be more likely than the ‘*pellex*,’ or concubine, to resort to charms and drugs, for the purpose of destroying the good looks of the married woman whose husband she wishes to retain.

<sup>16</sup> *All bad omens.*]—Ver. 41. So superstitious were the Romans, that the very mention of death, or disease, was deemed ominous of ill.

<sup>17</sup> *Germany will be sending.*]—Ver. 45. Germany having been lately conquered by the arms of Augustus, he says that she must wear false hair, taken from the German captives. It was the custom to cut short the locks of the captives, and the German women were famed for the beauty of their hair.

<sup>18</sup> *Sygambrian girl.*]—Ver. 49. The Sygambri were a people of Germany, living on the banks of the rivers Lippe and Weser.

<sup>19</sup> *For that spot.*]—Ver. 53. She carries a lock of the hair, which had fallen off, in her bosom.



warfare covered with dust; that I do not make myself acquainted with the prosy law, and that I have not let my tongue for hire<sup>21</sup> in the disagreeable courts of justice.

The pursuits of which thou art speaking, are perishable; by me, everlasting fame is sought; that to all time I may be celebrated throughout the whole world. The Mæonian bard<sup>22</sup> will live, so long as Tenedos and Ida<sup>23</sup> shall stand; so long as Simois shall roll down to the sea his rapid waves. The Ascræan, too,<sup>24</sup> will live, so long as the grape shall swell with its juices;<sup>25</sup> so long as the corn shall fall, reaped by the curving sickle. The son of Battus<sup>26</sup> will to all time be sung throughout the whole world; although he is not powerful in genius, in his skill he shows his might. No mischance will ever come to the *tragic buskin*<sup>27</sup> of Sophocles; with the Sun and Moon Aratus<sup>28</sup> will ever exist. So long as the deceitful

<sup>21</sup> *My tongue for hire.*]—Ver. 6. Although the ‘patronus pleaded the cause of the ‘cliens,’ without reward, still, by the use of the word ‘prostituisse,’ Ovid implies that the services of the advocate were often sold at a price. It must be remembered, that Ovid had been educated for the Roman bar, which he had left in disgust.

<sup>22</sup> *Mæonian bard.*]—Ver. 9. Strabo says, that Homer was a native of Smyrna, which was a city of Mæonia, a province of Phrygia. But Plutarch says, that he was called ‘Mæonius,’ from Mæon, a king of Lydia, who adopted him as his son.

<sup>23</sup> *Tenedos and Ida.*]—Ver. 10. Tenedos, Ida, and Simois, were the scenes of some portions of the Homeric narrative. The first was near Troy, in sight of it, as Virgil says—‘est in conspectu Tenedos.’

<sup>24</sup> *The Ascræan, too.*]—Ver. 11. Hesiod of Ascræa, in Bœotia, wrote chiefly upon agricultural subjects. See the Pontic Epistles, Book iv. ep. xiv. l. 38.

<sup>25</sup> *With its juices.*]—Ver. 11. The ‘mustum’ was the pure juice of the grape before it was boiled down and became ‘sapa,’ or ‘defrutum.’ See the Fasti, Book iv. l. 779, and the Note to the passage.

<sup>26</sup> *The son of Battus.*]—Ver. 13. As to the poet Callimachus, the son of Battus, see the Tristia, Book ii. l. 367, and the Ibis, l. 55.

<sup>27</sup> *To the tragic buskin.*]—Ver. 15. On the ‘cothurnus,’ or ‘buskin,’ see the Tristia, Book ii. l. 393, and the Note to the passage. Sophocles was one of the most famous of the Athenian Tragedians. He is supposed to have composed more than one hundred and twenty tragedies, of which only seven are remaining.

<sup>28</sup> *Aratus.*]—Ver. 16. Aratus was a Greek poet, a native of Cilicia, in Asia Minor. He wrote some astronomical poems, of which one, called ‘Phænomena,’ still exists. His style is condemned by Quintilian, although it is here praised by Ovid. His ‘Phænomena’ was translated into Latin by Cicero, Germanicus Cæsar, and Sextus Avienus.

slave,<sup>29</sup> the harsh father, the roguish procuress, and the cozening courtesan shall endure, Menander will exist. Ennius,<sup>30</sup> without any *art*, and Accius,<sup>31</sup> with his spirited language, have a name that will perish with no lapse of time.

What age is to be forgetful of Varro,<sup>32</sup> and the first ship *that sailed*, and of the golden fleece sought by the chief, the son of Æson? Then will the verses perish of the sublime Lucretius,<sup>33</sup> when the same day shall give the world to destruction. Tityrus,<sup>34</sup> and the harvests, and the arms of Æneas, will be read of, so long as thou, Rome,<sup>35</sup> shalt be the ruler of the conquered earth. So long as the flames and the bow shall be the arms of Cupid, thy numbers, polished Tibullus,<sup>36</sup> will be repeated. Gallus<sup>37</sup> *will be known* by the West, and Gallus *known* by the

<sup>29</sup> *The deceitful slave.*—Ver. 17. Although the plays of Menander have perished, we can judge from Terence and Plautus, how well he depicted the craftiness of the slave, the severity of the father, the dishonesty of the procuress, and the wheedling ways of the courtesan. Four of the plays of Terence are translations from Menander. See the *Tristia*, Book ii. l. 369, and the Note to the passage.

<sup>30</sup> *Ennius.*—Ver. 19. Quintus Ennius was a Latin poet, a Calabrian by birth. He flourished about 408 years before Christ. The few fragments of his works that remain, show the ruggedness and uncouth nature of his style. He wrote the *Annals* of Italy in heroic verse.

<sup>31</sup> *Accius.*—Ver. 19. See the Second Book of the *Tristia*, l. 359, and the Note to the passage.

<sup>32</sup> *Of Varro.*—Ver. 21. He refers to Publius Terentius Varro Attacinus, who wrote on the Argonautic expedition. See the *Tristia*, Book ii. l. 439, and the *Pontic Epistles*, Book iv. Ep. xvi. l. 21.

<sup>33</sup> *Lucretius.*—Ver. 23. Titus Lucretius Carus is referred to, whose noble poem on the Epicurean philosophy is still in existence (*translated in Bohn's Classical Library*). See the *Tristia*, Book ii. l. 261 and 426, and the Notes to those passages.

<sup>34</sup> *Tityrus.*—Ver. 25. Under this name he alludes to Virgil, who introduces himself under the name of Tityrus, in his first *Eclogue*, See the *Pontic Epistles*, Book iv. Ep. xvi. l. 33.

<sup>35</sup> *So long as thou, Rome.*—Ver. 26. His prophecy has been surpassed by the event. Rome is no longer the 'caput urbis,' but the works of Virgil are still read by all civilized nations.

<sup>36</sup> *Polished Tibullus.*—Ver. 28. Albius Tibullus was a Roman poet of Equestrian rank, famous for the beauty of his compositions. He was born in the same year as Ovid, but died at an early age. Ovid mentions him in the *Tristia*, Book ii. l. 447 and 463, Book iv. Ep. x. l. 52, and Book v. Ep. i. l. 18. In the Third Book of the *Amores*, El. 9, will be found his Lament on the death of Tibullus.

<sup>37</sup> *Gallus* ]—Ver. 29. Cornelius Gallus was a Roman poet of consi-

East,<sup>38</sup> and with Gallus will his Lycoris be known. Though flint-stones, then, *and* though the share of the enduring plough perish by lapse of time, *yet* poetry is exempt from death. Let monarchs and the triumphs of monarchs yield to poesy; and let the wealthy shores of the golden Tagus<sup>39</sup> yield.

Let the vulgar throng admire worthless things; let the yellow-haired Apollo supply for me cups filled from the Castalian stream; let me bear, too, on my locks the myrtle that dreads the cold; and let me often be read by the anxious lover. Envy feeds upon the living; after death it is at rest, when his own reward protects each according to his merit. Still then, when the closing fire<sup>40</sup> shall have consumed me, shall I live on; and a great portion of myself will *ever* be surviving.

derable merit. See the *Tristia*, Book ii. l. 445, and the Note to the passage, and the *Amores*, Book iii. El. 1.

<sup>38</sup> *By the East.*]—Ver. 29. Gallus was the Roman governor of Egypt, which was an Eastern province of Rome.

<sup>39</sup> *The golden Tagus.*]—Ver. 34. Pliny and other authors make mention of the golden sands of the Tagus, which flowed through the province of Lusitania, now Portugal.

<sup>40</sup> *The closing fire.*]—Ver. 41. Pliny says that the ancient Romans buried the dead; but in consequence of the bones being disturbed by continual warfare, they adopted the system of burning them.

## BOOK THE SECOND.

### ELEGY I.

HE says that he is obliged by Cupid to write of Love instead of the Wars of the Giants, upon which subject he had already commenced.

THIS *work*, also, I, Naso, born among the watery Peligni,<sup>1</sup> have composed, the Poet of my own failings. This work, too, has Love demanded. Afar hence, be afar hence, ye prudish matrons; you are not a fitting audience for my wanton lines. Let the maiden that is not cold, read me in the presence of her betrothed; the inexperienced boy, too, wounded by a passion *hitherto* unknown; and may some youth, now wounded by the bow by which I *am*, recognise the conscious symptoms of his flame; and *after* long wondering, may he exclaim, "Taught by what informant, has this Poet been composing my own story?"

I was (I remember) venturing to sing of the battles of the heavens, and Gyges<sup>2</sup> with his hundred hands; and I had sufficient power of expression; what time the Earth *so* disgracefully avenged herself, and lofty Ossa, heaped upon Olympus, bore Pelion headlong downwards. *Having* the clouds in my hands, and wielding the lightnings with Jove, which with success he was to hurl in behalf of his *realms of the heavens*, my mistress shut her door *against me*; the lightnings together with Jove did I forsake. Jupiter himself disappeared from my thoughts. Pardon me, O Jove; no aid did thy weapons afford me; the shut door was a more potent thunderbolt than thine. I *forthwith* resumed the language of endearment and trifling Elegies, *those* weapons of my own; and gentle words prevailed upon the obdurate door.

Verses bring down<sup>3</sup> the horns of the blood-stained Moon;

<sup>1</sup> *The watery Peligni.*—Ver. 1. In the Fourth Book of the *Fasti*, l. 81, and the Fourth Book of the *Tristia*, l. x. El. 3, he mentions Sulmo, a town of the Peligni, as the place of his birth. It was noted for its many streams or rivulets.

<sup>2</sup> *And Gyges.*—Ver. 12. This giant was more generally called Gyas. He and his hundred-handed brothers, Briareus and Cæus, were the sons of Cœlus and Terra.

<sup>3</sup> *Verses bring down.*—Ver. 23. He alludes to the power of magic spells, and attributes their efficacy to their being couched in poetic measures; from which circumstance they received the name of 'carmina.'

and they recall the snow-white steeds of the Sun in his career. Through verses do serpents burst, their jaws rent asunder, and the water turned back flows upward to its source. Through verses have doors given way; and by verses<sup>4</sup> was the bar, inserted in the door-post, although 'twas *made* of oak, overcome. Of what use is the swift Achilles celebrated by me? What can this or that son of Atreus do for me? He, too, who wasted as many of his years in wandering as in warfare? And the wretched Hector, dragged by the Hæmonian steeds? But the charms of the beauteous fair being oftentimes sung, she presents herself to the Poet as the reward of his verse. *This* great recompense is given; farewell, *then*, ye illustrious names of heroes; your favour is of no use to me. Ye charming fair, turn your eyes to my lines, which blushing Cupid dictates to me.

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## ELEGY II.

HE has seen a lady walking in the portico of the temple of Apollo, and has sent to know if he may wait upon her. She has replied that it is quite impossible, as the eunuch Bagoüs is set to watch her. Ovid here addresses Bagoüs, and endeavours to persuade him to relax his watch over the fair; and shows him how he can do so with safety.

BAGOÛS,<sup>5</sup> with whom is the duty of watching over your mistress, give me your attention, while I say a few but suitable words to you. Yesterday morning I saw a young lady walking in that portico which contains the choir *of the daughters* of Danaus.<sup>6</sup> At once, as she pleased me, I sent *to her*, and in

<sup>4</sup> *And by verses.*]—Ver. 28. He means to say that in the same manner as magic spells have brought down the moon, arrested the sun, and turned back rivers towards their source, so have his Elegiac strains been as wonderfully successful in softening the obduracy of his mistress.

<sup>5</sup> *Bagoüs.*]—Ver. 1. The name Bagoas, or, as it is here Latinized, Bagoüs, is said to have signified, in the Persian language, 'an eunuch.' It was probably of Chaldæan origin, having that meaning. As among the Eastern nations of the present day, the more jealous of the Romans confided the care of their wives or mistresses to eunuch slaves, who were purchased at a very large price.

<sup>6</sup> *Daughters of Danaus.*]—Ver. 4. The portico under the temple of Apollo, on the Palatine Hill, was adorned with the statues of Danaus, the son of Belus, and his forty-nine guilty daughters. It was built by Augustus, on a spot adjoining to his palace. Ovid mentions these statues in the Third Elegy of the Third Book of the *Tristia*, l. 10.

my letter I proffered my request ; with trembling hand, she answered me, " I cannot." And to my inquiry, why she could not, the cause was announced ; *namely*, that your surveillance over your mistress is too strict.

O keeper, if you are wise (believe me *now*), cease to deserve my hatred ; every one wishes him gone, of whom he stands in dread. Her husband, too, is not in his senses ; for who would toil at taking care of that of which no part is lost, even if you do not watch it ? But *still*, in his madness, let him indulge his passion ; and let him believe that the object is chaste which pleases universally. By your favour, liberty may by stealth be given to her ; that *one day* she may return to you what you have given her. Are you ready to be a confidant ; the mistress is obedient to the slave. You fear to be an accomplice ; you may shut your eyes. Does she read a letter by herself ; suppose her mother to have sent it. Does a stranger come ; bye and bye let him go,<sup>7</sup> *as though* an old acquaintance. Should she go to visit a sick female friend, who is not sick ; in your opinion, let her be unwell. If she shall be a long time at the sacrifice,<sup>8</sup> let not the long waiting tire you ; putting your head on your breast, you can snore away. And don't be enquiring what can be going on at *the temple of* the linen-clad Isis ;<sup>9</sup> nor do you stand in any fear *whatever* of the curving theatres.

An accomplice in the escapade will receive everlasting honour ; and what is less trouble than *merely* to hold your tongue ? He is in favour ; he turns the house<sup>10</sup> upside down *at his pleasure*, and he feels no stripes ; he is omnipotent ; the rest, a scrubby lot, are grovelling on. By him, that the real

<sup>7</sup> *Let him go.*]—Ver. 20. 'Eat' seems here to mean 'let him go away' from the house ; but Nisard's translation renders it 'qu'il entre,' 'let him come in.'

<sup>8</sup> *At the sacrifice.*]—Ver. 23. It is hard to say what 'si faciet tarde' means : it perhaps applies to the rites of Isis, mentioned in the 25th line. 'If she shall be slow in her sacrifice.'

<sup>9</sup> *Linen-clad Isis.*]—Ver. 25. See the 74th line of the Eighth Elegy of the preceding Book, and the Note to the passage ; and the Pontic Epistles, Book i. line 51, and the Note. The temple of Isis, at Rome, was in the Campus Martius, or Field of Mars, near the sheep market. It was noted for the intrigues and assignations of which it was the scene.

<sup>10</sup> *He turns the house.*]—Ver. 29. As the Delphin Editor says, 'Il peut renverser la maison,' 'he can turn the house upside down.'

circumstances may be concealed, false ones are coined; and both the masters approve<sup>11</sup> of, what one, *and that the mistress*, approves of. When the husband has quite contracted his brow, and has pursed up his wrinkles, the caressing fair makes him become just as she pleases. But still, let her sometimes contrive some fault against you even, and let her pretend tears, and call you an executioner.<sup>12</sup> Do you, on the other hand, making some charge which she may easily explain; by a feigned accusation remove all suspicion of the truth.<sup>13</sup> In such case, may your honours, then may your limited savings<sup>14</sup> increase; *only* do this, and in a short time you shall be a free man.

You behold the chains bound around the necks of informers;<sup>15</sup> the loathsome gaol receives the hearts that are unworthy of belief. In the midst of water Tantalus is in want of water, and catches at the apples as they escape him; 'twas

<sup>11</sup> *The masters approve.*]—Ver. 30. He means to say that the eunuch and his mistress will be able to do just as they please.

<sup>12</sup> *An executioner.*]—Ver. 36. To blind the husband, by pretending harshness on the part of Bagoüs.

<sup>13</sup> *Of the truth.*]—Ver. 38 This line is corrupt, and there are about ten various readings. The meaning, however, is clear; he is, by making false charges, to lead the husband away from a suspicion of the truth; and to put him, as we say, in common parlance, on the wrong scent.

<sup>14</sup> *Your limited savings.*]—Ver. 39. 'Peculium,' here means the stock of money which a slave, with the consent of his master, laid up for his own, 'his savings.' The slaves of the Romans being not only employed in domestic offices and the labours of the field, but as agents or factors for their masters, in the management of business, and as mechanics and artisans in various trades, great profits were made through them. As they were often entrusted with a large amount of property, and considerable temptations were presented to their honesty, it became the practice to allow the slave to consider a part of his gains, perhaps a per centage, as his own; this was termed his 'peculium.' According to the strict letter of the law, the 'peculium' was the property of the master, but, by usage, it was looked upon as the property of the slave. It was sometimes agreed upon between the master and slave, that the latter should purchase his liberty with his 'peculium,' when it amounted to a certain sum. If the slave was manumitted by the owner in his lifetime, his 'peculium' was considered to be given him, with his liberty, unless it was expressly retained.

<sup>15</sup> *Necks of informers.*]—Ver. 41. He probably alludes to informers who have given false evidence. He warns Bagoüs of their fate, intending to imply that both his mistress and himself will deny all, if he should attempt to criminate them.

his blabbing tongue caused this.<sup>25</sup> While the keeper appointed by Juno,<sup>26</sup> is watching Io too carefully, he dies before his time ; she becomes a Goddess.

I have seen him wearing fetters on his bruised legs, through whom a husband was obliged to know of an intrigue. The punishment was less than his deserts ; an unruly tongue was the injury of the two ; the husband was grieved ; the female suffered the loss of her character. Believe me ; accusations are pleasing to no husband, and no one do they delight, even though he should listen to them. If he is indifferent, then you are wasting your information upon ears that care nothing for it ; if he dotes *on her*, by your officiousness is he made wretched.

Besides, a faux pas, although discovered, is not so easily proved ; she comes *before him*, protected by the prejudices of her judge. Should even he himself see it, still he himself will believe her as she denies it ; and he will condemn his own eyesight, and will impose upon himself. Let him *but* see the tears of his spouse, and he himself will weep, and he will say, "That blabbing fellow shall be punished." How unequal the contest in which you embark ! if conquered, stripes are ready for you ; *while* she is reposing in the bosom of the judge.

No crime do we meditate ; we meet not for mixing poisons ; my hand is not glittering with the drawn sword. We ask that through you we may be enabled to love in safety ; what can there be more harmless than these our prayers ?

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### ELEGY III.

HE again addresses Bagoüs, who has proved obdurate to his request, and tries to effect his object by sympathising with his unhappy fate.

ALAS ! that,<sup>27</sup> neither man nor woman, you are watching your mistress, and that you cannot experience the mutual trans-

<sup>25</sup> *Tongue caused this.*—Ver. 44. According to one account, his punishment was inflicted for revealing the secrets of the Gods.

<sup>26</sup> *Appointed by Juno.*—Ver. 45. This was Argus, whose fate is related at the end of the First Book of the Metamorphoses.

<sup>27</sup> *Alas ! that.*—Ver. 1. He is again addressing Bagoüs, and begins in a strain of sympathy, since his last letter has proved of no avail with the obdurate eunuch.



ports of love! He who was the first to mutilate boys,<sup>28</sup> ought himself to have suffered those wounds which he made. You would be ready to accommodate, and obliging to those who entreat you, had your own passion been before inflamed by any fair. You were not born for *managing* the steed, nor *are you* skilful in valorous arms; for your right hand the warlike spear is not adapted. With these let males meddle; do you resign *all* manly aspirations; may the standard be borne<sup>29</sup> by you in the cause of your mistress.

Overwhelm her with your favours; her gratitude may be of use to you. If you should miss that, what good fortune will there be for you? She has both beauty, *and* her years are fitted for dalliance; her charms are not deserving to fade in listless neglect. Ever watchful though you are deemed, *still* she may deceive you; what two persons will, does not fail of accomplishment. Still, as it is more convenient to try you with our entreaties, we do implore you, while you have *still* the opportunity of conferring your favours to advantage.<sup>30</sup>

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#### ELEGY IV.

HE confesses that he is an universal admirer of the fair sex.

I WOULD not presume to defend my faulty morals, and to wield deceiving arms in behalf of my frailties. I confess them, if there is any use in confessing one's errors; *and* now, having confessed, I am foolishly proceeding to my own accusation. I hate *this state*; nor, though I wish, can I be otherwise than what I hate. Alas! how hard it is to bear *a lot* which you wish to lay aside! For strength and self-control fail me for ruling myself; just like a ship carried along the rapid tide, am I hurried away.

There is no single style of beauty which inflames my passion; there are a hundred causes for me always to be in love.

<sup>28</sup> *Mutilate boys.*]—Ver. 3. According to most accounts, Semiramis was the first who put in practice this abominable custom.

<sup>29</sup> *Standard be borne.*]—Ver. 10. He means, that he is bound, with his mistress to follow the standard of Cupid, and not of Mars.

<sup>30</sup> *Favours to advantage.*]—Ver. 13. 'Ponere' here means, literally, 'to put out at interest.' He tells the eunuch that he has now the opportunity of conferring obligations, which will bring him in a good interest by way of return.

Is there any fair one that casts down her modest eyes? I am on fire; and that very modesty becomes an ambush against me. Is another one forward; *then* I am enchanted, because she is not coy; and her liveliness raises all my expectations. If another seems to be prudish, and to imitate the repulsive Sabine dames;<sup>32</sup> I think that she is kindly disposed, but that she conceals it in her stateliness.<sup>33</sup> Or if you are a learned fair, you please me, *thus* endowed with rare acquirements; or if ignorant, you are charming for your simplicity. Is there one who says that the lines of Callimachus are uncouth in comparison with mine; at once she, to whom I am *so* pleasing, pleases me. Is there even one who abuses both myself, the Poet, and my lines; I could wish to have her who so abuses me, upon my knee. Does this one walk leisurely, she enchants me with her gait; is another uncouth, still, she may become more gentle, on being more intimate with the other sex.

Because this one sings *so* sweetly, and modulates her voice<sup>34</sup> with such extreme ease, I could wish to steal a kiss from her as she sings. Another is running through the complaining strings with active finger; who could not fall in love with hands so skilled? *And now*, one pleases by her gestures, and moves her arms to time,<sup>35</sup> and moves her graceful sides with languishing art *in the dance*; to say nothing about myself,

<sup>32</sup> *Sabine dames.*]—Ver. 15. Juvenal, in his Tenth Satire, l. 293, mentions the Sabine women as examples of prudence and chastity.

<sup>33</sup> *In her stateliness.*]—Ver. 16. Burmann would have ‘*ex alto*’ to mean ‘*ex alto pectore*,’ ‘from the depths of her breast.’ In such case the phrase will correspond with our expression, ‘to dissemble deeply,’ ‘to be a deep dissembler.’

<sup>34</sup> *Modulates her voice.*]—Ver. 25. Perhaps ‘*flectere vocem*’ means what we technically call, in the musical art, ‘to quaver.’

<sup>35</sup> *Her arms to time.*]—Ver. 29. Dancing was, in general, discouraged among the Romans. That here referred to was probably the pantomimic dance, in which, while all parts of the body were called into action, the gestures of the arms and hands were especially used, whence the expressions ‘*manus loquacissimi*,’ ‘*digiti clamosi*,’ ‘expressive hands,’ or ‘fingers.’ During the Republic, and the earlier periods of the Empire, women never appeared on the stage, but they frequently acted at the parties of the great. As it was deemed disgraceful for a free man to dance, the practice at Rome was probably confined to slaves, and the lowest class of the citizens. See the *Fasti*, Book iii. l. 536, and the Note to the passage.

who am excited on every occasion, put Hippolytus<sup>36</sup> there; he would become a Priapus. You, because you are so tall, equal the Heroines of old;<sup>37</sup> and, of large size, you can fill the entire couch as you lie. Another is active from her shortness; by both I am enchanted; both tall and short suit my taste. Is one unadorned; it occurs what addition there might be if she was adorned. Is one decked out; she sets out her endowments to advantage. The blonde will charm me; the brunette<sup>38</sup> will charm me *too*; a Venus is pleasing, even of a swarthy colour. Does black hair fall upon a neck of snow; Leda was sightly, with her raven locks. Is *the hair* flaxen; with her saffron locks, Aurora was charming. To every traditional story does my passion adapt itself. A youthful age charms me; *an age* more mature captivates me; the former is superior in the charms of person, the latter excels in spirit.

In fine, whatever the fair any person approves of in all the City, to all these does my passion aspire.

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#### ELEGY V.

HE addresses his mistress, whom he has detected acting falsely towards him.

AWAY with thee, quivered Cupid: no passion is of a value so great, that it should so often be my extreme wish to die. It is my wish to die, as oft as I call to mind your guilt. Fair one, born, alas! to be a never-ceasing cause of trouble! It is no tablets rubbed out<sup>39</sup> that discover your doings; no presents stealthily sent reveal your criminality. Oh! would that I might

<sup>36</sup> *Hippolytus.*]—Ver. 32. Hippolytus was an example of chastity, while Priapus was the very ideal of lustfulness.

<sup>37</sup> *Heroines of old.*]—Ver. 33. He supposes the women of the Heroic ages to have been of extremely tall stature. Andromache was remarkable for her height.

<sup>38</sup> *The brunette.*]—Ver. 39. 'Flava,' when coupled with a female name, generally signifies 'having the hair of a flaxen,' or 'golden colour'; here, however, it seems to allude to the complexion, though it would be difficult to say what tint is meant. Perhaps an American would have no difficulty in translating it 'a yellow girl.' In the 43rd line, he makes reference to the hair of a 'flaxen,' or 'golden colour.'

<sup>39</sup> *Tablets rubbed out.*]—Ver. 5. If 'deletæ' is the correct reading here, it must mean 'no tablets from which in a hurry you have rubbed off the writing.' 'Non interceptæ' has been suggested, and it would certainly better suit the sense. 'No intercepted tablets have, &c.'

so accuse you, that, *after all*, I could not convict you! Ah wretched me! *and* why is my case so sure? Happy *the man* who boldly dares to defend the object which he loves; to whom his mistress is able to say, "I have done nothing *wrong*." Hard-hearted *is he*, and too much does he encourage his own grief, by whom a blood-stained victory is sought in the conviction of the accused.

To my sorrow, in my sober moments, with the wine on table,<sup>42</sup> I myself was witness of your criminality, when you thought I was asleep. I saw you *both* uttering many an expression by moving your eyebrows;<sup>43</sup> in your nods there was a considerable amount of language. Your eyes were not silent,<sup>44</sup> the table, too, traced over with wine;<sup>45</sup> nor was the language of the fingers wanting; I understood your discourse,<sup>46</sup> which treated of that which it did not appear to do; the words, too, preconcerted to stand for certain meanings. And now, the tables removed, many a guest had gone away; a couple of youths *only* were *there* dead drunk. But then I saw you *both* giving wanton kisses; I am sure that there was billing enough on your part; such, *in fact*, as no sister gives to a brother of correct conduct, but *rather such* as some voluptuous mistress gives to the eager lover; such as we may suppose that Phœbus did not give to Diana, but that Venus many a time gave to her own *dear* Mars.

"What are you doing?" I cried out; "whither are you taking those transports that belong to me? On what belongs to myself, I will lay the hand of a master."<sup>47</sup> These *delights* must

<sup>42</sup> *The wine on table.*—Ver. 14. The wine was probably on this occasion placed on the table, after the 'cœna,' or dinner. The Poet, his mistress, and his acquaintance, were, probably, reclining on their respective couches; he probably, pretended to fall asleep to watch, their conduct, which may have previously excited his suspicions.

<sup>43</sup> *Moving your eyebrows.*—Ver. 15. See the Note to the 19th line of the Fourth Elegy of the preceding Book,

<sup>44</sup> *Were not silent.*—Ver. 17. See the Note to the 20th line of the same Elegy.

<sup>45</sup> *Traced over with wine.*—Ver. 18. See the 22nd and 26th lines of the same Elegy.

<sup>46</sup> *Your discourse.*—Ver. 19. He seems to mean that they were pretending to be talking on a different subject from that about which they were really discoursing, but that he understood their hidden meaning. See a similar instance mentioned in the Epistle of Paris to Helen, l. 241.

<sup>47</sup> *Hand of a master.*—Ver. 30. He asserts the same right over her favours, that the master (dominus) does over the services of the slave.

be in common with you and me, *and* with me and you; *but* why does any third person take a share in them?"

This did I say; and what, *besides*, sorrow prompted my tongue to say; but the red blush of shame rose on her conscious features; just as the sky, streaked by the wife of Tithonus, is tinted with red, or the maiden when beheld by her new-made husband;<sup>48</sup> just as the roses are beauteous when mingled among their *encircling* lilies; or when the Moon is suffering from the enchantment of her steeds;<sup>49</sup> or the Assyrian ivory<sup>50</sup> which the Mæonian woman has stained,<sup>51</sup> that from length of time it may not turn yellow. That complexion *of hers* was extremely like to these, or to some one of these; and, as it happened, she never was more beauteous *than then*. She looked towards the ground; to look upon the ground, added a charm; sad were her features, in her sorrow was she graceful. I had been tempted to tear her locks just as they were, (and nicely dressed they were) and to make an attack upon her tender cheeks.

When I looked on her face, my strong arms fell powerless; by arms of her own was my mistress defended. I, who the moment before had been so savage, *now*, as a suppliant and of my own accord, entreated that she would give me kisses not inferior *to those given to my rival*. She smiled, and with heartiness she gave me her best *kisses*; such as might have snatched his three-forked bolts from Jove. To my misery I am *now* tormented, lest that other person received them in equal perfection; and I hope that those were not of this quality.<sup>52</sup>

<sup>48</sup> *New-made husband.*]—Ver. 36. Perhaps this refers to the moment of taking off the bridal veil, or 'flammeum,' when she has entered her husband's house.

<sup>49</sup> *Of her steeds.*]—Ver. 38. When the moon appeared red, probably through a fog, it was supposed that she was being subjected to the spells of witches and enchanters.

<sup>50</sup> *Assyrian ivory.*]—Ver. 40. As Assyria adjoined India, the word 'Assyrium' is here used by poetical licence, as really meaning 'Indian.'

<sup>51</sup> *Woman has stained.*]—Ver. 40. From this we learn that it was the custom of the Lydians to tint ivory of a pink colour, that it might not turn yellow with age.

<sup>52</sup> *Of this quality.*—Ver. 54. 'Nota,' here mentioned, is literally the mark which was put upon the 'amphoræ,' or 'cadi,' the 'casks' of the ancients, to denote the kind, age, or quality of the wine. Hence the word figuratively means, as in the present instance, 'sort,' or 'quality.' Our

Those *kisses*, too, were far better than those which I taught her; and she seemed to have learned something new. That they were too delightful, is a bad sign; that so lovingly were your lips joined to mine, *and* mine to yours. And yet, it is not at this alone that I am grieved; I do not only complain that kisses were given; although I do complain as well that they were given; such could never have been taught but on a closer acquaintanceship. I know not who is the master that has received a remuneration so ample.

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### ELEGY VI.

HE laments the death of the parrot which he had given to Corinna.

THE parrot, the imitative bird<sup>53</sup> sent from the Indians of the East, is dead; come in flocks to his obsequies, ye birds. Come, affectionate denizens of air, and beat your breasts with your wings; and with your hard claws disfigure your delicate features. Let your rough feathers be torn in place of your sorrowing hair; instead of the long trumpet,<sup>54</sup> let your songs resound.

Why, Philomela, are you complaining of the cruelty of *Tereus*, the Ismarian tyrant? *Surely*, that grievance is worn out by its *length of years*. Turn your attention to the sad end of a bird so prized. Itsy is a great cause of sorrow, but, *still*,

word 'brand' has a similar meaning. The finer kinds of wine were drawn off from the 'dolia,' or large vessels, in which they were kept into the 'amphoræ,' which were made of earthenware or glass, and the mouth of the vessel was stopped tight by a plug of wood or cork, which was made impervious to the atmosphere by being rubbed over with pitch, clay, or a composition of gypsum. On the outside, the title of the wine was painted, the date of the vintage being denoted by the names of the Consuls then in office: and when the vessels were of glass, small tickets, called 'pittacia,' were suspended from them, stating to a similar effect. For a full account of the ancient wines, see Dr. Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities.

<sup>53</sup> *The imitative bird.*]—Ver. 1. Statius, in his Second Book, calls the parrot 'Humanæ sollers imitator linguæ,' 'the clever imitator of the human voice.'

<sup>54</sup> *The long trumpet.*]—Ver. 6. We learn from Aulus Gellius, that the trumpeters at funerals were called 'siticines.' They headed the funeral procession, playing mournful strains on the long trumpet, 'tuba,' here mentioned. These were probably in addition to the 'tibicines,' or 'pipers,' whose number was limited to ten by Appius Claudius, the Censor. See the Sixth Book of the *Fasti*, l. 653.

that so old. All, who poise yourselves in your career in the liquid air; but you, above the rest, affectionate turtle-dove,<sup>60</sup> lament him. Throughout life there was a firm attachment between you, and your prolonged and lasting friendship endured to the end. What the Phocian youth<sup>61</sup> was to the Argive Orestes, the same, parrot, was the turtle-dove to you, so long as it was allowed *by fate*.

But what *matters* that friendship? What the beauty of your rare plumage? What your voice so ingenious at imitating sounds? What avails it that *ever* since you were given, you pleased my mistress? Unfortunate pride of *all* birds, you are indeed laid low. With your feathers you could outvie the green emerald, having your purple beak tinted with the ruddy saffron. There was no bird on earth more skilled at imitating sounds; so prettily<sup>62</sup> did you utter words with your lisping notes.

Through envy, you were snatched away *from us*: you were the cause of no cruel wars; you were a chatterer, and the lover of peaceful concord. See, the quails, amid *all* their battles,<sup>63</sup> live on; perhaps, too, for that reason, they become old. With a very little you were satisfied; and, through your love of talking, you could not give time to your mouth for much food. A nut was your food, and poppies the cause of sleep; and a drop of pure water used to dispel your thirst. The gluttonous vulture lives on, the kite, too, that forms its circles in the air, and the jackdaw, the foreboder<sup>64</sup> of the

<sup>60</sup> *Affectionate turtle-dove.*]—Ver. 12. This turtle-dove and the parrot had been brought up in the same cage together. He probably refers to these birds in the thirty-eighth line of the Epistle of Sappho to Phaon where he mentions the turtle-dove as being black. This Elegy is remarkable for its simplicity and pathetic beauty, and can hardly fail to remind the reader of Cowper's Elegies, on the death of the bullfinch, and that of his pet hare.

<sup>61</sup> *The Phocian youth.*]—Ver. 15. He alludes to the friendship of Orestes and Pylades the Phocian, the son of Strophius.

<sup>62</sup> *So prettily.*]—Ver. 24. 'Bene' means here, 'prettily,' or 'cleverly,' rather than 'distinctly,' which would be inconsistent with the signification of *blæsus*.

<sup>63</sup> *All their battles.*]—Ver. 27. Aristotle, in the Eighth Chapter of the Ninth Book of his History of Animals, describes quails or ortolans, and partridges, as being of quarrelsome habits, and much at war among themselves.

<sup>64</sup> *The foreboder.*]—Ver. 34. Festus Avienus, in his Prognostics, mentions the jackdaw as foreboding rain by its chattering.

shower of rain. The crow, too, lives on, hateful to the armed Minerva ;<sup>66</sup> it, indeed, will hardly die after nine ages.<sup>67</sup> The prattling parrot is dead, the mimic of the human voice, sent as a gift from the ends of the earth. What is best, is generally first carried off by greedy hands ; what is worthless, fills its *destined* numbers.<sup>68</sup> Thersites was the witness of the lamented death of him from Phylax ; and now Hector became ashes, while his brothers *yet* lived.

Why should I mention the affectionate prayers of my anxious mistress in your behalf ; prayers borne over the seas by the stormy North wind ? The seventh day was come,<sup>69</sup> that was doomed to give no morrow ; and now stood your Destiny, with her distaff all uncovered. And yet your words did not die away, in your faltering mouth ; as you died, your tongue cried aloud, "Corinna, farewell !"<sup>70</sup>

At the foot of the Elysian hill<sup>71</sup> a grove, overshadowed with dark holm oaks, and the earth, moist with never-dying grass, is green. If there is any believing in matters of doubt, that is said to be the abode of innocent birds, from which obscene ones are expelled. There range far and wide the guiltless swans ; the long-lived Phoenix, too, ever the sole bird of *its kind*. There the bird itself of Juno unfolds her feathers ; the gentle dove gives kisses to its loving mate. Received in this home in the groves, amid these the Parrot attracts the guileless birds by his words.<sup>72</sup>

<sup>66</sup> *Armed Minerva.*]—Ver. 35. See the story of the Nymph Coronis, in the Second Book of the Metamorphoses.

<sup>67</sup> *After nine ages.*]—Ver. 36. Pliny makes the life of the crow to last for a period of three hundred years.

<sup>68</sup> *Destined numbers.*]—Ver. 40. 'Numeri' means here, the similar parts of one whole : 'the allotted portions of human life.'

<sup>69</sup> *Seventh day was come.*]—Ver. 45. Hippocrates, in his Aphorisms, mentions the seventh, fourteenth, and twentieth, as the critical days in a malady. Ovid may here possibly allude to the seventh day of fasting, which was supposed to terminate the existence of the person so doing.

<sup>70</sup> *Corinna, farewell !*]—Ver. 48. It may have said 'Corinna ;' but Ovid must excuse us if we decline to believe that it said 'vale,' 'farewell,' also ; unless, indeed, it had been in the habit of saying so before ; this, perhaps, may have been the case, as it had probably often heard the Poet say 'vale' to his mistress.

<sup>71</sup> *The Elysian hill.*]—Ver. 49. He kindly imagines a place for the souls of the birds that are blessed.

<sup>72</sup> *By his words.*]—Ver. 58. His calling around him, in human ac-



A sepulchre covers his bones ; a sepulchre small as his body ; on which a little stone has *this* inscription, well suited to itself : “ From this very tomb<sup>77</sup> I may be judged to have been the favorite of my mistress. I had a tongue more skilled at talking than other birds.”

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ELEGY VII.

HE attempts to convince his mistress, who suspects the contrary, that he is not in love with her handmaid Cypassis.

AM I then<sup>78</sup> to be for ever made the object of accusation by new charges ? Though I should conquer, *yet* I am tired of entering the combat so oft. Do I look up to the *very* top of the marble theatre, from the multitude, you choose some woman, from whom to receive a cause of grief. Or does some beauteous fair look on me with inexpressive features ; you find out that there are secret signs on the features. Do I praise any one ; with your nails you attack her ill-starred locks ; if I blame any one, you think I am hiding some fault. If my colour is healthy, *then I am pronounced* to be indifferent towards you ; if unhealthy, *then I am said* to be dying with love for another. But I *only* wish I was conscious to myself of some fault ; those endure punishment with equanimity, who are deserving of it. Now you accuse me without cause ; and by believing every thing at random, you yourself forbid your anger to be of any consequence. See how the long-eared ass,<sup>79</sup> in his wretched lot, walks leisurely along, *although* tyrannized over with everlasting blows.

*And lo ! a fresh charge ; Cypassis, so skilled at tiring,*<sup>80</sup> is

cents, the other birds in the Elysian fields, is ingeniously and beautifully imagined.

<sup>77</sup> *This very tomb.*]—Ver. 61. This and the following line are considered by Heinsius to be spurious, and, indeed, the next line hardly looks like the composition of Ovid.

<sup>78</sup> *Am I then.*]—Ver. 1. ‘Ergo’ here is very expressive. ‘Am I always then to be made the subject of fresh charges?’

<sup>79</sup> *Long-eared ass.*]—Ver. 15. Perhaps the only holiday that the patient ass got throughout the year, was in the month of June, when the festival of Vesta was celebrated, and to which Goddess he had rendered an important service. See the Sixth Book of the Fasti, l. 311, *et seq.*

<sup>80</sup> *Skilled at tiring.*]—Ver. 17. She was the ‘ornatrix,’ or ‘tiring woman’ of Corinna. As slaves very often received their names from

blamed for having been the supplanter of her mistress. May the Gods prove more favourable, than that if I should have any inclination for a faux pas, a low-born mistress of a despised class should attract me! What free man would wish to have amorous intercourse with a bondwoman, and to embrace a body mangled with the whip?<sup>87</sup> Add, *too*, that she is skilled in arranging your hair, and is a valuable servant to you for the skill of her hands. And would I, forsooth, ask *such a thing* of a servant, who is so faithful to you? *And* for why? Only that a refusal might be united to a betrayal? I swear by Venus, and by the bow of the winged boy, that I am accused of a crime which I never committed.

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### ELEGY VIII.

HE wonders how Corinna has discovered his intrigue with Cypassis, her handmaid, and tells the latter how ably he has defended her and himself to her mistress.

CYPASSIS, perfect in arranging the hair in a thousand fashions, but deserving to adorn the Goddesses alone; discovered, too, by me, in our delightful intrigue, to be no novice; useful, indeed, to your mistress, but still more serviceable to myself; who, *I wonder*, was the informant of our stolen caresses? Whence was Corinna made acquainted with your escapade? Is it that I have blushed? Is it that, making a slip in any expression, I have given any guilty sign of our stealthy amours? And have I *not*, too, declared that if any one can commit the sin with a bondwoman, that man must want a sound mind?

The Thessalian was inflamed by the beauty of the captive daughter of Brises; the slave priestess of Phœbus was beloved by the general from Mycenæ. I am not greater than the descendant of Tantalus, nor greater than Achilles; why should I deem that a disgrace to me, which was becoming for monarchs?

articles of dress, Cypassis was probably so called from the garment called 'cypassis,' in Greek *Κυπασσις*, which was worn by women and men of effeminate character, and extended downwards to the ancles.

<sup>87</sup> *With the whip.*—Ver. 22. From this we see that the whip was applied to the female slaves, as well as the males.

But when she fixed her angry eyes upon you, I saw you blushing all over your cheeks. But, if, perchance, you remember, with how much more presence of mind did I myself make oath by the great Godhead of Venus! Do thou, Goddess, do thou order the warm South winds to bear away over the Carpathian ocean<sup>88</sup> the perjuries of a mind unsullied. In return for these services, swarthy Cypassis,<sup>89</sup> give me a sweet reward, your company to-day. Why refuse me, ungrateful one, and why invent new apprehensions? 'Tis enough to have laid one of your superiors under an obligation. But if, in your folly, you refuse me, as the informer, I will tell what has taken place before; and I myself will be the betrayer of my own failing. And I will tell Cypassis, in what spots I have met you, and how often, and in ways how many and what.

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### ELEGY IX.

To Cupid.

O CUPID, never angered enough against me, O boy, that hast taken up thy abode in my heart! why dost thou torment me, who, *thy* soldier, have never deserted thy standards? And *why*, in my own camp, am I *thus* wounded? Why does thy torch burn, thy bow pierce, thy friends? 'Twere a greater glory to conquer those who war *with thee*. Nay more, did not the Hæmonian hero, afterwards, relieve him, when wounded, with his healing aid, whom he had struck with his spear?<sup>90</sup> The hunter follows *the prey* that flies, that which is caught he leaves behind; and he is ever on the search for still more than he has found. We, a multitude devoted to thee, are *too well* acquainted with thy arms; *yet* thy tardy hand slackens against the foe that resists. Of what use is it to be blunting thy barbed darts against bare bones? *for* Love has left my bones *quite* bare. Many a man is there free from Love, many a damsel, too, free from Love; from these, with great glory, may a triumph be obtained by thee.

<sup>88</sup> *Carpathian ocean.*]—Ver. 20. See the *Metamorphoses*, Book xi. l. 249, and the Note to this passage.

<sup>89</sup> *Swarthy Cypassis.*]—Ver. 22. From this expression, she was probably a native of Egypt or Syria.

<sup>90</sup> *With his spear.*]—Ver. 7. He alludes to the cure of Telephus by the aid of the spear of Achilles, which had previously wounded him.

Rome, had she not displayed her strength over the boundless earth, would, even to this day, have been planted thick with cottages of thatch.<sup>91</sup> The invalid soldier is drafted off to the fields<sup>92</sup> that he has received; the horse, when free from the race,<sup>93</sup> is sent into the pastures; the lengthened docks conceal the ship laid up; and the wand of repose<sup>94</sup> is demanded, the sword laid by. It were time for me, too, who have served so oft in love for the fair, now discharged, to be living in quiet.

*And yet*, if any Divinity were to say to me, 'Live on, resigning love;' I should decline it; so sweet an evil are the fair. When I am quite exhausted, and the passion has faded from my mind, I know not by what perturbation of my wretched feelings I am bewildered. Just as the horse that is hard of mouth bears his master headlong, as he vainly pulls in the reins covered with foam; just as a sudden gale, the land now nearly made, carries out to sea the vessel, as she is entering harbour; so, many a time, does the uncertain gale of Cupid bear me away, and rosy Love resumes his well-known weapons. Pierce me, boy; naked am I exposed to thee, my arms laid aside; hither let thy strength be *directed*: here thy right hand tells *with effect*. Here, as though bidden, do thy arrows now spontaneously come; in comparison to myself, their own quiver is hardly so well known to them.

Wretched is he who endures to rest the whole night, and who calls slumber a great good. Fool, what is slumber but

<sup>91</sup> *Cottages of thatch.*—Ver. 18. In the First Book of the Fasti, l. 199, he speaks of the time when 'a little cottage received Quirinus, the begotten of Mars, and the sedge of the stream afforded him a scanty couch.' The straw-thatched cottage of Romulus was preserved at Rome for many centuries. See the Fasti, Book iii. l. 184, and the Note to the passage.

<sup>92</sup> *Off to the fields.*—Ver. 19. The 'emeriti,' or veterans of the Roman legions, who had served their full time, received a regular discharge, which was called 'missio,' together with a bounty, either in money, or an allotment of land. Virgil was deprived of his property near Mantua, by the officers of Augustus; and in his first Eclogue, under the name of Tityrus, he relates how he obtained restitution of it on applying to the Emperor.

<sup>93</sup> *Free from the race.*—Ver. 20. Literally, 'the starting place.'

<sup>94</sup> *Wand of repose*—Ver. 22. For an account of the 'rudis,' and the privilege it conferred, see the Tristia, Book. iv, El. 8. l. 24.

the image of cold death? The Fates will give abundance of time for taking rest.

Only let the words of my deceiving mistress beguile me; in hoping, at least, great joys shall I experience. And sometimes let her use caresses; sometimes let her find fault; oft may I enjoy *the favour of my mistress*; often may I be repulsed. That Mars is one so dubious, is through thee, his step-son, Cupid; and after thy example does thy step-father wield his arms. Thou art fickle, and much more wavering than thy own wings; and thou both dost give and refuse thy joys at thy uncertain caprice. Still if thou dost listen to me, as I entreat thee, with thy beauteous mother; hold a sway never to be relinquished in my heart. May the damsels, a throng too flighty *by far*, be added to thy realms; then by two peoples wilt thou be revered.

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### ELEGY X.

HE tells Græcinus how he is in love with two mistresses at the same time.

THOU wast wont to tell me, Græcinus<sup>95</sup> (I remember well), 'twas thou, I am sure, that a person cannot be in love with two females at the same time. Through thee have I been deceived; through thee have I been caught without my arms.<sup>96</sup> Lo! to my shame, I am in love with two at the same moment. Both of them are charming; both most attentive to their dress; in skill, 'tis a matter of doubt, whether the one or the other is superior. That one is more beauteous than this; this one, too, is more beauteous than that; and this one pleases me the most, and that one the most. The one passion and the other fluctuate, like the skiff,<sup>97</sup> impelled by the discordant

<sup>95</sup> *Græcinus.*]—Ver. 1. He addresses three of his Pontic Epistles, namely, the Sixth of the First Book, the Sixth of the Second Book, and the Ninth of the Fourth Book, to his friend Græcinus. In the latter Epistle, he congratulates him upon his being Consul elect.

<sup>96</sup> *Without my arms.*]—Ver. 3. 'Inermis,' may be rendered, 'off my guard.'

<sup>97</sup> *Like the skiff.*]—Ver. 10. 'Phaselos' is perhaps here used as a general name for a boat or skiff; but the vessel which was particularly so called, was long and narrow, and probably received its name from its resemblance to a kidney-bean, which was called 'phaselus.' The 'phaseli' were chiefly used by the Egyptians, and were of various

breezes, and keep me distracted. Why, Erycina, dost thou everlastingly double my pangs? Was not one damsel sufficient for my anxiety? Why add leaves to the trees, why stars to the heavens filled *with them*? Why additional waters to the vast ocean?

But still this is better, than if I were languishing without a flame; may a life of seriousness be the lot of my foes. May it be the lot of my foes to sleep in the couch of solitude, and to recline their limbs outstretched in the midst of the bed. But, for me, may cruel Love *ever* disturb my sluggish slumbers; and may I be not the solitary burden of my couch. May my mistress, with no one to hinder it, make me die *with love*, if one is enough to be able to do so; *but* if one is not enough, *then* two. Limbs that are thin,<sup>1</sup> but not without strength, may suffice; flesh it is, not sinew that my body is in want of. Delight, too, will give resources for vigour to my sides; through me has no fair ever been deceived. Often, robust through the hours of delicious night, have I proved of stalwart body, even in the morn. Happy the man, who proves the delights of Love? Oh that the Gods would grant that to be the cause of my end!

Let the soldier arm his breast<sup>2</sup> that faces the opposing darts, and with his blood let him purchase eternal fame. Let the greedy man seek wealth; and with forsworn mouth, let the shipwrecked man drink of the seas which he has wearied with ploughing them. But may it be my lot to perish in the service of Love: *and*, when I die, may I depart in the midst of his battles;<sup>3</sup> and may some one say, when weeping at my funeral rites: "Such was a fitting death for his life."

sizes, from that of a mere boat to a vessel suited for a long voyage. Appian mentions them as being a medium between ships of war and merchant vessels. Being built for speed, they were more noted for their swiftness than for their strength. Juvenal, Sat. xv., l. 127, speaks of them as being made of clay; but, of course, that can only refer to 'phaselis' of the smallest kind.

<sup>1</sup> *That are thin.*—Ver. 23. The Poet was of slender figure.

<sup>2</sup> *Arm his breast.*—Ver. 31. He alludes to the 'lorica,' or cuirass, which was worn by the soldiers.

<sup>3</sup> *Of his battles.*—Ver. 36. He probably was thinking at this moment of the deaths of Cornelius Gallus, and T. Haterius, of the Equestrian order, whose singular end is mentioned by Valerius Maximus, B. ix., c. 12, s. 8, and by Pliny the Elder, B. vii., c. 53.

## ELEGY XI.

HE endeavours to dissuade Corinna from her voyage to Baiæ.

THE pine, cut on the heights of Pelion, was the first to teach the voyage full of danger, as the waves of the ocean wondered: which, boldly amid the meeting rocks,<sup>4</sup> bore away the ram remarkable for his yellow fleece. Oh! would that, overwhelmed, the Argo had drunk of the fatal waves, so that no one might plough the wide main with the oar.

Lo! Corinna flies from both the well-known couch, and the Penates of her home, and prepares to go upon the deceitful paths of *the ocean*. Ah wretched me! why, for you, must I dread the Zephyrs, and the Eastern gales, and the cold Boreas, and the warm wind of the South? There no cities will you admire, *there* no groves; *ever* the same is the azure appearance of the perfidious main.

The midst of the ocean has no tiny shells, or tinted pebbles;<sup>5</sup> that is the recreation<sup>6</sup> of the sandy shore. The shore *alone*, ye fair, should be pressed with your marble feet. Thus far is it safe; the rest of *that* path is full of hazard. And let others tell you of the warfare of the winds: the waves which Scylla infests, or those which Charybdis *haunts*: from what rocky range the deadly Ceraunia projects: in what gulf the Syrtes, or in what Malea<sup>7</sup> lies concealed. Of these let others tell: but do you believe what each of them relates: no storm injures the person who credits them.

After a length of time *only* is the land beheld once more, when, the cable loosened, the curving ship runs out upon the boundless main: where the anxious sailor dreads the stormy winds, and *sees* death as near him, as he sees the waves. What if Triton arouses the agitated waves? How parts the colour, then, from all your face! Then you may invoke the gracious

<sup>4</sup> *The meeting rocks.*—Ver. 3. See the 121st line of the Epistle of Medea to Jason, and the Note to the passage.

<sup>5</sup> *Tinted pebbles.*—Ver. 13. The ‘*picti lapilli*’ are probably carnelians, which are found on the sea shore, and are of various tints.

<sup>6</sup> *The recreation.*—Ver. 14. ‘*Mora*,’ ‘delay,’ is put here for that which causes the delay. ‘That is a pleasure which belongs to the shore.’

<sup>7</sup> *In what Malea.*—Ver. 20. Propertius and Virgil also couple Malea, the dangerous promontory on the South of Laconia, with the Syrtes or quicksands of the Libyan coast.

stars of the fruitful Leda :<sup>9</sup> and may say, "Happy she, whom her own *dry* land receives ! 'Tis far more safe to lie snug in the couch,<sup>10</sup> to read amusing books,<sup>11</sup> and to sound with one's fingers the Thracian lyre."

But if the headlong gales bear away my unavailing words, still may Galatea be propitious to your ship. The loss of such a damsel, both ye Goddesses, daughters of Nereus, and thou, father of the Nereids, would be a reproach to you. Go, mindful of me, on your way, *soon* to return with favouring breezes : may that, a stronger gale, fill your sails. Then may the mighty Nereus roll the ocean towards this shore : in this direction may the breezes blow : hither may the tide impel the waves. Do you yourself entreat, that the Zephyrs may come full upon your canvass : do you let out the swelling sails with your own hand.

I shall be the first, from the shore, to see the well-known ship, and I shall exclaim, "'Tis she that carries my Divinities :<sup>12</sup> and I will receive you in my arms, and will ravish, indiscriminately, many a kiss ; the victim, promised for your return, shall fall ; the soft sand shall be heaped, too, in the form of a couch ; and some sand-heap shall be as a table<sup>13</sup> for us. There, with wine placed before us, you shall tell many a story, how your bark was nearly overwhelmed in the midst of the waves : and how, while you were hastening to me, you dreaded neither the hours of the dangerous night, nor yet the stormy

<sup>9</sup> *Stars of the fruitful Leda.*]—Ver. 29. Commentators are divided upon the exact meaning of this line. Some think that it refers to the Constellations of Castor and Pollux, which were considered to be favourable to mariners ; and which Horace mentions in the first line of his Third Ode, B. i., 'Sic fratres Helenæ, lucida sidera,' 'The brothers of Helen, those brilliant stars.' Others think that it refers to the luminous appearances which were seen to settle on the masts of ships, and were called by the name of Castor and Pollux ; they were thought to be of good omen when both appeared, but unlucky when seen singly.

<sup>10</sup> *In the couch.*]—Ver. 31. 'Torus' most probably means in this place a sofa, on which the ladies would recline while reading.

<sup>11</sup> *Amusing books.*]—Ver. 31. By using the diminutive 'libellus' here, he probably means some light work, such as a bit of court scandal, or a love poem.

<sup>12</sup> *My Divinities.*]—Ver. 44. See the Second Epistle, l. 126, and the Note to the passage.

<sup>13</sup> *As a table.*]—Ver. 48. This denotes his impatience to entertain her once again, and to hear the narrative of her adventures.



Southern gales. Though they be fictions,<sup>14</sup> yet all will I believe as truth; why should I not myself encourage what is my own wish? May Lucifer, the most brilliant in the lofty skies, speedily bring me that day, spurring on his steed.

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ELEGY XII.

HE rejoices in the possession of his mistress, having triumphed over every obstacle.

COME, triumphant laurels, around my temples; I am victorious: lo! in my bosom Corinna is; she, whom her husband, whom a keeper, whom a door so strong, (so many foes!) were watching, that she might by no stratagem be taken. This victory is deserving of an especial triumph: in which the prize, such as it is, is *gained* without bloodshed. Not lowly walls, not towns surrounded with diminutive trenches, but a *fair* damsel has been taken by my contrivance.

When Pergamus fell, conquered in a war of twice five years:<sup>15</sup> out of so many, how great was the share of renown for the son of Atreus? But my glory is undivided, and shared in by no soldier: and no other has the credit of the exploit. Myself the general, myself the troops, I have attained this end of my desires: I, myself, have been the cavalry, I the infantry, I, the standard-bearer *too*. Fortune, too, has mingled no hazard with my feats. Come hither, *then*, thou Triumph, gained by exertions *entirely* my own.

And the cause<sup>16</sup> of my warfare is no new one; had not the daughter of Tyndarus been carried off, there would have been peace between Europe and Asia. A female disgracefully set the wild Lapithæ and the two-formed race in arms, when the wine circulated. A female again,<sup>17</sup> good Latinus,

<sup>14</sup> *Though they be fictions.*]—Ver. 53. He gives a sly hit here at the tales of travellers.

<sup>15</sup> *Twice five years.*]—Ver. 9. On the 'lustrum' of the Romans, see the Fasti, Book iii. l. 166, and the Tristia, Book iv. El. 10.

<sup>16</sup> *And the cause.*]—Ver. 17. This passage is evidently misunderstood in Nisard's translation, 'Je ne serai pas non plus la caus d'une nouvelle guerre,' 'I will never more be the cause of a new war.'

<sup>17</sup> *A female again.*]—Ver. 22. He alludes to the war in Latium, between Æneas and Turnus, for the hand of Lavinia, the daughter of Latinus and Amata. See the narrative in the Fourteenth Book of the Metamorphoses.

forced the Trojans to engage in ruthless warfare, in thy realms. 'Twas the females,<sup>21</sup> when even now the City was *but* new, that sent against the Romans their fathers-in-law, and gave them cruel arms. I have beheld the bulls fighting for a snow-white mate: the heifer, herself the spectator, afforded *fresh* courage. Me, too, with many *others*, but still without bloodshed, has Cupid ordered to bear the standard in his service.

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### ELEGY XIII.

HE entreats the aid of Isis and Lucina in behalf of Corinna, in her labour.

WHILE Corinna, in her imprudence, is trying to disengage the burden of her pregnant womb, exhausted, she lies prostrate in danger of her life. She, in truth, who incurred so great a risk unknown to me, is worthy of my wrath; but anger falls before apprehension. But yet, by me it was that she conceived; or so I think. That is often as a fact to me, which is possible.

Isis, thou who dost<sup>22</sup> inhabit Parætonium,<sup>23</sup> and the genial fields of Canopus,<sup>24</sup> and Memphis,<sup>25</sup> and palm-bearing Pharos,<sup>26</sup>

<sup>21</sup> 'Twas the females.]—Ver. 23. The rape of the Sabines, by the contrivance of Romulus, is here alluded to. The narrative will be found in the Third Book of the *Fasti*, l. 203, *et seq.* It has been suggested, but apparently without any good grounds, that Tarpeia is here alluded to.

<sup>22</sup> *Thou who dost.*]—Ver. 7. Io was said to be worshipped under the name of Isis.

<sup>23</sup> *Parætonium.*]—Ver. 7. This city was situate at the Canopic mouth of the Nile, at the Western extremity of Egypt, adjoining to Libya. According to Strabo, its former name was Ammonia. It still preserves its ancient name in a great degree, as it is called al-Barétoun.

<sup>24</sup> *Fields of Canopus.*]—Ver. 7. Canopus was a city at one of the mouths of the Nile, now called Aboukir. The epithet 'genialis,' seems to have been well deserved, as it was famous for its voluptuousness. Strabo tells us that there was a temple there dedicated to Serapis, to which multitudes resorted by the canal from Alexandria. He says that the canal was filled, night and day, with men and women dancing and playing music on board the vessels, with the greatest licentiousness. The place was situate on an island of the Nile, and was about fifteen miles distant from Alexandria. Ovid gives a similar description of Alexandria, in the *Troica*, Book i. El. ii. l. 79. See the Note to the passage.

<sup>25</sup> *Memphis.*]—Ver. 8. Memphis was a city situate on the North of Egypt, on the banks of the Nile. It was said to have been built by Osiris.

<sup>26</sup> *Pharos.*]—Ver. 8. See the *Metamorphoses*, Book ix. l. 772, and Book xv. l. 287, with the Notes to the passages.

and where the rapid Nile, discharged from its vast bed, rushes through its seven channels into the ocean waves; by thy 'sistra'<sup>28</sup> do I entreat thee; by the faces, *too*, of revered Anubis;<sup>29</sup> and then may the benignant Osiris<sup>30</sup> ever love thy rites, and may the sluggish serpent<sup>31</sup> ever wreath around thy altars, and may the horned Apis<sup>32</sup> walk in the procession as thy attendant; turn hither thy features,<sup>33</sup> and in one have mercy upon two; for to my mistress wilt thou be giving life, she to me. Full many a time in thy honour has she sat on thy appointed days,<sup>34</sup> on which<sup>35</sup> the throng of the Galli<sup>36</sup> wreath *themselves* with thy laurels.<sup>37</sup>

<sup>28</sup> *By thy sistra.*]—Ver. 11. For an account of the mystic 'sistra' of Isis, see the Pontic Epistles, Book i. El. i. l. 38, and the Note.

<sup>29</sup> *Anubis.*]—Ver. 11. For an account of Anubis, the Deity with the dog's head, see the Metamorphoses, Book ix. l. 689, and the Note.

<sup>30</sup> *Osiris.*]—Ver. 12. See the Metamorphoses, Book ix. l. 692, and the Note to the passage.

<sup>31</sup> *The sluggish serpent.*]—Ver. 13. Macrobius tells us, that the Egyptians accompanied the statue of Serapis with that of an animal with three heads, the middle one that of a lion, the one to the right, of a dog, and that to the left, of a ravenous wolf; and that a serpent was represented encircling it in its folds, with its head below the right hand of the statue of the Deity. To this the Poet possibly alludes, or else to the asp, which was common in the North of Egypt, and perhaps, was looked upon as sacred. If so, it is probable that the word 'pigra,' 'sluggish,' refers to the drowsy effect produced by the sting of the asp, which was generally mortal. This, indeed, seems the more likely, from the fact of the asp being clearly referred to, in company with these Deities, in the Ninth Book of the Metamorphoses, l. 93; which see, with the Note to the passage.

<sup>32</sup> *The horned Apis.*]—Ver. 14. See the Ninth Book of the Metamorphoses, l. 691, and the Note to the passage.

<sup>33</sup> *Thy features.*]—Ver. 15. Isis is here addressed, as being supposed to be the same Deity as Diana Lucina, who was invoked by pregnant and parturient women. Thus Isis appears to Telethusa, a Cretan woman, in her pregnancy, in the Ninth Book of the Metamorphoses, l. 665, *et seq.*

<sup>34</sup> *Thy appointed days.*]—Ver. 17. Votaries who were worshipping in the temples of the Deities sat there for a considerable time, especially when they attended for the purpose of sacrifice. In the First Book of the Pontic Epistles, Ep. i. l. 50, Ovid says, 'I have beheld one who confessed that he had offended the Divinity of Isis, clothed in linen, sitting before he altars of Isis.'

<sup>35</sup> *On which.*]—Ver. 18. 'Queis' seems a preferable reading to 'qua.'

<sup>36</sup> *The Galli.*]—Ver. 18. Some suppose that Isis and Cybele were the same Divinity, and that the Galli, or priests of Cybele, attended the rites of their Goddess under the name of Isis. It seems clear, from the

Thou, too, who dost have compassion on the females who are in labour, whose latent burden distends their bodies slowly moving ; come, propitious Ilithyia,<sup>38</sup> and listen to my prayers. She is worthy for thee to command to become indebted to thee. I, myself, in white array, will offer frankincense at thy smoking altars ; I, myself, will offer before thy feet the gifts that I have vowed. I will add *this* inscription *too* ; “ Naso, for the preservation of Corinna, *offers these.*” But if, amid apprehensions so great, I may be allowed to give you advice, let it suffice for you, Corinna, to have struggled in this *one* combat.

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#### ELEGY XIV.

He reproaches his mistress for having attempted to procure abortion.

OF what use is it for damsels to live at ease, exempt from war, and not with their bucklers,<sup>39</sup> to have any inclination to follow the bloodstained troops ; if, without warfare, they endure wounds from weapons of their own, and arm their imprudent hands for their own destruction ? She who was the first to teach how to destroy the tender embryo, was deserving to perish by those arms of her own. That the stomach, forsooth, may be without the reproach of wrinkles, the sand must<sup>40</sup> be lamentably strewed for this struggle of yours.

If the same custom had pleased the matrons of old, through *such* criminality mankind would have perished ; and he present passage, that the priests of Cybele, who were called Galli, did perform the rites of Isis, but there is abundant proof that these were considered as distinct Deities. In imitation of the Corybantes, the original priests of Cybele, they performed her rites to the sound of pipes and tambourines, and ran to and fro in a frenzied manner.

<sup>37</sup> *With thy laurels.*]—Ver. 18. See the Note to the 692nd line of the Ninth Book of the Metamorphoses. While celebrating the search for the limbs of Osiris, the priests uttered lamentations, accompanied with the sound of the ‘sistra’ ; but when they had found the body, they wore wreaths of laurel, and uttered cries, signifying their joy.

<sup>38</sup> *Ilithyia.*]—Ver. 21. As to the Goddess Ilithyia, see the Ninth Book of the Metamorphoses, l. 283, and the Note to the passage.

<sup>39</sup> *With their bucklers.*]—Ver. 2. Armed with ‘peltæ,’ or bucklers, like the Amazons.

<sup>40</sup> *The sand must.*]—Ver. 8. This figure is derived from the gladiatorial fights of the amphitheatre, where the spot on which they fought was strewed with sand, both for the purpose of giving a firm footing to the gladiators, and of soaking up the blood that was shed.

would be required, who should again throw stones<sup>41</sup> on the empty earth, for the second time the original of our kind. Who would have destroyed the resources of Priam, if Thetis, the Goddess of the waves, had refused to bear *Achilles*, her due burden? If *Ilia* had destroyed<sup>42</sup> the twins in her swelling womb, the founder of the all-ruling City would have perished. If *Venus* had laid violent hands on *Æneas* in her pregnant womb, the earth would have been destitute of *its* Cæsars. You, too, beauteous one, might have died at the moment you might have been born, if your mother had tried the same experiment which you have done. I, myself, though destined as I am, to die a more pleasing death by love, should have beheld no days, had my mother slain me.

Why do you deprive the loaded vine of its growing grapes? And why pluck the sour apples with relentless hand? When ripe, let them fall of their own accord; *once* put forth, let them grow. Life is no slight reward for a little waiting. Why pierce<sup>43</sup> your own entrails, by applying instruments, and *why* give dreadful poisons to the *yet* unborn? People blame the Colchian damsel, stained with the blood of her sons; and they grieve for *Itys*, slaughtered by his own mother. Each mother was cruel; but each, for sad reasons, took vengeance on her husband, by shedding their common blood. Tell me what *Tereus*, or what *Jason* excites you to pierce your body with an anxious hand?

This neither the tigers do in their Armenian dens,<sup>44</sup> nor does the lioness dare to destroy an offspring of her own. But delicate females do this, not, however, with impunity; many a time<sup>45</sup> does she die herself, who kills her *offspring* in the womb. She dies herself, and, with her loosened hair, is borne upon the bier; and those whoever only catch a sight of her,

<sup>41</sup> *Again throw stones.*]—Ver. 12. He alludes to Deucalion and Pyrrha. See the First Book of the *Metamorphoses*.

<sup>42</sup> *Ilia had destroyed.*]—Ver. 16. Romulus was her son. See her story, related at the beginning of the Third Book of the *Fasti*.

<sup>43</sup> *Why pierce.*]—Ver. 27. He alludes to the sharp instruments which she had used for the purpose of procuring abortion: a practice which *Canace* tells *Macareus* that her nurse had resorted to. *Epistle xi.* l. 40—43.

<sup>44</sup> *Armenian dens.*]—Ver. 35. See the *Metamorphoses*, Book viii. l. 126, and the Note to the passage.

<sup>45</sup> *Many a time.*]—Ver. 38. He seems here to speak of this practice as being frequently resorted to.

cry "She deserved it."<sup>46</sup> But let these words vanish in the air of the heavens, and may there be no weight in *these* presages of mine. Ye forgiving Deities, allow her this once to do wrong with safety *to herself*; that is enough; let a second transgression bring *its own* punishment.

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ELEGY XV.

HE addresses a ring which he has presented to his mistress, and envies its happy lot.

O RING,<sup>47</sup> about to encircle the finger of the beauteous fair, in which there is nothing of value but the affection of the giver; go as a pleasing gift; *and* receiving you with joyous feelings, may she at once place you upon her finger. May you serve her as well as she is constant to me; and nicely fitting, may you embrace her finger in your easy circle. Happy ring, by my mistress will you be handled. To my sorrow, I am now envying my own presents.

O! that I could suddenly be changed into my own present, by the arts of her of Ææa, or of the Carpathian old man!<sup>48</sup> Then could I wish you to touch the bosom of my mistress, and for her to place her left hand within her dress. Though light and fitting well, I would escape from her finger; and loosened by *some* wondrous contrivance, into her bosom would I fall. I too, *as well*, that I might be able to seal<sup>49</sup> her secret tablets, and that the seal, neither sticky nor dry, might not drag the wax, should first have to touch the lips<sup>50</sup> of the charming fair. Only I would not seal a note, the cause of grief to myself. Should I be given, to be put away

<sup>46</sup> *She deserved it.*]—Ver. 40. From this, it would seem that the practice was considered censurable; but, perhaps it was one of those cases whose heinousness is never fully discovered till it has brought about its own punishment.

<sup>47</sup> *O ring.*]—Ver. 1. On the rings in use among the ancients, see the note to the First Book of the Amores, El. iv., l. 26. See also the subject of the seventh Elegy of the First Book of the Tristia.

<sup>48</sup> *Carpathian old man.*]—Ver. 10. For some account of Proteus, who is here referred to, see the First Book of the Fasti, l. 363, and the Note.

<sup>49</sup> *Be able to seal*]—Ver. 15. From this, it appears to have been a signet ring.

<sup>50</sup> *Touch the lips.*]—Ver. 17. See the Tristia, Book v., El. iv. l. 5, and the Note to the passage.

in her desk,<sup>59</sup> I would refuse to depart, sticking fast to your fingers with my contracted circle.

To you, my life, I would never be a cause of disgrace, or a burden which your delicate fingers would refuse to carry. Wear me, when you are bathing your limbs in the tepid stream; and put up with the inconvenience of the water getting beneath the stone. But, I doubt, that *on seeing you* naked, my passion would be aroused; and that, a ring, I should enact the part of the lover. *But why wish for impossibilities?* Go, my little gift; let her understand that my constancy is proffered with you.

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### ELEGY XVI.

HE enlarges on the beauties of his native place, where he is now staying; but, notwithstanding the delights of the country, he says that he cannot feel happy in the absence of his mistress, whom he invites to visit him.

SULMO,<sup>60</sup> the third part of the Pelignian land,<sup>61</sup> *now* receives me; a little spot, but salubrious with its flowing streams. Though the Sun should cleave the earth with his approaching rays, and though the oppressive Constellation<sup>62</sup> of the Dog of Icarus should shine, the Pelignian fields are traversed by flowing streams, and the shooting grass is verdant on the soft ground. The earth is fertile in corn, and much more fruitful in the grape; the thin soil<sup>63</sup> produces, too, the olive, that bears its berries.<sup>64</sup> The rivers also trickling amid the shooting blades, the grassy turfs cover the moistened ground.

<sup>59</sup> *In her desk.*]—Ver. 19. ‘Loculi’ used in the plural, as in the present instance, signified a receptacle with compartments, similar, perhaps, to our writing desks; a small box, coffer, casket, or cabinet of wood or ivory, for keeping money or jewels.

<sup>60</sup> *Sulmo.*]—Ver. 1. See the Note to the first line of the First Elegy of this Book.

<sup>61</sup> *Pelignian land.*]—Ver. 1. From Pliny the Elder, we learn that the Peligni were divided into three tribes, the Corfinienses, the Superequani, and the Sulmonenses.

<sup>62</sup> *Constellation.*]—Ver. 4. He alludes to the heat attending the Dog star, see the *Fasti*, Book iv., l. 939, and the Note to the passage.

<sup>63</sup> *The thin soil.*]—Ver. 8. ‘Rarus ager’ means, a ‘thin’ or ‘loose’ soil, which was well suited for the cultivation of the grape.

<sup>64</sup> *That bears its berries.*]—Ver. 8. In Nisard’s translation, the words ‘bacciferam Pallada,’ which mean the olive, are rendered ‘L’amande chere a Pallas,’ ‘the almond dear to Pallas.’

But my flame is far away. In one word, I am mistaken ; she who excites my flame is far off ; my flame is here. I would not choose, could I be placed between Pollux and Castor, to be in a portion of the heavens without yourself. Let them lie with their anxious cares, and let them be pressed with the heavy weight of the earth, who have measured out the earth into lengthened tracks.<sup>65</sup> Or else they should have bid the fair to go as the companions of the youths, if the earth must be measured out into lengthened tracks. Then, had I, shivering, had to pace the stormy Alps,<sup>66</sup> the journey would have been pleasant, so that *I had been* with my love. With my love, I could venture to rush through the Libyan quicksands, and to spread my sails to be borne along by the fitful Southern gales. *Then*, I would not dread the monsters which bark beneath the thigh of the virgin *Scylla* ; nor winding Malea, thy bays ; nor where Charybdis, sated with ships swallowed up, disgorges them, and sucks up again the water which she has discharged. And if the sway of the winds prevails, and the waves bear away the Deities about to come to our aid ; do you throw your snow-white arms around my shoulders ; with active body will I support the beauteous burden. The youth who visited Hero, had often swam across the waves ; then, too, would he have crossed them, but the way was dark.

But without you, although the fields affording employment with their vines detain me ; although the meadows be overflowed by the streams, and *though* the husbandman invite the obedient stream<sup>67</sup> into channels, and the cool air refresh the foliage of the trees, I should not seem to be among the healthy Pelignians ; I *should not seem to be in* the place of my birth—my paternal fields ; but in Scythia, and among the fierce Cilicians,<sup>68</sup> and the Britons *painted green*,<sup>69</sup> and the rocks which are red with the gore of Prometheus.

<sup>65</sup> *Lengthened tracks.*] — Ver. 16. To the Delphin Editor this seems a silly expression.

<sup>66</sup> *The stormy Alps.*] — Ver. 19. See the *Metamorphoses*, Book ii. l. 226, and the Note to the passage.

<sup>67</sup> *The obedient stream.*] — Ver. 35. This was a method of irrigation in agriculture, much resorted to by the ancients.

<sup>68</sup> *Fierce Cilicians.*] — Ver. 39. The people of the interior of Cilicia, in Asia Minor, were of rude and savage manners ; while those on the coast



The elm loves the vine,<sup>71</sup> the vine forsakes not the elm : why am I so often torn away from my love ? But you used to swear, *both* by myself, and by your eyes, my stars, that you would ever be my companion. The winds and the waves carry away, whither they choose, the empty words of the fair, more worthless than the falling leaves. Still, if there is any affectionate regard in you for me *thus* deserted : *now* commence to add deeds to your promises : and forthwith do you, as the nags<sup>72</sup> whirl your little chaise<sup>73</sup> along, shake the reins over their manes at full speed. But you, rugged hills, subside, wherever she shall come ; and you paths in the winding vales, be smooth.

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### ELEGY XVII.

He says that he is the slave of Corinna, and complains of the tyranny which she exercises over him.

If there shall be any one who thinks it inglorious to serve a damsel : in his opinion I shall be convicted of such baseness. Let me be disgraced ; if only she, who possesses Paphos, had been engaged in piracy, until it had been effectually suppressed by Pompey.

<sup>69</sup> *Britons painted green.*]—Ver. 39. The Britons may be called ‘virides,’ from their island being surrounded by the sea ; or, more probably, from the colour with which they were in the habit of staining their bodies. Cæsar says, in the Fifth Book of the Gallic war, ‘The Britons stain themselves with woad, ‘vitrum,’ or ‘glastum,’ which produces a blue colour : and thus they become of a more dreadful appearance in battle.’ The conquest of Britain, by Cæsar, is alluded to in the Fifteenth Book of the *Metamorphoses*, l. 752.

<sup>71</sup> *Loves the vine.*]—Ver. 41. The custom of training vines by the side of the elm, has been alluded to in a previous Note. See also the *Metamorphoses*, Book xiv. l. 663, and the Note to the passage.

<sup>72</sup> *As the nags.*]—Ver. 49. The ‘manni’ were used by the Romans for much the same purpose as our coach-horses : and were probably more noted for their fleetness than their strength : They were a small breed, originally imported from Gaul, and the possession of them was supposed to indicate the possession of considerable wealth. As the ‘essedæ’ was a small vehicle, and probably of light structure, we must not be surprised at Corinna being in the habit of driving for herself. The distance from Rome to Sulmo was about ninety miles : and the journey, from his expressions in the fifty-first and fifty-second lines, must have been over hill and dale.

<sup>73</sup> *Your little chaise.*]—Ver. 49. For an account of the ‘essedum,’ or ‘essedæ,’ see the Pontic Epistles, Book ii. Ep. 10, l. 34, and the Note to the passage.

and Cythera, beaten by the waves, torments me with less violence. And would that I had been the prize, too, of some indulgent mistress ; since I was destined to be the prize of some fair. Beauty begets pride ; through her charms Corinna is disdainful. Ah wretched me ! why is she so well known to herself ? Pride, forsooth, is caught from the reflection of the mirror : and *there* she sees not herself, unless she is first adorned.

If your beauty gives you a sway not too great over all things, face born to fascinate my eyes, still, you ought not, on that account, to despise me comparatively with yourself. That which is inferior must be united with what is great. The Nymph Calypso, seized with passion for a mortal, is believed to have detained the hero against his will. It is believed that the ocean-daughter of Nereus was united to the king of Phthia,<sup>74</sup> and that Egeria was to the just Numa : that Venus was to Vulcan : although, his anvil<sup>75</sup> left, he limped with a distorted foot. This same kind of verse is unequal ; but still the heroic is becomingly united<sup>76</sup> with the shorter measure.

You, too, my life, receive me upon any terms. May it become you to impose conditions in the midst of your caresses. I will be no disgrace to you, nor one for you to rejoice at my removal. This affection will not be one to be disavowed by you.<sup>77</sup> May my cheerful lines be to you in place of great wealth : even many a fair wishes to gain fame through me. I know of one who publishes it that she is Corinna.<sup>78</sup> What would she not be ready to give to be so ? But neither do the cool Eurotas, and the poplar-bearing Padus, far asunder, roll along the same banks ; nor shall any one but yourself be

<sup>74</sup> *King of Phthia.*—Ver. 17.] He alludes to the marriage of Thetis, the sea Goddess, to Peleus, the king of Phthia, in Thessaly.

<sup>75</sup> *His anvil.*—Ver. 19. It is a somewhat curious fact, that the anvils of the ancients exactly resembled in form and every particular those used at the present day.

<sup>76</sup> *Becomingly united.*—Ver. 22. He says, that in the Elegiac measure the Pentameter, or line of five feet, is not unhappily matched with the Hexameter, or heroic line of six feet.

<sup>77</sup> *Disavowed by you.*—Ver. 26. 'Vobis' seems more agreeable to the sense of the passage, than 'nobis.' 'to be denied by us ;' as, from the context, there was no fear of his declining her affection.

<sup>78</sup> *That she is Corinna.*—Ver. 29. This clearly proves that Corinna was not a real name ; it probably was not given by the Poet to any one of his female acquaintances in particular.

celebrated in my poems. You, alone, shall afford subject-matter for my genius.

### ELEGY XVIII.

HE tells Macer that he ought to write on Love.

WHILE thou art tracing thy poem onwards<sup>79</sup> to the wrath of Achilles, and art giving their first arms to the heroes, after taking the oaths; I, Macer,<sup>80</sup> am reposing in the shade of Venus, unused to toil; and tender Love attacks me, when about to attempt a mighty subject. Many a time have I said to my mistress, "At length, away with you:" and forthwith she has seated herself in my lap. Many a time have I said, "I am ashamed of myself:" when, with difficulty, her tears repressed, she has said, "Ah wretched me! Now you are ashamed to love." And then she has thrown her arms around my neck: and has given me a thousand kisses, which quite overpowered me. I am overcome: and my genius is called away from the arms it has assumed; and I forthwith sing the exploits of my home, and my own warfare.

Still did I wield the sceptre: and by my care my Tragedy grew apace;<sup>81</sup> and for this pursuit I was well prepared. Love smiled both at my tragic pail, and my coloured buskins, and

<sup>79</sup> *Thy poem onwards.*]—Ver. 1. Macer translated the Iliad of Homer into Latin verse, and composed an additional poem, commencing at the beginning of the Trojan war, and coming down to the wrath of Achilles, with which Homer begins.

<sup>80</sup> *I, Macer.*]—Ver. 3. Æmilius Macer is often mentioned by Ovid in his works. In the *Tristia*, Book iv. Ep. 10, l. 44, he says, 'Macer, when stricken in years, many a time repeated to me his poem on birds, and each serpent that is deadly, each herb that is curative.' The Tenth Epistle of the Second Book of Pontic Epistles is also addressed to him, in which Ovid alludes to his work on the Trojan war, and the time when they visited Asia Minor and Sicily together. He speaks of him in the Sixteenth Epistle of the Fourth Book, as being then dead. Macer was a native of Verona, and was the intimate friend of Virgil, Ovid, and Tibullus. Some suppose that the poet who wrote on natural history, was not the same with him who wrote on the Trojan war; and, indeed, it does not seem likely, that he who was an old man in the youth of Ovid, should be the same person to whom he writes from Pontus, when about fifty-six years of age. The bard of Ilium died in Asia.

<sup>81</sup> *Tragedy grew apace.*]—Ver. 13. He alludes to his tragedy of Medea, which no longer exists. Quintilian thus speaks of it; 'The Medea of Ovid seems to me to prove how much he was capable of, if he had only preferred to curb his genius, rather than indulge it.'

the sceptre wielded so well by a private hand. From this pursuit, too, did the influence of my cruel mistress draw me away, and Love triumphed over the Poet with his buskins. As I am allowed *to do*, either I teach the art of tender love, (alas! by my own precepts am I myself tormented :) or I write what was delivered to Ulysses in the words of Penelope, or thy tears, deserted Phyllis. What, *too*, Paris and Macareus, and the ungrateful Jason, and the parent of Hippolytus, and Hippolytus *himself* read : and what the wretched Dido says, brandishing the drawn sword, and *what* the Lesbian mistress of the Æolian lyre.

How swiftly did my *friend*, Sabinus, return<sup>82</sup> from all quarters of the world, and bring back letters<sup>83</sup> from different spots! The fair Penelope recognized the seal of Ulysses : the step-mother read what was written by her own Hippolytus. Then did the dutiful Æneas write an answer to the afflicted Elissa ; and Phyllis, if she only survives, has something to read. The sad letter came to Hypsipyle from Jason : the Lesbian damsel, beloved *by Apollo*, may give the lyre that she has vowed to Phœbus.<sup>84</sup> Nor, Macer, so far as it is safe for a poet who sings of wars, is beauteous Love unsung of by thee, in the midst of warfare. Both Paris is there, and the adultress, the far-famed cause of guilt : and Laodamia, who attends her husband in death. If well I know thee ; thou singest not of wars with greater pleasure than these ; and from thy own camp thou comest back to mine.

<sup>82</sup> *Sabinus return.*]—Ver. 27. He represents his friend, Sabinus, here in the character of a ‘tabellarius,’ or ‘letter carrier,’ going with extreme speed (*celer*) to the various parts of the earth, and bringing back the answers of Ulysses to Penelope, Hippolytus to Phædra, Æneas to Dido, Demophoön to Phyllis, Jason to Hypsipyle, and Phaon to Sappho. All these works of Sabinus have perished, except the Epistle of Ulysses to Penelope, and Demophoön to Phyllis. His Epistle from Paris to Cœnone, is not here mentioned. See the Pontic Epistles, Book iv. Ep. xvi. l. 13, and the Note to the passage.

<sup>83</sup> *Bring back letters.*]—Ver. 28. As the ancients had no establishment corresponding to our posts, they employed special messengers called ‘tabellarii,’ for the conveyance of their letters.

<sup>84</sup> *Vowed to Phœbus.*]—Ver. 34. Sappho says in her Epistle, that if Phaon should refuse to return, she will dedicate her lyre to Phœbus, and throw herself from the Leucadian rock. This, he tells her, she may now do, as by his answer Phaon declines to return.

## ELEGY XIX.

HE tells a husband who does not care for his wife to watch her a little more carefully.

IF, fool, thou dost not need the fair to be well watched; still have her watched for my sake: that I may be pleased with her the more. What one may have is worthless; what one may not have, gives the more edge to the desires. If a man falls in love with that which another permits him *to love*, he is a man without feeling. Let us that love, both hope and fear in equal degree; and let an occasional repulse make room for our desires.

Why should I *think of* Fortune, should she never care to deceive me? I value nothing that does not sometimes cause me pain. The clever Corinna saw this failing in me; and she cunningly found out the means by which I might be enthralled. Oh, how many a time, feigning a pain in her head<sup>85</sup> *that was* quite well, has she ordered me, as I lingered with tardy foot, to take my departure! Oh, how many a time has she feigned a fault, and guilty *herself*, has made there to be an appearance of innocence, just as she pleased! When thus she had tormented me and had rekindled the languid flame, again was she kind and obliging to my wishes. What caresses, what delightful words did she have ready for me! What kisses, ye great Gods, and how many, used she to give me!

You, too, who have so lately ravished my eyes, often stand in dread of treachery, often, when entreated, refuse; and let me, lying prostrate on the threshold before your door-posts, endure the prolonged cold throughout the frosty night. Thus is my love made lasting, and it grows up in lengthened experience; this is for my advantage, this forms food for my affection. A surfeit of love,<sup>86</sup> and facilities too great, become a cause of weariness to me, just as sweet food cloy the appetite. If the brazen tower had never enclosed Danaë,<sup>87</sup> Danaë had never been made a mother by Jove. While Juno is watching

<sup>85</sup> *Pain in her head.*—Ver. 11. She pretended a head-ache, when nothing was the matter with her; in order that too much familiarity, in the end, might not breed contempt.

<sup>86</sup> *A surfeit of love.*—Ver. 25. ‘*Pinguis amor*’ seems here to mean a ‘satisfied’ or a ‘pampered passion;’ one that meets with no repulse.

<sup>87</sup> *Enclosed Danaë.*—Ver. 27. See the *Metamorphoses*, Book iv., l. 608.

Io with her curving horns, she becomes still more pleasing to Jove than she has been *before*.

Whoever desires what he may have, and *what is* easily *obtained*, let him pluck leaves from the trees, and take water from the ample stream. If any damsel wishes long to hold her sway, let her play with her lover. Alas! that I, myself, am tormented through my own advice. Let *constant* indulgence be the lot of whom it may, it does injury to me: that which pursues, *from it* I fly; that which flies, I ever pursue. But do thou, too sure of the beauteous fair, begin now at nightfall to close thy house. Begin to enquire who it is that so often stealthily paces thy threshold? Why, *too*, the dogs bark<sup>88</sup> in the silent night. Whither the careful handmaid is carrying, or whence bringing back, the tablets? Why so oft she lies in her couch apart? Let this anxiety sometimes gnaw into thy *very* marrow; and *give* some scope and *some* opportunity for my stratagems.

If one could fall in love with the wife of a fool, that man could rob the barren sea-shore of its sand. And now I give thee notice; unless thou begin to watch this fair, she shall begin to cease to be *a flame of* mine. I have put up with much, and *that* for a long time; I have often hoped that it would come to pass, that I should adroitly deceive thee, when thou hadst watched her well. Thou art careless, and dost endure what should be endured by no husband; but an end there shall be of an amour that is allowed to me. And shall I then, to my sorrow, forsooth, never be forbidden admission? Will it ever be night for me, with no one for an avenger? Am I to dread nothing? Shall I heave no sighs in my sleep? What have I to do with one *so* easy, what with *such* a pander of a husband? By thy own faultiness thou dost mar my joys. Why, then, dost thou not choose some one else, for so great long-suffering to please? If it pleases thee for me to be thy rival, forbid me *to be so*.

<sup>88</sup> *The dogs bark.*]—Ver. 40. The women of loose character, among the Romans, were much in the habit of keeping dogs, for the protection of their houses.

## BOOK THE THIRD.

### ELEGY I.

THE Poet deliberates whether he shall continue to write Elegies, of whether he shall turn to Tragedy.

THERE stands an ancient grove, and one uncut for many a year; 'tis worthy of belief that a Deity inhabits that spot. In the midst there is a holy spring, and a grotto arched with pumice; and on every side the birds pour forth their sweet complaints. Here, as I was walking, protected by the shade of the trees, I was considering upon what work my Muse should commence. Elegy came up, having her perfumed hair wreathed; and, if I mistake not, one of her feet was longer *than the other*.<sup>1</sup> Her figure was beauteous; her robe of the humblest texture, her garb *that* of one in love; the fault of her foot was *one* cause of her gracefulness.

Ruthless Tragedy, too, came with her mighty stride; on her scowling brow *were* her locks; her pall swept the ground. Her left hand held aloft the royal sceptre; the Lydian buskin<sup>2</sup> was the high sandal for her feet. And first she spoke; "And when will there be an end of thy loving? O Poet, *so* slow at thy subject matter! Drunken revels<sup>3</sup> tell of thy wanton course of life; the cross roads, as they divide in their many ways, tell *of it*. Many a time does a person point with his finger at the Poet as he goes along, and say, 'That, that is the man whom cruel Love torments.' Thou art talked

<sup>1</sup> *Than the other.*]—Ver. 8. He alludes to the unequal lines of the Elegiac measure, which consists of Hexameters and Pentameters. In personifying Elegy, he might have omitted this remark, as it does not add to the attractions of a lady, to have one foot longer than the other; he says, however, that it added to her gracefulness.

<sup>2</sup> *The Lydian buskin.*]—Ver. 14. As Lydia was said to have sent colonists to Etruria, some Commentators think that the word 'Lydian' here means 'Etrurian;' and that the first actors at Rome were Etrurians. But, as the Romans derived their notions of tragedy from the Greeks, we may conclude that Lydia in Asia Minor is here referred to; for we learn from Herodotus and other historians, that the Greeks borrowed largely from the Lydians.

<sup>3</sup> *Drunken revels.*]—Ver. 17. He probably alludes to the Fourth Elegy of the First, and the Fifth Elegy of the Second Book of the 'Amores.'

of as the story of the whole City, and *yet* thou dost not perceive it ; while, *all* shame laid aside, thou art boasting of thy feats. 'Twere time to be influenced, touched by a more mighty inspiration ;<sup>5</sup> long enough hast thou delayed ; commence a greater task. By thy subject thou dost cramp thy genius ; sing of the exploits of heroes ; *then* thou wilt say, 'This is the field that is worthy of my genius.' Thy Muse has sportively indited what the charming fair may sing ; and thy early youth has been passed amidst its own numbers. Now may I, Roman Tragedy, gain a celebrity by thy means ; thy conceptions will satisfy my requirements."

Thus far *did she speak* ; and, supported on her tinted buskins, three or four times she shook her head with its flowing locks. The other one, if *rightly* I remember, smiled with eyes askance. Am I mistaken, or was there a branch of myrtle in her right hand ? "Why, haughty Tragedy," said she, "dost thou attack me with high-sounding words ? And canst thou never be other than severe ? Still, thou *thyself* hast deigned to be excited in unequal numbers !<sup>6</sup> Against me hast thou strived, making use of my own verse. I should not compare heroic measures with my own ; thy palaces *quite* overwhelm *my* humble abodes. I am a trifler ; and with myself, Cupid, my care, is a trifler *too* ; I am no more substantial myself than is my subject-matter. Without myself, the mother of wanton Love were coy ; of that Goddess do I show myself the patroness<sup>7</sup> and the confidant. The door which thou with thy rigid buskin canst not unlock, the same is open to my caressing words. And yet I have deserved more

<sup>5</sup> *Mighty inspiration.*]—Ver. 23. The 'thyrsus' was said to have been first used by the troops of Bacchus, in his Indian expedition, when, to deceive the Indians, they concealed the points of their spears amid leaves of the vine and ivy. Similar weapons were used by his devotees when worshipping him, which they brandished to and fro. To be touched with the thyrsus of Bacchus, meant 'to be inspired with poetic frenzy.' See the Notes to the *Metamorphoses*, Book iii. l. 542.

<sup>6</sup> *In unequal numbers.*]—Ver. 37. Some have supposed, that allusion is made to the Tragedy of *Medea*, which Ovid had composed, and that it had been written in Elegiac measure. This, however, does not seem to be the meaning of the passage. Elegy justly asks Tragedy, why, if she has such a dislike to Elegiac verses, she has been talking in them ? which she has done, from the 15th line to the 30th.

<sup>7</sup> *Myself the patroness.*]—Ver. 44. She certainly does not give herself a very high character in giving herself the title of 'lena.'



power than thou, by putting up with many a thing that would not have been endured by thy haughtiness.

“Through me Corinna learned how, deceiving her keeper, to shake the constancy of the fastened door,<sup>8</sup> and to slip away from her couch, clad in a loose tunic,<sup>9</sup> and in the night to move her feet without a stumble. Or how often, cut in *the wood*,<sup>10</sup> have I been hanging up at her obdurate doors, not fearing to be read by the people as they passed! I remember besides, how, when sent, I have been concealed in the bosom of the handmaid, until the strict keeper had taken his departure. Still further—when thou didst send me as a present on her birthday<sup>11</sup>—but she tore me to pieces, and barbarously threw me in the water close by. I was the first to cause the prospering germs of thy genius to shoot; it has, as my gift, that for which she is now asking thee.”

They had now ceased; on which I began: “By your own selves, I conjure you both; let my words, as I tremble, be received by unprejudiced ears. Thou, the one, dost grace me with the sceptre and the lofty buskin; already, even by thy contact with my lips, have I spoken in mighty accents. Thou, the other, dost offer a lasting fame to my loves; be propitious, then, and with the long lines unite the short.

<sup>8</sup> *The fastened door.*]—Ver. 50. He alludes, probably, to one of the Elegies which he rejected, when he cut down the five books to three.

<sup>9</sup> *In a loose tunic.*]—Ver. 51. He may possibly allude to the Fifth Elegy of the First Book, as the words ‘*tunicâ velata recinctâ*,’ as applied to Corinna, are there found. But there he mentions midday as the time when Corinna came to him, whereas he seems here to allude to the middle of the night.

<sup>10</sup> *Cut in the wood.*]—Ver. 53. He alludes to the custom of lovers carving inscriptions on the doors of their obdurate mistresses: this we learn from Plautus to have been done in Elegiac strains, and sometimes with charcoal. ‘*Implentur meæ fores elegiarum carbonibus.*’ ‘My doors are filled with the coal-black marks of elegies.’

<sup>11</sup> *On her birthday.*]—Ver. 57. She is telling Ovid what she has put up with for his sake; and she reminds him how, when he sent to his mistress some complimentary lines on her birthday, she tore them up and threw them in the water. Horace mentions ‘the flames, or the Adriatic sea,’ as the end of verses that displeased. Athenæus, Book xiii. c. 5, relates a somewhat similar story. Diphilus the poet was in the habit of sending his verses to his mistress Gnathæna. One day she was mixing him a cup of wine and snow-water, on which he observed, how cold her well must be; to which she answered, yes, for it was there that she used to throw his compositions.

Do, Tragedy, grant a little respite to the Poet. Thou art an everlasting task ; *the time* which she demands is *but* short."

Moved *by my entreaties*, she gave me leave ; let tender Love be sketched with hurried hand, while still there is time ; from behind<sup>14</sup> a more weighty undertaking presses on.

## ELEGY II.

To his mistress, in whose company he is present at the chariot races in the Circus Maximus. He describes the race.

I AM not sitting *here*<sup>15</sup> an admirer of the spirited steeds ;<sup>16</sup> still I pray that he who is your favourite may win. I have come *here* to chat with you, and to be seated by you,<sup>17</sup> that the

<sup>14</sup> *From behind.*]—Ver. 70. It is not known, for certain, to what he refers in this line. Some think that he refers to the succeeding Elegies in this Book, which are, in general, longer than the former ones, while others suppose that he refers to his *Metamorphoses*, which he then contemplated writing. Burmann, however, is not satisfied with this explanation, and thinks that, in his more mature years, he contemplated the composition of Tragedy, after having devoted his youth to lighter subjects ; and that he did not compose, or even contemplate the composition of his *Metamorphoses*, until many years afterwards.

<sup>15</sup> *I am not sitting here.*]—Ver. 1. He is here alluding to the Circensian games, which were celebrated in the Circus Maximus, or greatest Circus, at Rome, at different times in the year. Some account is given of the Circus Maximus in the Note to l. 392 of the Second Book of the *Fasti*. The 'Magni,' or Great Circensian games, took place on the Fourth of the Ides of April. The buildings of the Circus were burnt in the conflagration of Rome, in Nero's reign ; and it was not restored till the days of Trajan, who rebuilt it with more than its former magnificence, and made it capable, according to some authors, of accommodating 385,000 persons. The Poet says, that he takes no particular interest himself in the race, but hopes that the horse may win which is her favourite.

<sup>16</sup> *The spirited steeds.*]—Ver. 2. The usual number of chariots in each race was four. The charioteers were divided into four companies, or 'factiones,' each distinguished by a colour, representing the season of the year. These colours were green for the spring, red for the summer, azure for the autumn, and white for the winter. Originally, but two chariots started in each race ; but Domitian increased the number to six, appointing two new companies of charioteers, the golden and the purple ; however the number was still, more usually, restricted to four. The greatest interest was shewn by all classes, and by both sexes, in the race. Lists of the horses were circulated, with their names and colours ; the names also of the charioteers were given, and bets were extensively made, (see the *Art of Love*, Book i. l. 167, 168,) and sometimes disputes and violent contests arose.

<sup>17</sup> *To be seated by you.*]—Ver. 3. The men and women sat together

passion which you cause may not be unknown to you. You are looking at the race, I *am looking* at you ; let us each look at what pleases us, and *so* let us each feast our eyes. O, happy the driver<sup>18</sup> of the steeds, whoever he is, that is your favourite ; it is then his lot to be *the object* of your care ; might such be my lot ; with ardent zeal to be borne along would I press over the steeds as they start from the sacred barrier.<sup>19</sup> And now I would give rein ;<sup>20</sup> now with my whip would I lash their backs ; now with my inside wheel would I graze the turning-place.<sup>21</sup> If you should be seen by me in my course, *then* I should stop ; and the reins, let go, would fall from my hands.

Ah ! how nearly was Pelops<sup>22</sup> falling by the lance of him of Pisa, while, Hippodamia, he was gazing on thy face ! Still did he prove the conqueror through the favour of his mistress ;<sup>23</sup> let us each prove victor through the favour of his charmer. Why do you shrink away in vain ?<sup>24</sup> The partition forces us to sit

when viewing the contests of the Circus, and not in separate parts of the building, as at the theatres.

<sup>18</sup> *Happy the driver.*]—Ver. 7. He addresses the charioteer.

<sup>19</sup> *The sacred barrier.*]—Ver. 9. For an account of the ‘carcer,’ or ‘starting-place,’ see the Notes to the *Tristia*, Book v. El. ix. l. 29. It is called ‘sacer,’ because the whole of the Circus Maximus was sacred to Consus, who is supposed by some to have been the same Deity as Neptune. The games commenced with sacrifices to the Deities.

<sup>20</sup> *I would give rein.*]—Ver. 11. The charioteer was wont to stand within the reins, having them thrown round his back. Leaning backwards, he thereby threw his full weight against the horses, when he wished to check them at full speed. This practice, however, was dangerous, and by it the death of Hippolytus was caused. In the Fifteenth Book of the *Metamorphoses*, l. 524, he says, ‘I struggled, with unavailing hand, to guide the bridle covered with white foam, and throwing myself backwards, I pulled back the loosened reins.’ To avoid the danger of this practice, the charioteer carried a hooked knife at his waist, for the purpose of cutting the reins on an emergency.

<sup>21</sup> *The turning-place.*]—Ver. 12. For an account of the ‘meta,’ see the *Tristia*, Book iv. El. viii. l. 35. Of course, those who kept as close to the ‘meta’ as possible, would lose the least distance in turning round it.

<sup>22</sup> *How nearly was Pelops.*]—Ver. 15. In his race with *Ænomais*, king of Pisa, in Arcadia, for the hand of his daughter, Hippodamia, when Pelops conquered his adversary by bribing his charioteer, Myrtilus.

<sup>23</sup> *Of his mistress.*]—Ver. 17. He here seems to imply that it was Hippodamia who bribed Myrtilus.

<sup>24</sup> *Shrink away in vain.*]—Ver. 19. She shrinks from him, and seems to think that he is sitting too close, but he tells her that the ‘linea’ forces them to squeeze. This ‘linea’ is supposed to have been either a

close ; the Circus has this advantage<sup>25</sup> in the arrangement of its space. But do you<sup>26</sup> on the right hand, whoever you are, be accommodating to the fair ; she is being hurt by the pressure of your side. And you as well,<sup>27</sup> who are looking on behind us ; draw in your legs, if you have *any* decency, and don't press her back with your hard knees. But your mantle, hanging too low, is dragging on the ground ; gather it up ; or see, I am taking it up<sup>28</sup> in my hands. A disobliging garment you are, who are *thus* concealing ancles so pretty ; and the more you gaze upon them, the more disobliging garment you are. Such were the ancles of the fleet Atalanta,<sup>29</sup> which Milanion longed to touch with his hands. Such are painted the ancles of the swift Diana, when, herself *still* bolder, she pursues the bold beasts of prey. On not seeing them, I am on fire ; what would be the consequence if they *were seen* ? You are heaping flames upon flames, water upon the sea. From them I suspect that cord, or a groove, drawn across the seats at regular intervals, so as to mark out room for a certain number of spectators between each two 'lineæ.'

<sup>25</sup> *Has this advantage.*]—Ver. 20. He congratulates himself on the construction of the place, so aptly giving him an excuse for sitting close to his mistress.

<sup>26</sup> *But do you.*]—Ver. 21. He is pretending to be very anxious for her comfort, and is begging the person on the other side not to squeeze so close against his mistress.

<sup>27</sup> *And you as well.*]—Ver. 23. As in the theatres, the seats, which were called 'gradus,' 'sedilia,' or 'subsellia,' were arranged round the course of the Circus, in ascending tiers ; the lowest being, very probably, almost flush with the ground. There were, perhaps, no backs to the seats, or, at the best, only a slight railing of wood. The knees consequently of those in the back row would be level, and in juxta-position with the backs of those in front. He is here telling the person who is sitting behind, to be good enough to keep his knees to himself, and not to hurt the lady's back by pressing against her.

<sup>28</sup> *I am taking it up.*]—Ver. 26. He is here showing off his politeness, and will not give her the trouble of gathering up her dress. Even in those days, the ladies seem to have had no objection to their dresses doing the work of the scavenger's broom.

<sup>29</sup> *The fleet Atalanta.*]—Ver. 29. Some suppose that the Arcadian Atalanta, the daughter of Iasius, was beloved by a youth of the name of Milanion. According to Apollodorus, who evidently confounds the Arcadian with the Bœotian Atalanta, Milanion was another name of Hippomenes, who conquered the latter in the foot race, as mentioned in the Tenth Book of the Metamorphoses. See the Translation of the Metamorphoses, p. 375. From this and another passage of Ovid, we have reason to suppose that Atalanta was, by tradition, famous for the beauty of her ancles.

the rest may prove charming, which is *so* well hidden, concealed beneath the thin dress.

But, meanwhile, should you like to receive the gentle breeze which the fan may cause,<sup>30</sup> when waved by my hand? Or is the heat I feel, rather that of my own passion, *and* not of the weather, and is the love of the fair burning my inflamed breast? While I am talking, your white clothes are sprinkled with the black dust; nasty dust, away from a body like the snow.

But now the procession<sup>31</sup> is approaching; give good omens both in words and feelings. The time is come to applaud; the procession approaches, glistening with gold. First in place is Victory borne<sup>32</sup> with expanded wings; <sup>33</sup> come hither, Goddess, and grant that this passion of mine may prove victorious.

<sup>30</sup> *The fan may cause.*]—Ver. 38. Instead of the word ‘*tabella*,’ ‘*flabella*’ has been suggested here; but as the first syllable is long, such a reading would occasion a violation of the laws of metre, and ‘*tabella*’ is probably correct. It has, however, the same meaning here as ‘*flabella*,’ it signifying what we should call ‘a fan’; in fact, the ‘*flabellum*’ was a ‘*tabella*,’ or thin board, edged with peacocks’ feathers, or those of other birds, and sometimes with variegated pieces of cloth. These were generally waved by female slaves, who were called ‘*flabelliferæ*’; or else by eunuchs or young boys. They were used to cool the atmosphere, to drive away gnats and flies, and to promote sleep. We here see a gentleman offering to fan a lady, as a compliment; and it must have been especially grateful amid the dust and heat of the Roman Circus. That which was especially intended for the purpose of driving away flies, was called ‘*muscarium*.’ The use of fans was not confined to females; as we learn from Suetonius, that the Emperor Augustus had a slave to fan him during his sleep. The fan was also sometimes made of linen, extended upon a light frame, and sometimes of the two wings of a bird, joined back to back, and attached to a handle.

<sup>31</sup> *Now the procession.*]—Ver. 34. All this time they have been waiting for the ceremony to commence. The ‘*Pompa*,’ or procession, now opens the performance. In this all those who were about to exhibit in the race took a part. The statues of the Gods were borne on wooden platforms on the shoulders of men, or on wheels, according as they were light or heavy. The procession moved from the Capitol, through the Forum, to the Circus Maximus, and was also attended by the officers of state. Musicians and dancers preceded the statues of the Gods. See the *Fasti*, Book iv. l. 391, and the Note to the passage.

<sup>32</sup> *Victory borne.*]—Ver. 45. On the wooden platform, which was called ‘*fericulum*,’ or ‘*thensa*,’ according as it was small or large.

<sup>33</sup> *With expanded wings.*]—Ver. 45. Victory was always represented with expanded wings, on account of her inconstancy and volatility.

Salute Neptune,<sup>34</sup> you who put too much confidence in the waves ; I have nought to do with the sea ; my own dry land engages me. Soldier, salute thy own Mars ; arms I detest ;<sup>35</sup> Peace delights me, and Love found in the midst of Peace. Let Phœbus be propitious to the augurs, Phœbe to the huntsmen ; turn, Minerva, towards thyself the hands of the artisan.<sup>36</sup> Ye husbandmen, arise in honour of Ceres and the youthful Bacchus ; let the boxers<sup>37</sup> render Pollux, the horseman Castor propitious. Thee, genial Venus, and *the Loves*, the boys so potent with the bow, do I salute ; be propitious, Goddess, to my aspirations. Inspire, too, *kindly* feelings in my new mistress ; let her permit herself to be loved." She has assented ; and with her nod she has given a favourable sign. What the Goddess has promised, I entreat yourself to promise. With the leave of Venus I will say it, you shall be the greater Goddess. By these many witnesses do I swear to you, and by *this* array of the Gods, that for all time you have been sighed for by me. But your legs have no support ; you can, if perchance you like, rest the extremities of your feet in the lattice work.<sup>38</sup>

<sup>34</sup> *Salute Neptune.*]—Ver. 47. 'Plaudite Neptuno' is equivalent, in our common parlance, to 'Give a cheer for Neptune.' He is addressing the sailors who may be present : but he declines to have anything to do with the sea himself.

<sup>35</sup> *Arms I detest.*]—Ver. 49. Like his contemporary, Horace, Ovid was no lover of war.

<sup>36</sup> *Of the artisan.*]—Ver. 52. We learn from the *Fasti*, Book iii. l. 815, that Minerva was especially venerated as the patroness of handicrafts.

<sup>37</sup> *Let the boxers.*]—Ver. 54. Boxing was one of the earliest athletic games practised by the Greeks. Apollo and Hercules, as well as Pollux, are celebrated by the poets for excelling in this exercise. It formed a portion of the Olympic contests ; while boys fought in the Nemean and Isthmian games. Concerning the 'cæstus' used by pugilists, see the *Fasti*, Book ii. l. 367, and the Note to the passage. The method in fighting most practised was to remain on the defensive, and thus to wear out the opponent by continual efforts. To inflict blows, without receiving any in return on the body, was the great point of merit. The right arm was chiefly used for attack, while the office of the left was to protect the body. Teeth were often knocked out, and the ears were much disfigured. The boxers, by the rules of the game, were not allowed to take hold of each other, nor to trip up their antagonist. In Italy boxing seems to have been practised from early times by the people of Etruria. It continued to be one of the popular games during the period of the Republic as well as of the Empire.

<sup>38</sup> *In the lattice work.*]—Ver. 64. The 'cancelli' were lattice work, which probably skirted the outer edge of each wide 'præcinctio,' or pas-

Now the Prætor,<sup>39</sup> the Circus emptied, has sent from the even barriers<sup>40</sup> the chariots with their four steeds, the greatest sight of all. I see who is your favourite; whoever you wish well to, he will prove the conqueror. The very horses appear to understand what it is you wish for. Oh shocking! around the turning-place he goes with a circuit *far too wide*.<sup>41</sup> What art thou about? The next is overtaking thee with his wheel in contact. What, wretched man, art thou about? Thou art wasting the good wishes of the fair; pull in the reins, I entreat, to the left,<sup>42</sup> with a strong hand. We have been inte-

sage. that ran along in front of the seats, at certain intervals. As the knees would not there be so cramped, these seats would be considered the most desirable. It is clear that Ovid and the lady have had the good fortune to secure front seats, with the feet resting either on the lowest 'præinctio,' or the 'præinctio' of a set of seats higher up. Stools, of course, could not be used, as they would be in the way of passers-by. He perceives, as the seat is high, that she has some difficulty in touching the ground with her feet, and naturally concludes that her legs must ache; on which he tells her, if it will give her ease, to rest the tips of her feet on the lattice work railing which was opposite, and which, if they were on an upper 'præinctio,' ran along the edge of it: or if they were on the very lowest tier, skirted the edge of the 'podium' which formed the basis of that tier. This she might do, if the 'præinctio' was not more than a yard wide, and if the 'cancelli' were as much as a foot in height.

<sup>39</sup> *Now the Prætor.*]—Ver. 65. The course is now clear of the procession, and the Prætor gives the signal for the start, the 'carceres' being first opened. This was sometimes given by sound of trumpet, or more frequently by letting fall a napkin; at least, after the time of Nero, who is said, on one occasion, while taking a meal, to have heard the shouts of the people who were impatient for the race to begin, on which he threw down his napkin as the signal.

<sup>40</sup> *The even barriers.*]—Ver. 66. From this description we should be apt to think that the start was effected at the instant when the 'carceres' were opened. This was not the case: for after coming out of the 'carceres,' the chariots were ranged abreast before a white line, which was held by men whose office it was to do, and who were called 'moratores.' When all were ready, and the signal had been given, the white line was thrown down, and the race commenced, which was seven times round the course. The 'carcer' is called 'æquum,' because they were in a straight line, and each chariot was ranged in front of the door of its 'carcer.'

<sup>41</sup> *Circuit far too wide.*]—Ver. 69. The charioteer, whom the lady favours, is going too wide of the 'meta,' or turning-place, and so loses ground, while the next overtakes him.

<sup>42</sup> *To the left.*]—Ver. 72. He tells him to guide the horses to the left, so as to keep closer to the 'meta,' and not to lose so much ground by going wide of it.

resting ourselves in a blockhead ; but still, Romans, call him back again,<sup>43</sup> and by waving the garments,<sup>44</sup> give the signal on every side. See! they are calling him back ; but that the waving of the garments may not disarrange your hair,<sup>45</sup> you may hide yourself quite down in my bosom.

And now, the barrier<sup>46</sup> unbarred once more, the *side* posts are open wide ; with the horses at full speed the variegated throng<sup>47</sup> bursts forth. This time, at all events,<sup>48</sup> do prove victorious, and bound over the wide expanse ; let my wishes, let those of my mistress, meet with success. The wishes of my mistress are fulfilled ; my wishes still exist. He bears away the palm ;<sup>49</sup> the palm is *yet* to be sought by me. She smiles, and she gives me a promise of something with her expressive eye. That is enough for this spot ; grant the rest in another place.

<sup>43</sup> *Call him back again.*—Ver. 73. He, by accident, lets drop the observation, that they have been interesting themselves for a blockhead. But he immediately checks himself, and, anxious that the favourite may yet distinguish himself, trusts that the spectators will call him back. Crispinus, the Delphin Editor, thinks, that by the calling back, it is meant that it was a false start, and that the race was to be run over again. Burmann, however, is not of that opinion ; but supposes, that if any chariot did not go well, or the horses seemed jaded, it was the custom to call the driver back from the present race, that with new horses he might join in the next race. This, from the sequel, seems the most rational mode of explanation here.

<sup>44</sup> *Waving the garments.*—Ver. 74. The signal for stopping was given by the men rising and shaking and waving their outer garments, or ‘*togaë*,’ and probably calling the charioteer by name.

<sup>45</sup> *Disarrange your hair.*—Ver. 75. He is afraid lest her neighbours, in their vehemence should discommode her hair, and tells her, in joke, that she may creep into the bosom of his own ‘*toga*.’

<sup>46</sup> *And now the barrier.*—Ver. 77. The first race we are to suppose finished, and the second begins similarly to the first. There were generally twenty-five of these ‘*missus*,’ or races in a day.

<sup>47</sup> *The variegated throng.*—Ver. 78. See the Note to the second line.

<sup>48</sup> *At all events.*—Ver. 79. He addresses the favourite, who has again started in this race.

<sup>49</sup> *Bears away the palm.*—Ver. 82. The favourite charioteer is now victorious, and the Poet hopes that he himself may gain the palm in like manner. The victor descended from his car at the end of the race, and ascended the ‘*spina*,’ where he received his reward, which was generally a considerable sum of money. For an account of the ‘*spina*,’ see the *Metamorphoses*, Book x. l. 106, and the Note to the passage.



## ELEGY III.

He complains of his mistress, whom he has found to be forsworn.

Go to, believe that the Gods exist; she who had sworn has broken her faith, and *still* her beauty remains<sup>50</sup> *just* as it was before. Not yet forsworn, flowing locks had she; after she has deceived the Gods, she has them just as long. Before, she was pale, having her fair complexion suffused with the blush of the rose; the blush is *still* beauteous on her complexion of snow. Her foot was small; *still* most diminutive is the size of that foot. Tall was she, and graceful; tall and graceful does she *still* remain. Expressive eyes had she, which shone like stars; many a time through them has the treacherous fair proved false to me.<sup>51</sup>

Even the Gods, forsooth, for ever permit the fair to be forsworn, and beauty has its divine sway.<sup>52</sup> I remember that of late she swore both by her own eyes and by mine, and mine felt pain.<sup>53</sup> Tell me, ye Gods, if with impunity she has proved false to you, why have I suffered punishment for the deserts of another? But the virgin daughter of Cepheus is no reproach, *forsooth*, to you,<sup>54</sup> who was commanded to die for her mother, *so* inopportunately beauteous. 'Tis not enough that I had you for witnesses to no purpose; unpunished, she laughs at even the Gods together with myself; that by my punishment she may atone for her perjuries, am I, the deceived, to be the victim of the deceiver? Either a Divinity

<sup>50</sup> *Her beauty remains.*]—Ver. 2. She has not been punished with ugliness, as a judgment for her treachery.

<sup>51</sup> *Proved false to me.*]—Ver. 10. Tibullus has a similar passage, 'Et si perque suos fallax juravit ocellos:' 'and if with her eyes the deceitful damsel is forsworn.'

<sup>52</sup> *Its divine sway.*]—Ver. 12. 'Numen' here means a power equal to that of the Divinities, and which puts it on a level with them.

<sup>53</sup> *Mine felt pain.*]—Ver. 14. When the damsel swore by them, his eyes smarted, as though conscious of her perjury.

<sup>54</sup> *Forsooth to you.*]—Ver. 17. He says that surely it was enough for the Gods to punish Andromeda, the daughter of Cepheus, for the sins of her mother, without making him to suffer misery for the perjury of his mistress. Cassiope, the mother of Andromeda, having dared to compare her own beauty with that of the Nereids, her daughter was, by the command of Jupiter, exposed to a sea-monster, which was afterwards slain by Perseus. See the *Metamorphoses*, Book iv. l. 670.

is a name without reality, and he is revered in vain, and influences people with a silly credulity ; or else, if there is *any* God, he is fond of the charming fair, and gives them alone too much licence to be able to do any thing.

Against us Mavors is girded with the fatal sword ; against us the lance is directed by the invincible hand of Pallas ; against us the flexible bow of Apollo is bent ; against us the lofty right hand of Jove wields the lightnings. The offended Gods of heaven fear to hurt the fair ; and they spontaneously dread those who dread them not. And who, *then*, would take care to place the frankincense in his devotion upon the altars ? At least, there ought to be more spirit in men. Jupiter, with his fires, hurls at the groves<sup>55</sup> and the towers, and *yet* he forbids his weapons, *thus* darted, to strike the perjured female: Many a one has deserved to be struck. The unfortunate Semele<sup>56</sup> perished by the flames ; that punishment was found for her by her own compliant disposition. But if she had betaken herself off, on the approach of her lover, his father would not have had for Bacchus the duties of a mother *to perform*.

Why do I complain, and *why* blame all the heavens ? The Gods have eyes as well *as we* ; the Gods have hearts as well. Were I a Divinity myself, I would allow a woman with impunity to swear falsely by my Godhead. I myself would swear that the fair *ever* swear the truth ; and I would not be pronounced one of the morose Divinities. Still, do you, fair one, use their favour with more moderation, or, at least, do have some regard<sup>57</sup> for my eyes.

<sup>55</sup> *Hurls at the groves.*—Ver. 35. A place which had been struck by lightning was called ‘bidental,’ and was held sacred ever afterwards. The same veneration was also paid to a place where any person who had been killed by lightning was buried. Priests collected the earth that had been torn up by lightning, and everything that had been scorched, and buried it in the ground with lamentations. The spot was then consecrated by sacrificing a two-year-old sheep, which being called ‘bidens,’ gave its name to the place. An altar was also erected there, and it was not allowable thenceforth to tread on the spot, or to touch it, or even look at it. When the altar had fallen to decay, it might be renovated, but to remove its boundaries was deemed sacrilege. Madness was supposed to ensue on committing such an offence ; and Seneca mentions a belief, that wine which had been struck by lightning, would produce death or madness in those who drank it.

<sup>56</sup> *Unfortunate Semele.*—Ver. 37. See the fate of Semele, related in the Third Book of the Metamorphoses.

<sup>57</sup> *Have some regard.*—Ver. 48. Or, in other words, ‘Don’t swear any more by my eyes.’

## ELEGY IV.

HE tells a jealous husband, who watches his wife, that the greater his precautions, the greater are the temptations to sin.

CRUEL husband, by setting a guard over the charming fair, thou dost avail nothing; by her own feelings must each be kept. If, all apprehensions removed, any woman is chaste, she, in fact, is chaste; she who sins not, because she cannot, *still sins*.<sup>58</sup> However well you may have guarded the person, the mind is still unchaste; and, unless it chooses, it cannot be constrained. You cannot confine the mind, should you lock up every thing; when all is closed, the unchaste one will be within. The one who can sin, errs less frequently; the very opportunity makes the impulse to wantonness *to be* the less powerful. Be persuaded by me, *and* leave off instigating to criminality by constraint; by indulgence thou mayst restrain it *much* more effectually.

I have sometimes seen the horse, struggling against his reins, rush on like lightning with his resisting mouth. Soon as ever he felt that rein was given, he stopped, and the loosened bridle lay upon his flowing mane. We are ever striving for what is forbidden, and are desiring what is denied us; *even* so does the sick man hanker after the water that is forbidden him. Argus used to carry a hundred eyes in his forehead, a hundred in his neck;<sup>59</sup> and these Love alone many a time evaded. Danaë, who, a maid, had been placed in the chamber which was to last for ever with its stone and its iron,<sup>60</sup> became a mother. Penelope, although she was without a keeper, amid so many youthful suitors, remained undefiled.

Whatever is hoarded up, we long for it the more, and the very pains invite the thief; few care for what another grants.

<sup>58</sup> *Because she cannot, still sins.*]—Ver. 4. It is not a little singular that a heathen poet should enunciate the moral doctrine of the New Testament, that it is the thought, and not the action, that of necessity constitutes the sin.

<sup>59</sup> *A hundred in his neck.*]—Ver. 18. In the First Book of the Metamorphoses, he assigns to Argus only one hundred eyes; here, however, he uses a poet's license, probably for the sake of filling up the line.

<sup>60</sup> *Its stone and its iron.*]—Ver. 21. From Pausanias and Lucian we learn that the chamber of Danaë was under ground, and was lined with copper and iron.

Not through her beauty is she captivating, but through the fondness of her husband ; people suppose it to be something unusual which has *so* captivated thee. *Suppose* she is not chaste whom her husband is guarding, but faithless ; she is beloved ; *but* this apprehension itself causes her value, rather than her beauty. Be indignant if thou dost please ; forbidden pleasures delight me : if any woman can *only* say, “ I am afraid,” *that woman* alone pleases me. Nor yet is it legal<sup>61</sup> to confine a free-born woman ; let these fears harass the bodies of those from foreign parts. That the keeper, forsooth, may be able to say, “ I caused it ;” she must be chaste for the credit of thy slave. He is too much of a churl whom a faithless wife injures, and is not sufficiently acquainted with the ways of the City ; in which Romulus, the son of Ilia, and Remus, the son of Ilia, both begotten by Mars, were not born without a crime *being committed*. Why *didst thou choose* a beauty for thyself, if she was not pleasing unless chaste ? Those two *qualities*<sup>62</sup> cannot by any means be united.

If thou art wise, show indulgence to thy spouse, and lay aside thy morose looks ; and assert not the rights of a severe husband. Show courtesy, too, to the friends thy wife shall find thee, *and* many a one will she find. 'Tis thus that great credit accrues at a very small outlay of labour. Thus wilt thou be able always to take part in the festivities of the young men, and to see many a thing at home,<sup>63</sup> which you have not presented to her.

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#### ELEGY V.

A VISION, and its explanation.

'TWAS night, and sleep weighed down my wearied eyes. Such a vision *as this* terrified my mind.

Beneath a sunny hill, a grove was standing, thick set with holm oaks ; and in its branches lurked full many a bird. A level

<sup>61</sup> *Nor yet is it legal.*]—Ver. 33. He tells him that he ought not to inflict loss of liberty on a free-born woman, a punishment that was only suited to a slave.

<sup>62</sup> *Those two qualities.*]—Ver. 42. He says, the wish being probably the father to the thought, that beauty and chastity cannot possibly exist together.

<sup>63</sup> *Many a thing at home.*]—Ver. 48. He tells him that he will grow quite rich with the presents which his wife will then receive from her admirers.

spot there was beneath, most verdant with the grassy mead, moistened with the drops of the gently trickling stream. Beneath the foliage of the trees, I was seeking shelter from the heat; still, under the foliage of the trees it was hot. Lo! seeking for the grass mingled with the variegated flowers, a white cow was standing before my eyes; more white than the snows at the moment when they have just fallen, which, time has not yet turned into flowing water. More white than the milk which is white with its bubbling foam,<sup>64</sup> and at that moment leaves the ewe *when milked*.<sup>65</sup> A bull there was, her companion, he, in his happiness, *was* her mate; and with his own one he pressed the tender grass. While he was lying, and slowly ruminating upon the grass chewed once again; and once again was feeding on the food eaten by him before; he seemed, as sleep took away his strength, to lay his horned head upon the ground that supported it. Hither came a crow, gliding through the air on light wings; and chattering, took her seat upon the green sward; and thrice with her annoying beak did she peck at the breast of the snow-white cow; and with her bill she took away the white hair. Having remained awhile, she left the spot and the bull; but black envy was in the breast of the cow. And when she saw the bulls afar browsing upon the pastures (bulls were browsing afar upon the verdant pastures), thither did she betake herself, and she mingled among those herds, and sought out a spot of more fertile grass.

“Come, tell me, whoever thou art, thou interpreter of the dreams of the night, what (if it has any truth) this vision means.” Thus said I: thus spoke the interpreter of the dreams of the night, as he weighed in his mind each particular that was seen; “The heat which thou didst wish to avoid beneath the rustling leaves, but didst but poorly avoid, was that of Love. The cow is thy mistress; that complexion is suited to the fair. Thou wast the male, and the bull with the fitting mate. Inasmuch as the crow pecked at her breast with her sharp beak; an old hag of a procuress<sup>66</sup> will tempt the

<sup>64</sup> *Its bubbling foam.*—Ver. 13. He alludes to the noise which the milk makes at the moment when it touches that in the pail.

<sup>65</sup> *Ewe when milked.*—Ver. 14. Probably the milk of ewes was used for making cheese, as is sometimes the case in this country.

<sup>66</sup> *Hag of a procuress.*—Ver. 40. We have been already introduced to one amiable specimen of this class in the Eighth Eley of the First Book.

affections of thy mistress. In that, after hesitating long, his heifer left the bull, thou wilt be left *to be* chilled in a deserted couch. Envy and the black spots below the front of her breast, show that she is not free from the reproach of inconstancy."

*Thus* spoke the interpreter ; the blood retreated from my chilled face ; and profound night stood before my eyes.

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### ELEGY VI.

HE addresses a river which has obstructed his passage while he is going to his mistress.

RIVER that hast<sup>67</sup> thy slimy banks planted with reeds, to my mistress I am hastening ; stay thy waters for a moment. No bridges hast thou, nor yet a hollow boat<sup>68</sup> to carry one over without the stroke of the oar, by means of the rope thrown across. Thou wast a small *stream*, I recollect ; and I did not hesitate to pass across thee ; and the surface of thy waves *then* hardly reached to my ancles. Now, from the opposite mountain<sup>69</sup> thou dost rush, the snows being melted, and in thy turbid stream thou dost pour thy muddied waters. What avails it me thus to have hastened ? What to have given so little time to rest ? What to have made the night all one with the day ?<sup>69\*</sup>

<sup>67</sup> *River that hast.*]—Ver. 1. Ciofanus has this interesting Note :— 'This river is that which flows near the walls of Sulmo, and, which, at the present day we call 'Vella.' In the early spring, when the snows melt, and sometimes, at the beginning of autumn, it swells to a wonderful degree with the rains, so that it becomes quite impassable. Ovid lived not far from the Fountain of Love, at the foot of the Moronian hill, and had a house there, of which considerable vestiges still remain, and are called 'la botteghe d'Ovidio.' Wishing to go thence to the town of Sulmo, where his mistress was living, this river was an obstruction to his passage.'

<sup>68</sup> *A hollow boat.*]—Ver. 4. 'Cymba' was a name given to small boats used on rivers or lakes. He here alludes to a ferry-boat, which was not rowed over ; but a chain or rope extending from one side of the stream to the other, the boatman passed across by running his hands along the rope.

<sup>69</sup> *The opposite mountain.*]—Ver. 7. The mountain of Soracte was near the Flaminian way, in the territory of the Falisci, and may possibly be the one here alluded to. Ciofanus says that its name is now 'Majella,' and that it is equal in height to the loftiest mountains of Italy, and capped with eternal snow.

<sup>69\*</sup> *All one with the day.*]—Ver. 10. He means to say that he has risen early in the morning for the purpose of proceeding on his journey.

If still I must be standing here ; if, by no contrivance, thy opposite banks are granted to be trodden by my foot.

Now do I *long for* the wings which the hero, the son of Danaë,<sup>70</sup> possessed, when he bore away the head, thickset with the dreadful serpents ; now do I wish for the chariot,<sup>71</sup> from which the seed of Ceres first came, thrown upon the uncultivated ground. Of the wondrous fictions of the ancient poets do I speak ; no time has produced, nor does produce, nor will produce these *wonders*. Rather, do thou, stream that dost overflow thy wide banks, flow within thy limits, then for ever mayst thou run on. Torrent, thou wilt not, believe me, be able to endure the reproaches, if perchance I should be mentioned as detained by thee in my love.

Rivers ought rather to aid youths in their loves ; rivers themselves have experienced what love is. Inachus<sup>72</sup> is said to have flowed pale *with love* for Melie,<sup>73</sup> the Bithynian Nymph, and to have warmed throughout his cold fords. Not yet was Troy besieged for twice five years, when, Xanthus, Neæra attracted thy eyes. Besides ; did not enduring love for the Arcadian maid force Alpheus<sup>74</sup> to run through various lands ? They say, too, that thou, Peneus, didst conceal, in the lands of the Phthiotians, Creüsa,<sup>75</sup> *already* betrothed to Xanthus. Why should I mention Asopus, whom Thebe, beloved by Mars,<sup>76</sup> received, Thebe, destined to be the parent of five

<sup>70</sup> *The son of Danaë.*]—Ver. 13. Mercury was said to have lent to Perseus his winged shoes, 'talaria,' when he slew Medusa with her viperous locks.

<sup>71</sup> *Wish for the chariot.*]—Ver. 15. Ceres was said to have sent Triptolemus in her chariot, drawn by winged dragons, to introduce agriculture among mankind. See the Fourth Book of the *Fasti*, l. 558.

<sup>72</sup> *Inachus.*]—Ver. 25. Inachus was a river of Argolis, in Peloponnesus.

<sup>73</sup> *Love for Melie.*]—Ver. 25. Melie was a Nymph beloved by Neptune, to whom she bore Amycus, king of Bebrycia, or Bithynia, in Asia Minor, whence her present appellation.

<sup>74</sup> *Alpheus.*]—Ver. 29. See the story of Alpheus and Arethusa, in the Fifth Book of the *Metamorphoses*, l. 576.

<sup>75</sup> *Creüsa.*]—Ver. 31. Creüsa was a Naiad, the mother of Hypseas, king of the Lapithæ, by Peneus, a river of Thessaly. Xanthus was a rivulet near Troy. Of Creüsa being promised to Xanthus nothing whatever is known.

<sup>76</sup> *Thebe beloved by Mars.*]—Ver. 33. Pindar, in his Sixth Olympic Ode, says that Metope, the daughter of Ladon, was the mother of five daughters, by Asopus, a river of Bœotia. Their names were Corcyra,

daughters ? Should I ask of Acheloüs, “ Where now are thy horns ? ” thou wouldst complain that they were broken away by the wrathful hand of Hercules.<sup>77</sup> Not of such value was Calydon,<sup>78</sup> nor of such value was the whole of Ætolia ; still, of such value was Deïanira alone. The enriching Nile, that flows through his seven mouths, who so well conceals the native spot<sup>79</sup> of waters so vast, is said not to have been able to overpower by his stream the flame that was kindled by Evadne, the daughter of Asopus.<sup>80</sup> Enipeus, dried up,<sup>81</sup> that he might be enabled to embrace the daughter of Salmoneus, bade his waters to depart ; his waters, so ordered, did depart.

Nor do I pass thee by, who as thou dost roll amid the hollow rocks, foaming, dost water the fields of Argive Tibur ;<sup>82</sup> whom Iliä<sup>83</sup> captivated, although she was unsightly in her

Ægina, Salamis, Thebe, and Harpinna. Ovid, in calling her Thebe, probably follows some other writer. She is called ‘ Martia,’ because she was beloved by Mars, to whom she bore Evadne.

<sup>77</sup> *Hand of Hercules.*]—Ver. 36. For the contest of Hercules and Acheloüs for the hand of Deïanira, see the beginning of the Ninth Book of the *Metamorphoses*.

<sup>78</sup> *Calydon.*]—Ver. 37. Cæneus, the father of Meleager and Deïanira, reigned over Ætolia, of which Calydon was the chief city.

<sup>79</sup> *The native spot.*]—Ver. 40. He alludes to the fact of the source or native country of the Nile being then, as it probably still is, quite unknown.

<sup>80</sup> *Daughter of Asopus.*]—Ver. 41. Evadne is called ‘ Asopide,’ from her mother being the wife of Asopus. See the Note on line 33 above.

<sup>81</sup> *Enipeus dried up.*]—Ver. 43. Probably the true reading here is ‘ fictus,’ ‘ the false Enipeus.’ Tyro was the daughter of Salmoneus, king of Pisa, in Elis. She being much enamoured of the river Enipeus, Neptune is said to have assumed his form, and to have been, by her, the father of Pelias and Neleus.

<sup>82</sup> *Argive Tibur.*]—Ver. 46. Tibur was a town beautifully situate in the neighbourhood of Rome ; it was said to have been founded by three Argive brothers, Tyburtus, Catillus, and Coras.

<sup>83</sup> *Whom Iliä.*]—Ver. 47. Iliä was said to have been buried alive, by the orders of Amulius, on the banks of the river Tiber ; or, according to some, to have been thrown into that river, on which she is said to have become the wife of the river, and was deified. Acron, an ancient historian, wrote to the effect that her ashes were interred on the banks of the Anio ; and that river overflowing, carried them to the bed of the Tiber, whence arose the story of her nuptials with the latter. According to one account, she was not put to death, but was imprisoned, (having been spared by Amulius at the entreaty of his daughter, who was of the same age as herself,) and at length regained her liberty.



garb, bearing the marks of her nails on her locks, the marks of her nails on her cheeks. Bewailing both the crimes of her uncle, and the fault of Mars, she was wandering along the solitary spots with naked feet. Her the impetuous stream beheld from his rapid waves, and raised his hoarse mouth from the midst of his fords, and thus he said : “ Why, in sorrow, art thou pacing my banks, Ilia, the descendant of Laomedon<sup>84</sup> of Ida? Whither have gone thy vestments? Why wandering *thus* alone? And *why* does no white fillet<sup>85</sup> bind thy hair tied up? Why weepst thou, and *why* spoil thy eyes wet with tears? And why beat thy open breast with frenzied hand? That man has both flints and ore of iron in his breast, who, unconcerned, beholds the tears on thy delicate face. Ilia, lay aside thy fears; my palace shall be opened unto thee; the streams, too, shall obey thee; Ilia, lay aside thy fears. Among a hundred Nymphs or more, thou shalt hold the sway; for a hundred or more does my stream contain. Only, descendant of Troy, despise me not, I pray; gifts more abundant than my promises shalt thou receive.”

*Thus* he said; she casting on the ground her modest eyes, as she wept, besprinkled her warm breast with her tears. Thrice did she attempt to fly; thrice did she stop short at the deep waves, as fear deprived her of the power of running. Still, at last, as with hostile fingers she tore her hair, with quivering lips she uttered these bitter words; “ Oh! would that my bones had been gathered up, and hidden in the tomb of my fathers, while yet they could be gathered, belonging to me a virgin! Why now, am I courted<sup>86</sup> for any nuptials, a Vestal disgraced, and to be driven from the altars of Ilium? Why do I hesitate? See! by the fingers of the multitude am I pointed at as unchaste. Let this disgrace be ended, which marks my features.

Thus far *did she speak*, and before her swollen eyes she ex-

<sup>84</sup> *Descendant of Laomedon.*—Ver. 54. She was supposed to be descended from Laomedon, through Ascanius, the son of Creüsa, the granddaughter of Laomedon.

<sup>85</sup> *No white fillet.*—Ver. 56. The fillet with which the Vestals bound their hair.

<sup>86</sup> *Am I courted.*—Ver. 75. The Vestals were released from their duties, and were allowed to marry if they chose, after they had served for thirty years. The first ten years were passed in learning their duties, the next ten in performing them, and the last ten in instructing the novices.

tended her robe ; and so, in her despair, did she throw herself<sup>87</sup> into the rapid waters. The flowing stream is said to have placed his hands beneath her breast, and to have conferred on her the privilege of his nuptial couch.

'Tis worthy of belief, too, that thou hast been inflamed *with love* for some maiden ; but the groves and woods conceal thy failings.

While I have been talking, it has become more swollen with its extending waves, and the deep channel contains not the rushing waters. What, furious *torrent*, hast thou against me ? Why *thus* delay our mutual transports ? Why, churlish *river*, interrupt the journey *once* commenced ? What if thou didst flow according to some fixed rule,<sup>88</sup> a river of some note ? *What* if thy fame was mighty throughout the earth ? *But* no name hast thou collected from the exhausted rivulets ; thou hast no springs, no certain abode hast thou. In place of spring, thou hast rain and melted snow ; resources which the sluggish winter supplies to thee. Either in muddy guise, in winter time, thou dost speed onward in thy course ; or filled with dust, thou dost pass over the parched ground. What thirsty traveller has been able to drink of thee then ? Who has said, with grateful lips, "Mayst thou flow on for ever ?"

*Onward* thou dost run, injurious to the flocks,<sup>89</sup> still more injurious to the fields. Perhaps these *mischiefs may move* others ; my own evils move me. And, oh shocking ! did I in my madness relate to this *stream* the loves of the rivers ? I am ashamed unworthily to have pronounced names so great. Gazing on I know not what, could I speak of the rivers<sup>90</sup> Achelous and Inachus, and *could I, Nile, talk of thy name ?* But for thy deserts, torrent far from clear, I wish that for thee there may be scorching heat, and winter always dry.

<sup>87</sup> *Did she throw herself.*]—Ver. 80. The Poet follows the account which represented her as drowning herself.

<sup>88</sup> *To some fixed rule.*]—Ver. 89. 'Legitimum' means 'according to fixed laws ;' so that it might be depended upon, 'in a steady manner.'

<sup>89</sup> *Injurious to the flocks.*]—Ver. 99. It would be 'damnosus' in many ways, especially from its sweeping away the cattle and the produce of the land. Its waters, too, being turbid, would be unpalatable to the thirsty traveller, and unwholesome from the melted snow, which would be likely to produce goitre, or swellings in the throat.

<sup>90</sup> *Could I speak of the rivers.*]—Ver. 103. He apologizes to the Achelous, Inachus, and Nile, for presuming to mention their names, in addressing such a turbid, contemptible stream.

## ELEGY VII.

AT non formosa est, at non bene culta puella ;  
 At, puto, non votis sæpe petita meis.  
 Hanc tamen in nullos tenui male languidus usus,  
 Sed jacui pigro crimen onusque toro.  
 Nec potui cupiens, pariter cupiente puella,  
 Inguinis effœti parte juvante frui.  
 Illa quidem nostro subjecit eburnea collo  
 Brachia, Sithonia candidiora nive ;  
 Osculaque inseruit cupidæ lactantia linguæ ;  
 Lascivum femori supposuitque femur ;  
 Et mihi blanditias dixit, Dominumque vocavit,  
 Et quæ præterea publica verba juvant.  
 Tacta tamen veluti gelidâ mea membra cicutâ,  
 Segnia propositum destituere suum.  
 Truncus iners jacui, species, et inutile pondus :  
 Nec satis exactum est, corpus an umbra forem,  
 Quæ mihi ventura est, (siquidem ventura), senectus,  
 Cum desit numeris ipsa juvenita suis ?  
 Ah pudet annorum ! quo me juvenemque virumque,  
 Nec juvenem, nec me sensit amica virum.  
 Sic flammæ aditura piæ æterna sacerdos  
 Surgit, et a caro fratre verenda soror.  
 At nuper bis flava Chlide, ter candida Pitho,  
 Ter Libas officio continuata meo.  
 Exigere a nobis angustâ nocte Corinnam,  
 Me memini numeros sustinuisse novem.  
 Num mea Thessalico languent devota veneno  
 Corpora ? num misero carmen et herba nocent ?  
 Sagave Puniceâ defixit nomina cerâ,  
 Et medium tenues in jecur egit acus ?  
 Carmine læsa Ceres sterilem vanescit in herbam :  
 Deficiunt læsæ carmine fontis aquæ :  
 Ilicibus glandes, cantataque vitibus uva  
 Decidit ; et nullo poma movente fluunt.  
 Quid vetat et nervos magicas torpere per artes ?  
 Forsitan impatiens sit latus inde meum.  
 Huc pudor accessit : facti pudor ipse nocebat :  
 Ille fuit vitii causa secunda mei.  
 At qualem vidi tantum tetigique puellam,  
 Sic etiam tunicâ tangitur ipsa suâ.  
 Illius ad tactum Pylus juvenescere possit,  
 Tithonusque annis fortior esse suis.

Hæc mihi contigerat ; sed vir non contigit illi.  
 Quas nunc concipiam per nova vota preces ?  
 Credo etiam magnos, quo sum tam turpiter usus,  
 Muneris oblati pœnituisse Deos.  
 Optabam certe recipi ; sum nempè receptus :  
 Oscula ferre ; tuli : proximus esse ; fui.  
 Quo mihi fortunæ tantùm ? quo regna sine usu ?  
 Quid, nisi possedi dives avarus opes ?  
 Sic aret mediis taciti vulgator in undis ;  
 Pomaque, quæ nullo tempore tangat, habet.  
 A tenerâ quisquam sic surgit mane puellâ,  
 Protinus ut sanctos possit adire Deos.  
 Sed non blanda, puto, non optima perdidit in me  
 Oscula, non omni sollicitavit ope.  
 Illa graves potuit quercus, adamantaque durum,  
 Surdaque blanditiis saxa movere suis.  
 Digna movere fuit certe vivosque virosque ;  
 Sed neque tum vixi, nec vir, ut ante, fui.  
 Quid juvet, ad surdas si cantet Phemius aures ?  
 Quid miserum Thamyran picta tabella juvet ?  
 At quæ non tacitâ formavi gaudia mente !  
 Quos ego non finxi disposuique modos !  
 Nostra tamen jacuere, velut præmortua, membra  
 Turpiter, hesternâ languidiora rosâ.  
 Quæ nunc ecce rigent intempestiva, valentque ;  
 Nunc opus exposcunt, militiamque suam.  
 Quin istic pudibunda jaces, pars pessima nostri ?  
 Sic sum pollicitis captus et ante tuis.  
 Tu dominam fallis ; per te deprensus inermis  
 Tristia cum magno damna pudore tuli.  
 Hanc etiam non est mea dedignata puella  
 Molliter admotâ sollicitare manu.  
 Sed postquam nullas consurgere posse per artes,  
 Immemoremque sui procubuisse videt ;  
 Quid me ludis ? ait ; quis te, male sane, jubebat  
 Invitum nostro ponere membra toro ?  
 Aut te trajectis Ææa venefica lanis  
 Devovet, aut alio lassus amore venis.  
 Nec mora ; desiluit tunicâ velata recinctâ :  
 Et decuit nudos proripuisse pedes.  
 Neve suæ possent intactam scire ministræ,  
 Dedecus hoc sumtâ dissimulavit aquâ.

## ELEGY VIII.

HE laments that he is not received by his mistress, and complains that she gives the preference to a wealthy rival.

AND does any one still venerate the liberal arts, or suppose that soft verses have *any* merit? Genius once was more precious than gold; but now, to be possessed of nought is the height of ignorance. After my poems<sup>91</sup> have proved very pleasing to my mistress, it is not allowed me to go where it has been allowed my books. When she has much bepraised me, her door is shut on him who is praised; talented *though I be*, I disgracefully wander up and down.

Behold! a Knight gorged with blood, lately enriched, his wealth acquired<sup>92</sup> through his wounds,<sup>93</sup> is preferred before myself. *And* can you, my life, enfold him in your charming arms? Can you, my life, rush into his embrace? If you know it not, that head used to wear a helmet; that side which is so at your service, was girded with a sword. *That* left hand, which *thus* late<sup>94</sup> the golden *ring* so badly suits, used to bear the shield; touch his right, it has been stained with blood. *And* can you touch that right hand, by which some person has met his death? Alas! where is that tenderness of heart of yours? Look at his scars, the traces of his former fights; whatever he possesses, by that body was it acquired.<sup>95</sup> Perhaps, too, he will tell how often he has stabbed a man; covetous one, will you touch the hand that confesses this? I, unstained, the priest of the Muses and of Phœbus, am he

<sup>91</sup> *After my poems.*]—Ver. 5. He refers to his lighter works; such, perhaps, as the previous books of his Amores. This explains the nature of the ‘libelli,’ which he refers to in his address to his mistress, in the Second Book of the Amores, El. xi. l. 31.

<sup>92</sup> *His wealth acquired.*]—Ver. 9. ‘Censu.’ For the explanation of this word, see the Fasti, B. i. l. 217, and the Note to the passage.

<sup>93</sup> *Through his wounds.*]—Ver. 9. In battle, either by giving wounds, or receiving them.

<sup>94</sup> *Which thus late.*]—Ver. 15. By ‘serum,’ he means that his position, as a man of respectable station, has only been recently acquired, and has not descended to him through a long line of ancestors.

<sup>95</sup> *Was it acquired.*]—Ver. 20. This was really much to the merit of his rival; but most of the higher classes of the Romans affected to despise anything like gain by means of bodily exertion; and the Poet has extended this feeling even to the rewards of merit as a soldier.

who is singing his bootless song before your obdurate doors.

Learn, you who are wise, not what we idlers know, but how to follow the anxious troops, and the ruthless camp; instead of good verses hold sway over<sup>96</sup> the first rank; through this, Homer, hadst thou wished it, she might have proved kind to thee. Jupiter, well aware that nothing is more potent than gold, was himself the reward of the ravished damsel.<sup>97</sup> So long as the bribe was wanting, the father was obdurate, she herself prudish, the door-posts bound with brass, the tower made of iron; but after the knowing seducer resorted to presents,<sup>98</sup> she herself opened her lap; and, requested to surrender, she did surrender.

But when the aged Saturn held the realms of the heavens, the ground kept all money deep in its recesses. To the shades below had he removed brass and silver, and, together with gold, the weight of iron; and no ingots were there *in those times*. But she used to give what was better, corn without the crooked plough-share, apples too, and honey found in the hollow oak. And no one used with sturdy plough to cleave the soil; with no boundaries<sup>99</sup> did the surveyor mark out the ground. The oars dipped down did not skim the up-

<sup>96</sup> *Hold sway over.*]—Ver. 27. He here plays upon the two meanings of the word ‘deducere.’ ‘Deducere carmen’ is ‘to compose poetry;’ ‘deducere primum pilum’ means ‘to form’ or ‘command the first troop of the Triarii.’ These were the veteran soldiers of the Roman army, and the ‘Primipilus’ (which office is here alluded to) being the first Centurion of the first maniple of them, was the chief Centurion of the legion, holding an office somewhat similar to our senior captains. Under the Empire this office was very lucrative. See the Note to the 49th line of the Seventh Epistle, in the Fourth Book of the Pontic Epistles.

<sup>97</sup> *The ravished damsel.*]—Ver. 30. He alludes to Danaë.

<sup>98</sup> *Resorted to presents.*]—Ver. 33. He seems to allude to the real meaning of the story of Danaë, which, no doubt, had reference to the corrupting influence of money.

<sup>99</sup> *With no boundaries.*]—Ver. 42. The ‘limes’ was a line or boundary, between pieces of land belonging to different persons, and consisted of a path, or ditch, or a row of stones. The ‘ager limitatus’ was the public land marked out by ‘limites,’ for the purposes of allotment to the citizens. On apportioning the land, a line, which was called ‘limes,’ was drawn through a given point from East to West, which was called ‘decumanus,’ and another line was drawn from North to South. The distance at which the ‘limites’ were to be drawn depended on the magnitude of the squares or ‘centuriæ,’ as they were called, into which it was proposed to divide the tract.

turned waves ; then was the shore<sup>1</sup> the limit of the paths of men. Human nature, against thyself hast thou been so clever ; and for thy own destruction too ingenious. To what purpose surround cities with turreted fortifications?<sup>2</sup> To what purpose turn hostile hands to arms ? What hast thou to do with the sea ? With the earth thou mightst have been content. Why not seek the heavens<sup>3</sup> as well, for a third realm ? To the heavens, too, dost thou aspire, so far as thou mayst. Quirinus, Liber, and Alcides, and Cæsar but recently,<sup>4</sup> have their temples.

Instead of corn, we dig the solid gold from the earth ; the soldier possesses riches acquired by blood. To the poor is the Senate-house<sup>5</sup> shut ; wealth *alone* confers honours ;<sup>6</sup> hence, the judge *so* grave ; hence the knight *so* proud. Let them possess it all ; let the field of Mars<sup>7</sup> and the Forum<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Then was the shore.*]—Ver. 44. Because they had not as yet learnt the art of navigation.

<sup>2</sup> *Turreted fortifications.*]—Ver. 47. Among the ancients the fortifications of cities were strengthened by towers, which were placed at intervals on the walls ; they were also generally used at the gates of towns.

<sup>3</sup> *Why not seek the heavens.*—Ver. 50. With what indignation would he not have spoken of a balloon, as being nothing less than a downright attempt to scale the ‘*tertia regna* !’

<sup>4</sup> *Cæsar but recently.*]—Ver. 52. See the end of the Fifteenth Book of the *Metamorphoses*, and the *Fasti*, Book iii. l. 704.

<sup>5</sup> *The Senate-house.*—Ver. 55. ‘*Curia*’ was the name of the place where the Senate held its meetings, such as the ‘*curia Hostilia*,’ ‘*Julia*,’ ‘*Marcelli*,’ and others. Hence arose the custom of calling the Senate itself, in the various Roman towns, by the name of ‘*curia*,’ but not the Senate of Rome. He here means to say, that poverty excluded a man from the Senate-house, and that wealth alone was the qualification for the honours of the state.

<sup>6</sup> *Wealth alone confers honours.*]—Ver. 55. The same expression occurs in the *Fasti*, Book i. l. 217, where a similar complaint is made on the worldly-mindedness of the age.

<sup>7</sup> *The Field of Mars.*]—Ver. 57. The ‘*comitia*,’ or meetings for the elections of the magistrates, were held on the ‘*Campus Martius*’ or field of Mars. See the Notes to the *Fasti*, Book i. l. 53.

<sup>8</sup> *And the Forum.*]—Ver. 57. The ‘*Fora*’ were of two kinds at Rome ; some being market-places, where all kinds of goods were exposed for sale, while others were solely courts of justice. Among the latter is the one here mentioned, which was simply called ‘*Forum*,’ so long as it was the only one of its kind existing at Rome, and, indeed, after that period, as in the present instance. At a later period of the Republic, and under the Empire, when other ‘*fora*,’ for judicial purposes, were erected, this ‘*Forum*’ was distinguished by the epithets ‘*vetus*,’ ‘*old*,’ or ‘*magnum*,’

obey them ; let these administer peace and cruel warfare. Only, in their greediness, let them not tear away my mistress ; and 'tis enough, so they *but* allow something to belong to the poor.

But now-a-days, he that is able to give away plenty, rules it *over a woman* like a slave, even should she equal the prudish Sabine dames. The keeper is in my way ; with regard to me,<sup>9</sup> she dreads her husband. If I were to make presents, both of them would entirely disappear from the house. Oh ! if any God is the avenger of the neglected lover, may he change riches, so ill-gotten, into dust.

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### ELEGY IX.

He laments the death of the Poet Tibullus.

IF his mother has lamented Memnon, his mother Achilles, and if sad deaths influence the great Goddesses ; plaintive Elegy, unbind thy sorrowing tresses ; alas ! too *nearly* will thy name be *derived* from fact ! The Poet of thy own inspiration,<sup>10</sup> Tibullus, thy glory, is burning, a lifeless body, on the erected pile.<sup>11</sup> Lo ! the son of Venus bears both his quiver inverted, 'great.' It was situate between the Capitoline and Palatine hills, and was originally a swamp or marsh, which was filled up by Romulus or Tatius. It was chiefly used for judicial proceedings, and is supposed to have been surrounded with the bankers' shops or offices, 'argentaria.' Gladiatorial games were occasionally held there, and sometimes prisoners of war, and faithless legionary soldiers, were there put to death. A second 'Forum,' for judicial purposes, was erected by Julius Cæsar, and was called by his name. It was adorned with a splendid temple of Venus Genitrix. A third was built by Augustus, and was called 'Forum Augusti.' It was adorned with a temple of Mars, and the statues of the most distinguished men of the republic. Having suffered severely from fire, this Forum was restored by the Emperor Hadrian. It is mentioned in the Fourth Book of the Pontic Epistles, Ep. xv. l. 16. See the Fasti, Book iii. l. 704.

<sup>9</sup> *With regard to me.*]—Ver. 63. He says that because he is poor she makes excuses, and pretends that she is afraid of her husband and those whom he has set to watch her.

<sup>10</sup> *Of thy own inspiration.*]—Ver. 5. Burmann remarks, that the word 'opus' is especially applied to the sacred rites of the Gods ; literally 'the priest of thy rites.'

<sup>11</sup> *The erected pile.*]—Ver. 6. Among the Romans the corpse was burnt on a pile of wood, which was called 'pyra,' or 'rogus.' According to Servius, it was called by the former name before, and by the latter after,



and his bow broken, and his torch without a flame; behold how wretched with drooping wings he goes: and how he beats his naked breast with cruel hand. His locks dishevelled about his neck receive his tears, and his mouth resounds with sobs that convulse *his body*. 'Twas thus, beauteous Iulus, they say that thou didst go forth from thy abode, at the funeral of his brother Æneas. Not less was Venus afflicted when Tibullus died, than when the cruel boar<sup>12</sup> tore the groin of the youth.

And yet we Poets are called 'hallowed,' and the care of the Deities; there are some, too, who believe that we possess inspiration.<sup>13</sup> Inexorable Death, forsooth, profanes all that is hallowed; upon all she lays her<sup>14</sup> dusky hands. What availed his father, what, his mother, for Ismarian Orpheus?<sup>15</sup> What, with his songs to have lulled the astounded wild beasts? The same father is said, in the lofty woods, to have sung 'Linus! Alas! Linus! Alas!'<sup>16</sup> to his reluctant lyre. Add the son of

it was lighted, but this distinction is not observed by the Latin writers. It was in the form of an altar with four equal sides, but it varied in height and the mode of decoration, according to the circumstances of the deceased. On the pile the body was placed with the couch on which it had been carried; and frankincense, ointments, locks of hair, and garlands, were thrown upon it. Even ornaments, clothes, and dishes of food were sometimes used for the same purpose. This was done not only by the family of the deceased, but by such persons as joined the funeral procession.

<sup>12</sup> *The cruel boar.*]—Ver. 16. He alludes to the death of Adonis, by the tusk of a boar, which pierced his thigh. See the Tenth Book of the *Metamorphoses*, l. 716.

<sup>13</sup> *We possess inspiration.*]—Ver. 17. In the Sixth Book of the *Fasti*, l. 6, he says. 'There is a Deity within us (Poets): under his guidance we glow with inspiration; this poetic fervour contains the impregnating particles of the mind of the Divinity.'

<sup>14</sup> *She lays her.*]—Ver. 20. It must be remembered that, whereas we personify Death as of the masculine gender; the Romans represented the grim tyrant as being a female. It is a curious fact that we find Death very rarely represented as a skeleton on the Roman monuments. The skeleton of a child has, in one instance, been found represented on one of the tombs of Pompeii. The head of a horse was one of the most common modes of representing death, as it signified departure.

<sup>15</sup> *Ismarian Orpheus.*]—Ver. 21. Apollo and the Muse Calliope were the parents of Orpheus, who met with a cruel death. See the beginning of the Eleventh Book of the *Metamorphoses*.

<sup>16</sup> *Linus! Alas!*]—Ver. 23. 'Ælinon' was said to have been the exclamation of Apollo, on the death of his son, the poet Linus. The word

Mæon,<sup>17</sup> too, by whom, as though an everlasting stream, the mouths of the poets are refreshed by the waters of Piëria : him, too, has his last day overwhelmed in black Avernus ; his verse alone escapes the all-consuming pile. The fame of the Trojan toils, the work of the Poets is lasting, and the slow web woven<sup>18</sup> again through the stratagem of the night. So shall Nemesis, so Delia,<sup>19</sup> have a lasting name ; the one, his recent choice, the other his first love.

What does sacrifice avail thee?<sup>20</sup> Of what use are now the 'sistra' of Egypt ? What, lying apart<sup>21</sup> in a forsaken bed ? When the cruel Destinies snatch away the good, (pardon the confession) I am tempted to think that there are no Deities, Live piously ; pious *though you be*, you shall die ; attend the sacred worship ; *still* ruthless Death shall drag the worshipper from the temples to the yawning tomb.<sup>22</sup> Put your trust in the excellence of your verse ; see ! Tibullus lies prostrate ; of so much, there hardly remains *enough* for a little urn to receive.

And, hallowed Poet, have the flames of the pile consumed thee, and have they not been afraid to feed upon that heart of thine ? They could have burned the golden temples of the is derived from the Greek, 'ài Λινός,' 'Alas ! Linus.' A certain poetic measure was called by this name ; but we learn from Athenæus, that it was not always confined to pathetic subjects. There appear to have been two persons of the name of Linus. One was a Theban, the son of Apollo, and the instructor of Orpheus and Hercules, while the other was the son of an Argive princess, by Apollo, who, according to Statius, was torn to pieces in his infancy by dogs.

<sup>17</sup> *The son of Mæon.*—Ver. 25. See the Note to the ninth line of the Fifteenth Elegy of the First Book of the Amores.

<sup>18</sup> *Slow web woven.*—Ver. 30. The web of Penelope.

<sup>19</sup> *Nemesis, so Delia.*—Ver. 31. Nemesis and Delia were the names of damsels whose charms were celebrated by Tibullus.

<sup>20</sup> *Sacrifice avail thee.*—Ver. 33. He alludes to two lines in the First Elegy of Tibullus.

'Quid tua nunc Isis mihi Delia ? quid mihi prosunt  
Illa tuâ toties æra repulsa manu.'

'What have I now to do, Delia, with your Isis ? what avail me those sistra so often shaken by your hand ?'

<sup>21</sup> *What lying apart.*—Ver. 34. During the festival of Isis, all intercourse with men was forbidden to the female devotees.

<sup>22</sup> *The yawning tomb.*—Ver. 38. The place where a person was burnt was called 'bustum,' if he was afterwards buried on the same spot, and 'ustrina,' or 'ustrinum,' if he was buried at a different place. See the Notes to the Fasti, B. ii. l. 534.

holy Gods, that have dared a crime so great. She turned away her face, who holds the towers of Eryx;<sup>23</sup> there are some, too, who affirm that she did not withhold her tears. But still, this is better than if the Phæacian land<sup>24</sup> had buried him a stranger, in an ignoble spot. Here,<sup>25</sup> at least, a mother pressed his tearful eyes<sup>26</sup> as he fled, and presented the last gifts<sup>27</sup> to his ashes; here a sister came to share the grief with her wretched mother, tearing her unadorned locks. And with thy relatives, both Nemesis and thy first *love*<sup>28</sup> joined their

<sup>23</sup> *The towers of Eryx.*]—Ver. 45. He alludes to Venus, who had a splendid temple on Mount Eryx, in Sicily.

<sup>24</sup> *The Phæacian land.*]—Ver. 47. The Phæacians were the ancient people of Corcyra, now the isle of Corfu. Tibullus had attended Messala thither, and falling ill, was unable to accompany his patron on his return to Rome, on which he addressed to him the First Elegy of his Third Book, in which he expressed a hope that he might not die among the Phæacians. To this Elegy Ovid here refers. Tibullus afterwards recovered, and died at Rome. When he penned this line, Ovid little thought that his own bones would one day rest in a much more ignoble spot than Corcyra, and one much more repulsive to the habits of civilization.

<sup>25</sup> *Here.*]—Ver. 49. ‘Hic’ here seems to be the preferable reading; alluding to Rome, in contradistinction to Corcyra.

<sup>26</sup> *His tearful eyes.*]—Ver. 49. He alludes to the custom of the nearest relative closing the eyes of the dying person.

<sup>27</sup> *The last gifts.*]—Ver. 50. The perfumes and other offerings which were thrown on the burning pile, are here alluded to. Tibullus says, in the same Elegy—

‘Non soror Assyrios cineri quæ dedat odores,  
Et fleat effusis ante sepulchra comis’

‘No sister have I here to present to my ashes the Assyrian perfumes, and to weep before my tomb with dishevelled locks.’ To this passage Ovid makes reference in the next two lines.

<sup>28</sup> *Thy first love.*]—Ver. 53. ‘Prior;’ his former love was Delia, who was forsaken by him for Nemesis. They are both represented here as attending his obsequies. Tibullus says, in the First Elegy of the First Book, addressing Delia:—

‘Te spectem, suprema mihi cum venerit hora,  
Te teneam moriens, deficiente manu.  
Flebis et arsuro positum me, Delia, lecto,  
Tristibus et lacrymis oscula mista dabis.’

‘May I look upon you when my last hour comes, when dying, may I hold you with my failing hand. Delia, you will lament me, too, when placed on my bier, doomed to the pile, and will give me kisses mingled with the tears of grief.’ To these lines Ovid evidently here refers. It would appear from the present passage, that it was the custom to give the last kiss when the body was laid on the funeral pile.

kisses ; and they left not the pile in solitude. Delia, as she departed, said, " More fortunately was I beloved by thee ; so long as I was thy flame, thou didst live." To her said Nemesis : " What dost thou say ? Are my sufferings a pain to thee ? When dying, he grasped me with his failing hand." <sup>29</sup>

If, however, aught of us remains, but name and spirit, Tibullus will exist in the Elysian vales. Go to meet him, learned Catullus,<sup>30</sup> with thy Calvus, having thy youthful temples bound with ivy. Thou too, Gallus, (if the accusation of the injury of thy friend is false) prodigal of thy blood<sup>31</sup> and of thy life.

Of these, thy shade is the companion ; if only there is any shade of the body, polished Tibullus ; thou hast swelled the blessed throng. Rest, bones, I pray, in quiet, in the untouched urn ; and may the earth prove not heavy for thy ashes.

<sup>29</sup> *With his failing hand.*—Ver. 58. Nemesis here alludes to the above line, and tells Delia, that she, herself, alone engaged his affection, as it was she alone who held his hand when he died.

<sup>30</sup> *Learned Catullus.*—Ver. 62. Catullus was a Roman poet, a native of Verona. Calvus was also a Roman poet of great merit. The poems of Catullus and Calvus were set to music by Hermogenes, Tigellius, and Demetrius, who were famous composers. See the *Tristia*, Book ii. lines 427 and 431, and the Notes to the passages.

<sup>31</sup> *Prodigal of thy blood.*—Ver. 64. He alludes to the fact of Gallus having killed himself, and to his having been suspected of treason against Augustus, from whom he had received many marks of kindness. Ovid seems to hint, in the *Tristia*, Book ii. l. 446, that the fault of Gallus was his having divulged the secrets of Augustus, when he was in a state of inebriety. Some writers say, that when Governor of Egypt, he caused his name and exploits to be inscribed on the Pyramids, and that this constituted his crime. Others again, suppose that he was guilty of extortion in Egypt, and that he especially harassed the people of Thebes with his exactions. Some of the Commentators think that under the name 'amicus,' Augustus is not here referred to, inasmuch as it would seem to bespeak a familiar acquaintanceship, which is not known to have existed. Scaliger thinks that it must refer to some misunderstanding which had taken place between Gallus and Tibullus, in which the former was accused of having deceived his friend.

## ELEGY X.

He complains to Ceres that during her rites he is separated from his mistress.

THE yearly season of the rites of Ceres<sup>32</sup> is come : my mistress lies apart on a solitary couch. Yellow Ceres, having thy floating locks crowned with ears of corn, why dost thou interfere with my pleasures by thy rites ? Thee, Goddess, nations speak of as bounteous everywhere : and no one is less unfavorable to the blessings of mankind.

In former times the uncouth peasants did not parch the corn ; and the threshing floor was a name unknown on earth. But the oaks, the early oracles,<sup>33</sup> used to bear acorns ; these, and the grass of the shooting sod, were the food of men. Ceres was the first to teach the seed to swell in the fields, and with the sickle did she cut her coloured locks ; she first forced the bulls to place their necks beneath the yoke ; and she with crooked tooth turned up the fallow ground. Can any one believe that she takes delight in the tears of lovers, and is duly propitiated with misery and single-blessedness ? Nor yet (although she loves the fruitful fields) is she a coy one ; nor has she a breast devoid of love. The Cretans shall be my witnesses ; and the Cretans do not feign everything ; the Cretans, a nation proud of having nurtured Jove.<sup>34</sup> There, he who rules the starry citadel of the world, a little child, drank milk with tender lips. There is full confidence in the witness ; by its foster-child the witness is recommended. I think that Ceres will confess her frailties, so well known.

The Goddess had beheld Iasius<sup>35</sup> at the foot of Cretan Ida,

<sup>32</sup> *The rites of Ceres.*—Ver. 1. This festival of Ceres occurred on the Fifth of the Ides of April, being the 12th day of that month. See the *Fasti*, Book iv. l. 393. White garments were worn at this festival, and woollen robes of dark colour were prohibited. The worship was conducted solely by females, and all intercourse with men was forbidden, who were not allowed to approach the altars of the Goddess.

<sup>33</sup> *The oaks, the early oracles.*—Ver. 9. On the oaks, the oracles of Dodona, see the Translation of the *Metamorphoses*, pages 253 and 467.

<sup>34</sup> *Having nurtured Jove.*—Ver. 20. See an account of the education of Jupiter, by the Curetes, in Crete, in the Fourth Book of the *Fasti*, l. 499, *et seq.*

<sup>35</sup> *Beheld Iasius.*—Ver. 25. Iasius, or Iasion, was, according to most

as he pierced the backs of the wild beasts with unerring hand. She beheld, and when her tender marrow caught the flame; on the one side Shame, on the other Love, inflamed her. Shame was conquered by Love; you might see the furrows lying dry, and the crops coming up with a very small proportion of their *wheat*.<sup>36</sup> When the mattocks stoutly wielded had turned up the land, and the crooked plough had broken the hard earth, and the seed had fallen equally *scattered* over the wide fields; the hopes of the deceived husbandman were vain.

The Goddess, the guardian of corn, was lingering in the lofty woods; the wreaths of corn had fallen from her flowing locks. Crete alone was fertile in its fruitful year; all places, whither the Goddess had betaken herself, were *one continued* harvest. Ida, the locality itself for groves, grew white with corn, and the wild boar cropped the ears in the woods. The law-giving Minos<sup>37</sup> wished for himself *many* like years; he wished that the love of Ceres might prove lasting.

Whereas, yellow-haired Goddess, single-blessedness would have been sad to thee; this am I now compelled by thy rites to endure. Why should I be sad, when thy daughter has been found again by thee, and rules over realms, *only* less than Juno in rank? This festive day calls for both Venus, and songs, and wine. These gifts is it fitting to bear to the ruling Gods.

accounts, the son of Jupiter and Electra, and enjoyed the favour of Ceres, by whom he was the father of Plutus. According to the Scholiast on Theocritus, he was the son of Minos, and the Nymph Phronia. According to Apollodorus, he was struck dead by the bolts of Jupiter, for offering violence to Ceres. He was also said by some to be the husband of Cybele. He is supposed to have been a successful husbandman when agriculture was but little known; which circumstance is thought to have given rise to the story of his familiarity with Ceres. Ovid repeats this charge against the chastity of Ceres, in the *Tristia*, Book ii. l. 300. See the Note to the passage.

<sup>36</sup> *Proportion of their wheat.*—Ver. 30. With less corn than had been originally sown.

<sup>37</sup> *The law-giving Minos.*—Ver. 41. Minos is said to have been the first who gave laws to the Cretans.

## ELEGY XI.

HE tells his mistress that he cannot help loving her.

MUCH and long time have I suffered; by your faults is my patience overcome. Depart from my wearied breast, disgraceful Love. In truth I have now liberated myself, and I have burst my chains; and I am ashamed to have borne what it shamed me not to endure. I have conquered; and Love subdued I have trodden under foot; late have the horns<sup>38</sup> come upon my head. Have patience, and endure,<sup>39</sup> this pain will one day avail thee; often has the bitter potion given refreshment to the sick.

And could I then endure, repulsed so oft from thy doors, to lay a free-born body upon the hard ground?<sup>40</sup> And did I then, like a slave, keep watch before thy street door, for some *stranger* I know not whom, that you were holding in your embrace? And did I behold it, when the wearied paramour came out of your door, carrying off his jaded and exhausted sides? Still, this is more endurable than *the fact* that I was beheld by him;<sup>41</sup> may that disgrace be the lot of my foes.

When have I not kept close fastened to your side as you walked,<sup>42</sup> myself your keeper, myself your husband, myself your companion? And, celebrated by me forsooth, did you please the public: my passion was the cause of passion in many. Why mention the base perjuries of your perfidious tongue? and *why* the Gods forsworn<sup>43</sup> for my destruction? Why the silent

<sup>38</sup> *Late have the horns.*—Ver. 6. This figure is derived from the horns, the weapons of the bull. 'At length I have assumed the weapons of defence.' It is rendered in a singular manner in Nisard's Translation, 'Trop tard, hélas! J'ai connu l'outrage fait a mon front.' 'Too late, alas! I have known the outrage done to my forehead.'!!!

<sup>39</sup> *Have patience and endure.*—Ver. 7. He addresses himself, recommending fortitude as his only cure.

<sup>40</sup> *The hard ground.*—Ver. 10. At the door of his mistress; a practice which seems to have been very prevalent with the Roman lovers.

<sup>41</sup> *I was beheld by him.*—Ver. 15. As, of course, his rival would only laugh at him for his folly, and very deservedly.

<sup>42</sup> *As you walked.*—Ver. 17. By the use of the word 'spatiantis,' he alludes to her walks under the Porticos of Rome, which were much frequented as places for exercise, sheltered from the heat.

<sup>43</sup> *The Gods forsworn.*—Ver. 22. This forms the subject of the Third Elegy of the present Book.

nods of young men at banquets,<sup>44</sup> and words concealed in signs arranged *beforehand*? She was reported to me to be ill ; headlong and distracted I ran ; I arrived ; and, to my rival she was not ill.<sup>45</sup>

Bearing these things, and others on which I am silent, I have oft endured them ; find another in my stead, who could put up with these things. Now my ship, crowned with the votive chaplet, listens in safety to the swelling waves of the ocean. Cease to lavish your blandishments and the words which once availed ; I am not a fool, as once I was. Love on this side, Hatred on that, are struggling, and are dragging my tender heart in opposite directions ; but Love, I think, still gets the better. I will hate,<sup>46</sup> if I can ; if not, reluctantly will I love ; the bull loves not his yoke ; still, that which he hates he bears.

I fly from treachery ; your beauty, as I fly, brings me back ; I abhor the failings of your morals ; your person I love. Thus, I can neither live without you, nor *yet* with you ; and I appear to be unacquainted with my own wishes. I wish that either you were less handsome, or less unprincipled. So beauteous a form does not suit morals so bad. Your actions excite hatred ; your beauty demands love. Ah wretched me ! she is more potent than her frailties.

O pardon me, by the common rites of our bed, by all the Gods who so often allow themselves to be deceived by you, and by your beauty, equal to a great Divinity with me, and by your eyes, which have captivated my own ; whatever you shall be, ever shall you be mine ; only do you make choice whether you will wish me to wish as well *to love you*, or whether I am to love you by compulsion. I would rather spread my sails and use propitious gales ; since, though I should refuse, I shall still be forced to love.

<sup>44</sup> *Young men at banquets.*—Ver. 23. See the Fifth Elegy of the Second Book of the Amores.

<sup>45</sup> *She was not ill.*—Ver. 26. When he arrived, he found his rival in her company.

<sup>46</sup> *I will hate.*—Ver. 35. This and the next line are considered by Heinsius and other Commentators to be spurious.



## ELEGY XII.

HE complains that he has rendered his mistress so celebrated by his verses, as to have thereby raised for himself many rivals.

WHAT day was that, on which, ye birds of no white hue, you sent forth your ominous notes, ever sad to me in my loves? Or what star must I consider to be the enemy of my destiny? Or what Deities am I to complain of, as waging war against me? She, who but lately<sup>47</sup> was called my own, whom I commenced alone to love, I fear that with many she must be shared by me.

Am I mistaken? Or has she gained fame by my poems? 'Tis so; by my genius has she been made public. And justly; for why have I made proclamation<sup>48</sup> of her charms? Through my fault has the fair been put up for sale. She pleases, *and* I the procurer; by my guidance is the lover introduced; by my hands has her door been opened. Whether verses are of any use, is matter of doubt; at all events, they have injured me; they have been envious of my happiness. While Thebes,<sup>49</sup> while Troy, while the exploits of

<sup>47</sup> *She who but lately.*]—Ver. 5. Commentators are at a loss to know whether he is here referring to Corinna, or to his other mistress, to whom he alludes in the Tenth Elegy of the Second Book, when he confesses that he is in love with two mistresses. If Corinna was anything more than an ideal personage, it is probable that she is not meant here, as he made it a point not to discover to the world who was meant under that name; whereas, the mistress here mentioned has been recommended to the notice of the Roman youths by his poems.

<sup>48</sup> *Made proclamation.*]—Ver. 9. He says that, unconsciously, he has been doing the duties of the 'præco' or 'crier,' in recommending his mistress to the public. The 'præco,' among the Romans, was employed in sales by auction, to advertise the time, place, and conditions of sale, and very probably to recommend and praise the property offered for sale. These officers also did the duty of the auctioneer, so far as calling out the biddings, but the property was knocked down by the 'magister auctionum.' The 'præcones' were also employed to keep silence in the public assemblies, to pronounce the votes of the centuries, to summon the plaintiff and defendant upon trials, to proclaim the victors in the public games, to invite the people to attend public funerals, to recite the laws that were enacted, and, when goods were lost, to cry them and search for them. The office of a 'præco' was, in the time of Cicero, looked upon as rather disreputable.

<sup>49</sup> *Thebes.*]—Ver. 15. He speaks of the Theban war, the Trojan war, and the exploits of Cæsar, as being good subjects for Epic poetry; but he says

Cæsar existed ; Corinna alone warmed my genius. Would that I had meddled with verses against the will of the Muses ; and that Phœbus had deserted the work commenced ! And yet, it is not the custom to listen to Poets as witnesses ;<sup>50</sup> I would have preferred *all* weight to be wanting to my words.

Through us, Scylla, who robbed her father of his white hair, bears the raging dogs<sup>51</sup> beneath her thigh and loins. We have given wings to the feet, serpents to the hair ; the victorious descendant of Abas<sup>52</sup> is borne upon the winged steed. We, too, have extended Tityus<sup>53</sup> over the vast space, and have formed the three mouths for the dog bristling with snakes. We have described Enceladus,<sup>54</sup> hurling with his thousand arms ; *and* the heroes captivated by the voice of the two-shaped damsels.<sup>55</sup> In the Ithacan bags<sup>56</sup> have we en-

that he had neglected them, and had wasted his time in singing in praise of Corinna. This, however, may be said in reproof of his general habits of indolence, and not as necessarily implying that Corinna is the cause of his present complaint. The Roman poet Statius afterwards chose the Theban war as his subject.

<sup>50</sup> *Poets as witnesses.*—Ver. 19. That is, ‘to rely implicitly on the testimony of poets.’ The word ‘poetas’ requires a semicolon after it, and not a comma.

<sup>51</sup> *The raging dogs.*—Ver. 21. He here falls into his usual mistake of confounding Scylla, the daughter of Nisus, with Scylla, the Nymph, the rival of Circe, in the affections of Glaucus. See the Note to l. 33 of the First Epistle of Sabinus, and the Eighth and Fourteenth Books of the *Metamorphoses*.

<sup>52</sup> *Descendant of Abas.*—Ver. 24. In the Fourth Book of the *Metamorphoses* he relates the rescue of Andromeda from the sea monster, by Perseus, the descendant of Abas, and clearly implies that he used the services of the winged horse Pegasus on that occasion. It has been suggested by some Commentators, that he here refers to Bellerophon ; but that hero was not a descendant of Abas, and, singularly enough, he is not on any occasion mentioned or referred to by Ovid.

<sup>53</sup> *Extended Tityus.*—Ver. 25. Tityus was a giant, the son of Jupiter and Elara. Offering violence to Latona, he was pierced by the darts of Apollo and hurled to the Infernal Regions, where his liver was doomed to feed a vulture, without being consumed.

<sup>54</sup> *Enceladus.*—Ver. 27. He was the son of Titan and Terra, and joining in the war against the Gods, he was struck by lightning, and thrown beneath Mount Ætna. See the Pontic Epistles, Book ii. Ep. ii. l. 11.

<sup>55</sup> *The two-shaped damsels.*—Ver. 28. He evidently alludes to the Sirens, with their two shapes, and not to Circe, as some have imagined.

<sup>56</sup> *The Ithacan bags.*—Ver. 29. Æolus gave Ulysses favourable winds sewn up in a leather bag, to aid him in his return to Ithaca. See the *Metamorphoses*, Book xiv. l. 223

closed the winds of Æolus ; the treacherous Tantalus thirsts in the middle of the stream. Of Niobe we have made the rock, of the damsel, the she-bear ; the Cecropian<sup>57</sup> bird sings of Odrysian Itys. Jupiter transforms himself, either into a bird, or into gold ;<sup>58</sup> or, as a bull, with the virgin placed upon him, he cleaves the waves. Why mention Proteus, and the Theban seed,<sup>59</sup> the teeth ? *Why* that there were bulls, which vomited flames from their mouths ? *Why*, charioteer, that thy sisters distil amber tears ?<sup>60</sup> *Why* that they are now Goddesses of the sea, who *once* were ships ?<sup>61</sup> *Why* that the *light of day* fled from the hellish banquet<sup>62</sup> of Atreus ? And *why* that the hard stones followed the lyre<sup>63</sup> as it was struck ?

The fertile license of the Poets ranges over an immense space ; and it ties not its words to the accuracy of history. *So*, too, ought my mistress to have been deemed to be falsely praised ; now is your credulity a mischief to me.

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### ELEGY XIII.

HE describes the Festival of Juno, as celebrated at Falisci, the native place of his wife.

As my wife was born at Falisci, so fruitful in apples, we repaired

<sup>57</sup> *The Cecropian bird.*]—Ver. 32. He calls Philomela the daughter of Pandion, king of Athens, ‘Cecropis ales ;’ Cecrops having been the first king of Athens. Her story is told in the Sixth Book of the *Metamorphoses*.

<sup>58</sup> *A bird, or into gold.*]—Ver. 33. He alludes to the transformation of Jupiter into a swan, a shower of gold, and a bull ; in the cases of Leda, Danaë, and Europa.

<sup>59</sup> *The Theban seed.*]—Ver. 35. He alludes to the dragon’s teeth sown by Cadmus. See the Third Book of the *Metamorphoses*.

<sup>60</sup> *Distil amber tears.*]—Ver. 37. Reference is made to the transformation of the sisters of Phaëton into poplars that distilled amber. See the Second Book of the *Metamorphoses*, l. 364.

<sup>61</sup> *Who once were ships.*]—Ver. 38. He alludes to the ships of Æneas, which, when set on fire by Turnus, were changed into sea Nymphs.

<sup>62</sup> *The hellish banquet.*]—Ver. 39. Reference is made to the revenge of Atreus, who killed the children of Thyestes, and set them on table before their father, on which occasion the Sun is said to have hidden his face.

<sup>63</sup> *Stones followed the lyre.*]—Ver. 40. Amphion is said to have raised the walls of Thebes by the sound of his lyre.

to the walls that were conquered, Camillus, by thee.<sup>64</sup> The priestesses were preparing the chaste festival of Juno, with distinguished games, and the heifer of the country. 'Twas a great remuneration for my stay, to be acquainted with the ceremony ; although a path, difficult from the ascent, leads the way thither. There stands a grove, ancient, and shaded with numberless trees ; look at it, you must confess that a Divinity exists in the spot. An altar receives the prayers, and the votive incense of the pious ; an altar made without skill, by ancient hands.

When, from this spot, the pipe has given the signal with its usual note, the yearly procession moves along the covered paths.<sup>65</sup> Snow-white heifers<sup>66</sup> are led, as the crowd applauds, which the Faliscan grass has fed on its own plains ; calves, too, not yet threatening with the forehead to inspire fear ; and the pig, a smaller victim, from its lowly sty ; the leader too, of the flock, with his horns bending back over his hardy temples ; the goat alone is odious to the Goddess queen. By her betrayal, discovered in the lofty woods,<sup>67</sup> she is said to have desisted from the flight she had commenced. Even now, by the boys, is she aimed at as a mark ;<sup>68</sup> and she is given, as a prize, to the author of her wound. Where the Goddess is to come, the youths and bashful girls sweep the

<sup>64</sup> *Camillus, by thee.*—Ver. 2. Marcus Furius Camillus, the Roman general, took the city of Falisci.

<sup>65</sup> *The covered paths.*—Ver. 12. The pipers, or flute players, led the procession, while the ground was covered with carpets or tapestry.

<sup>66</sup> *Snow-white heifers.*—Ver. 14. Pliny the Elder, in his Second Book, says, 'The river Clitumnus, in the state of Falisci, makes those cattle white that drink of its waters.'

<sup>67</sup> *In the lofty woods.*—Ver. 20. It is not known to what occasion this refers. Juno is stated to have concealed herself on two occasions ; once before her marriage, when she fled from the pursuit of Jupiter, who assumed the form of a cuckoo, that he might deceive her ; and again, when, through fear of the giants, the Gods took refuge in Egypt and Libya. Perhaps the former occasion is here referred to.

<sup>68</sup> *As a mark.*—Ver. 21. This is similar to the alleged origin of the custom of throwing sticks at cocks on Shrove Tuesday. The Saxons being about to rise in rebellion against their Norman oppressors, the conspiracy is said to have been discovered through the inopportune crowing of a cock, in revenge for which the whole race of chanticleers were for centuries submitted to this cruel punishment.

roads before her, with garments<sup>69</sup> as they lie. Their virgin hair is adorned with gold and gems; and the proud mantle conceals their feet, bedecked with gold. After the Grecian manner<sup>70</sup> of their ancestors, clad in white garments, they bear the sacred vessels entrusted to *them* on their heads, placed beneath. The people hold religious silence,<sup>71</sup> at the moment when the resplendent procession comes up; and she herself follows after her priestesses.

Argive is the appearance of the procession; Agamemnon slain, Halesus<sup>72</sup> fled from both his crime and his father's wealth. And now, an exile, having wandered over both land and sea, he erected lofty walls with prospering hand. He taught his own Falisci the rites of Juno. May they be *ever* propitious to myself, may they be *ever so* to her own people.

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#### ELEGY XIV.

HE entreats his mistress, if she will not be constant, at least, to conceal her intrigues from him.

BEAUTEOUS since you are, I do not forbid your being frail; but let it not be a matter of course, that wretched I should know it. Nor does *any* severity of mine command you to be quite correct; but it only entreats you to try to conceal the truth. She is not culpable, whoever can deny that she has been culpable; and 'tis only the confession of error that makes *a woman* disgraced. What madness is it to confess in light of *day* what lies concealed in night? And what you do in secret, to say openly that it is done? The

<sup>69</sup> *With garments.*]—Ver. 24. As 'vestis' was a general name for a covering of any kind, it may refer to the carpets which appear to be mentioned in the twelfth line, or it may mean, that the youths and damsels threw their own garments in the path of the procession.

<sup>70</sup> *After the Grecian manner.*]—Ver. 27. Falisci was said to have been a Grecian colony.

<sup>71</sup> *Hold religious silence.*]—Ver. 29. 'Favere linguis' seems here to mean, 'to keep religious silence:' as to the general meaning of the term, see the Fasti, Book i. l. 71.

<sup>72</sup> *Halesus.*]—Ver. 33. Halesus is said to have been the son of Agamemnon, by a concubine. Alarmed at the tragic death of his father, and of the murderers, Ægisthus and Clytemnestra, he fled to Italy, where he founded the city of Phalesus, which title, with the addition of one letter, was given to it after his name. Phalesus afterwards became corrupted, to 'Faliscus,' or 'Falisci.'

strumpet about to entertain some obscure Roman; first keeps out the public by fastening up the bar. And will you make known your frailties to malicious report? And will you make proof of your own criminality? May your mind be more sound, or, at least, may you imitate the chaste; and although you are not, let me suppose that you are chaste. What you do, *still* do the same; only deny that you do *so*; and be not ashamed in public to speak the language of chastity. There is the occasion which demands wantonness; sate it with every delight; far thence be *all* modesty. Soon as you take your departure thence; away at once with all lasciviousness, and leave your frailties in your chamber—

Illic nec tunicam tibi sit posuisse rubori,  
 Nec femori impositum sustinuisse femur :  
 Illic purpureis condatur lingua labellis :  
 Inque modos Venerem mille figuret amor ;  
 Illic nec voces, nec verba jvantia cessent ;  
 Spondaque lascivâ mobilitate tremat.

With your garments put on looks that dread accusation; and let modesty disavow improper pursuits. Deceive the public, deceive me, *too*; in my ignorance, let me be mistaken, and allow me to enjoy my silly credulity.

Why do I so often espy letters sent and received? Why one side and the other<sup>73</sup> tumbled, of your couch? Why do I see your hair disarranged more than *happens* in sleep, and your neck bearing the marks of teeth? The failing itself alone you do not bring before my eyes; if you hesitate consulting your own reputation, *still*, spare me. My senses fail me, and I am expiring, oft as you confess your failings; and the drops flow, chilled throughout my limbs. Then do I love you; then, in vain, do I hate what I am forced to love;<sup>73\*</sup> then I could wish myself to be dead, but together with you.

No enquiries, for my part, will I make, nor will I try to know what you shall attempt to conceal; and to me it shall be the same as a false charge. If, however, you shall be found detected in the midst of your guilt, and if criminality shall be

<sup>73</sup> *One side and the other.*]—Ver. 32. For the ‘torus exterior’ and ‘interior,’ and the construction of the beds of the ancients, see the Note to the Eighth Book of the *Metamorphoses*, l. 659.

<sup>73\*</sup> *Forced to love.*]—Ver. 39. This passage seems to be hopelessly corrupt.

beheld by my eyes ; what has been plainly seen, do you deny to have been plainly seen ; my own eyes shall give way to your assertions. 'Tis an easy conquest for you to vanquish me, who desire to be vanquished. Let your tongue only be mindful to say—"I did not do it!" since it is your lot to conquer with two words ;<sup>73\*</sup> although not by *the merit* of your cause, *still* conquer through your judge.

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### ELEGY XV.

HE tells Venus that he now ceases to write Elegies.

SEEK a new Poet, mother of the tender Loves ; here the extreme turning-place is grazed<sup>74</sup> by my Elegies, which I, a foster-child of the Pelignian fields, have composed ; nor have mysportive lays disgraced me. *Me, I say, who*, if that is aught, am the heir to my rank,<sup>75</sup> even through a long line of ancestors, *and* not lately made a Knight in the hurly-burly of warfare. Mantua delights in Virgil, Verona in Catullus ; I shall be called the glory of the Pelignian race ; which its own liberties summon to glorious arms,<sup>76</sup> when trembling Rome dreaded<sup>77</sup> the allied bands. And some stranger will say, as he looks on the walls of the watery Sulmo, which occupy but a few acres of land, "Small as you are, I will call you great, who were able to produce a Poet so great." Beauteous boy, and thou, Amathusian parent<sup>78</sup> of the beauteous boy, raise

<sup>73\*</sup> *Two words.*]—Ver. 49. 'Non feci.' 'I did not do it.'

<sup>74</sup> *Turning-place is grazed.*]—Ver. 2. On rounding the 'meta' in the chariot race, from which the present figure is derived, see the Note to the 69th line of the Second Elegy of this Book.

<sup>75</sup> *Heir to my rank.*]—Ver. 5. See the *Tristia*, Book ii. l. 112, where he enlarges upon the rank and circumstances of his family.

<sup>76</sup> *To glorious arms.*]—Ver. 9. He alludes to the Social war which was commenced in the year of the City 659, by the Marsi, the Peligni, and the Picentes, for the purpose of obtaining equal rights and privileges with the Roman citizens. He calls them 'arma honesta,' because wielded in defence of their liberties.

<sup>77</sup> *Rome dreaded.*]—Ver. 10. The Romans were so alarmed, that they vowed to celebrate games in honour of Jupiter, if their arms should prove successful.

<sup>78</sup> *Amathusian parent.*]—Ver. 15. Venus was worshipped especially at Amathus, a city of Cyprus ; it is mentioned by Ovid as abounding in metals. See the *Metamorphoses*, Book x. l. 220 and 531.

your golden standard from my fields. The horned<sup>79</sup> Lyæus<sup>80</sup> has struck me with a thyrsus more potent; with mighty steeds must a more extended plain be paced. Unwarlike Elegies, my sportive<sup>81</sup> Muse, farewell; a work destined to survive *long* after I am dead and gone.

<sup>79</sup> *The horned.*]—Ver. 17. In addition to the reasons already mentioned for Bacchus being represented as horned, it is said by some, that it arose from the fact, of wine being drunk from horns in the early ages. It has been suggested, that it had a figurative meaning, and implied the violence of those who are overtaken with wine.

<sup>80</sup> *Lyæus.*]—Ver. 17. For the meaning of the word Lyæus, see the *Metamorphoses*, Book iv. l. 11, and the Note to the passage.

<sup>81</sup> *My sportive.*]—Ver. 19. *Genialis*; the *Genii* were the Deities of pure, unadorned nature. See the *Fasti*, Book iii. l. 58, and the Note to the passage. ‘*Genialis*,’ consequently means, ‘voluptuous,’ or ‘pleasing to the impulses of nature.’



ARS AMATORIA;  
OR, THE ART OF LOVE.

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BOOK THE FIRST.

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SHOULD any one of the people not know the art of loving, let him read me; and taught by me, on reading my lines, let him love. By art the ships are onward sped by sails and oars; by art are the light chariots, by art is Love, to be guided. In the chariot and in the flowing reins was Automedon skilled: in the Hæmonian ship of Jason Tiphys was the pilot. Me, too, skilled in my craft, has Venus made the guardian of Love. Of Cupid the Tiphys and the Automedon shall I be styled. Unruly indeed he is, and one who oft rebels against me; but he is a child; his age is tender and easy to be governed. The son of Phyllyra made the boy Achilles skilled at the lyre; and with his soothing art he subdued his ferocious disposition. He who so oft alarmed his own companions, so oft the foe, is believed to have stood in dread of an aged man full of years. Those hands which Hector was doomed to feel, at the request of his master he held out for stripes<sup>1</sup> as commanded. Chiron was the preceptor of the grandson of Æacus, I of Love. Both of the boys were wild; both of a Goddess born. But yet the neck of even the bull is laden with the plough; and the reins are champed by the teeth of the spirited steed. To me, too, will Love yield; though, with his bow, he should wound my breast, and should brandish his torches hurled against me. The more that Love has pierced me, the more has he relentlessly inflamed me; so much the fitter avenger shall I be of the wounds so made.

Phœbus, I pretend not that *these* arts were bestowed on me

<sup>1</sup> For stripes.]—Ver. 16. Statius, in the Thebaid, mentions the strictness of the discipline of Chiron. See the Amores, Book i. El. xiii. 1. 18.

by thee; nor by the notes of the birds of the air am I inspired. Neither Clio nor the sisters of Clio have been beheld by me, while watching, Ascra, in thy vales, my flocks. To this work experience gives rise; listen to a Poet well-versed. The truth will I sing; Mother of Love, favour my design. Be ye afar,<sup>2</sup> *ye with the thin fillets on your hair*, the mark of chastity; and thou, long flounce, which dost conceal the middle of the foot. We will sing of guiltless delights, and of thefts allowed; and in my song there shall be nought that is criminal.

In the first place, endeavour to find out an object which you may desire to love, you who are now coming for the first time to *engage* as a soldier in a new service. The next task after that, is to prevail on the fair by pleasing her. The third is, for her love to prove of long duration. This is my plan; this space shall be marked out by my chariot; this the turning-place to be grazed by my wheels in their full career.

While you may, and *while* you are able to proceed with flowing reins; choose one to whom you may say, "You alone are pleasing to me." She will not come to you gliding through the yielding air; the fair one that suits must be sought with your eyes. The hunter knows full well where to extend the toils for the deer; full well he knows in what vale dwells the boar gnashing with his teeth. The shrubberies are known to the fowlers. He who holds out the hooks, knows what waters are swam in by many a fish. You, too, who seek a subject for enduring love, first learn in what spot the fair are to be met with. In your search, I will not bid you give your sails to the wind, nor is a long path to be trodden by you, that you may find her.

Let Perseus bear away his Andromeda from the tawny Indians,<sup>3</sup> and let the Grecian fair be ravished by Paris, the Phrygian hero. Rome will present you damsels as many, and *full* as fair; so that you will declare, that whatever has been on the

<sup>2</sup> *Be ye afar.*—Ver. 31. He quotes this and the following line in the *Tristia*, Book ii. l. 248, to show that it was not his intention, by his precepts, to inculcate breaches of chastity among the Roman matrons. See the Note to the passage, and to the *Fasti*, Book ii. l. 30. The 'vitta,' or 'fillet,' was worn solely by women of pure character.

<sup>3</sup> *The tawny Indians.*—Ver. 53. Herodotus considers the Æthiopians to be Indians. According to some, the father of Andromeda was king of Æthiopia; but she is more frequently represented as a native of Joppa, on the coast of Syria.

earth, she possesses. As many ears of corn as Gargara has, as many clusters as Methymna; as many fishes as are concealed in the seas, birds in the boughs; as many stars as<sup>4</sup> heaven has, so many fair ones does your own Rome contain; and in her own City does the mother of Æneas hold her reign. Are you charmed by early and still dawning years, the maiden in all her genuineness will come before your eyes; or do you wish a riper fair,<sup>5</sup> a thousand riper will please you; you will be forced not to know which is your own choice. Or does an age mature and more staid delight you; this throng too, believe me, will be *even* greater.

Do you only saunter at your leisure in the shade of Pompey's *Portico*,<sup>6</sup> when the sun approaches the back of the Lion of Hercules;<sup>7</sup> or where the mother<sup>8</sup> has added her own gifts to those of her son, a work rich in its foreign marble. And let not the *Portico* of Livia<sup>9</sup> be shunned by you, which, here and there adorned with ancient paintings, bears the name

<sup>4</sup> *As many stars as.*]—Ver. 59. Heinsius considers this and the next line to be spurious.

<sup>5</sup> *Wish a riper fair.*]—Ver. 63. 'Juvenis,' applied to a female, would mean something more than a mere girl. 'Juventus' was that age in which a person was in his best years, from about twenty to forty.

<sup>6</sup> *Pompey's Portico.*]—Ver. 67. He alludes to the *Portico* which had been erected by Pompey at Rome, and was shaded by plane trees and refreshed by fountains. The *Porticos* were walks covered with roofs, supported by columns. They were sometimes attached to other buildings, and sometimes were independent of any other edifice. They were much resorted to by those who wished to take exercise without exposure to the heat of the sun. The *Porticos* of the temples were originally intended for the resort of persons who took part in the rites performed there. Law-suits were sometimes conducted in the *Porticos* of Rome, and goods were sold there.

<sup>7</sup> *The lion of Hercules.*]—Ver. 68. The Nemean lion; which formed the Constellation Leo in the Zodiac.

<sup>8</sup> *Where the mother.*]—Ver. 69. He alludes to the Theatre and *Portico* which Augustus built; the former of which received the name of his nephew Marcellus, the latter of his sister Octavia, the mother of Marcellus. After the death of Marcellus, Octavia added a public library to this *Portico* at her own expense. Here there were valuable paintings of Minerva, Philip and Alexander, and Hercules on Mount Ceta. Some suppose that the temple of Concord, built by Livia, and mentioned in the *Fasti*, is here referred to.

<sup>9</sup> *The Portico of Livia.*]—Ver. 72. The *Portico* of Livia was near the street called Suburra. This *Portico* is also mentioned in the *Fasti*. We learn from Strabo that it was near the *Via Sacra*, or Sacred Street.

of its founder. Where, too, *are* the grand-daughters of Belus,<sup>10</sup> who dared to plot death for their wretched cousins, and *where* their enraged father stands with his drawn sword. Nor let Adonis, bewailed by Venus,<sup>11</sup> escape you ; and the seventh holy-day observed by the Jew of Syria.<sup>12</sup> Nor fly from the Memphian temples of *Isis* the linen-wearing heifer ; she has made many a woman<sup>13</sup> that which she was herself to Jove. Even the Courts, (who would have believed it ?) are favourable to Love ; and oft in the noisy Forum has the flame been found. Where the erection<sup>14</sup> of Appius,<sup>15</sup> adjoining the temple of Venus, built of marble, beats the air with its shooting stream ;<sup>16</sup> in

<sup>10</sup> *Granddaughters of Belus.*]—Ver. 73. This was the Portico of the Danaïdes, in the temple of Apollo. It is referred to in the Second Elegy of the Second Book of the Amores.

<sup>11</sup> *Bewailed by Venus.*]—Ver. 75. He alludes to the temple of Venus, at Rome, which, according to Juvenal, was notorious as the scene of intrigues and disgraceful irregularities. It was a custom of the Romans, borrowed from the Assyrians, to lament Adonis in the temple of Venus. See the Tenth Book of the Metamorphoses. This worship of the Assyrians is mentioned by the Prophet Ezekiel, chap. viii. ver. 13, ‘women weeping for Thammuz.’

<sup>12</sup> *The Jew of Syria.*]—Ver. 76. He alludes to the rites performed in the Synagogues of the Jews of Rome, on the Sabbath, to which numbers of females were attracted, probably by the music. There were great numbers of Jews at Rome in the reign of Augustus, who were allowed to follow their own worship, according to the law of Moses. The Roman females visiting the Synagogues, assignations and gross irregularities became the consequence. Tiberius withdrew this privilege from the Jews, and ordered the priests’ vestments and ornaments to be burnt. This line is thus rendered in Dryden’s version :

‘Nor shun the Jewish walk, where the fowl drove,  
On Sabbaths rest from everything but love.’

This wretched paraphrase is excused by the following very illiberal note, ‘If this version seems to bear a little hard on the ancient Jews, it does not at all wrong the modern.’

<sup>13</sup> *Many a woman.*]—Ver. 78. Io, or Isis, was debauched by Jupiter. Martial and Juvenal speak of the irregularities practised on these occasions.

<sup>14</sup> *Where the erection.*]—Ver. 81. He refers to the Forum of Cæsar and the temple of Venus, which was built by Julius Cæsar after the battle of Pharsalia.

<sup>15</sup> *Of Appius.*]—Ver. 82. He alludes to the aqueduct which had been constructed by the Censor Appius. This passed into the City, through the Latin gate, and discharged itself near the spot where the temple of Venus was built.

<sup>16</sup> *Shooting stream.*]—Ver. 82. He alludes to the violence with which the water was discharged by the pipes of the aqueduct into the reservoir.

that spot full oft is the pleader seized by Love ; and he that has defended others, the same does not defend himself. Oft in that spot are their words found wanting to the eloquent man ; and new cares arise, and his own cause has to be pleaded. From her temple, which is adjoining,<sup>17</sup> Venus laughs at him. He who so lately was a patron, now wishes to become a client.

But especially at the curving Theatres do you hunt *for prey* : these places are *even yet* more fruitful for your desires. There you will find what you may love, what you may trifle with, both what you may once touch, and what you may wish to keep. As the numberless ants come and go in lengthened train, when they are carrying their wonted food in the mouth that bears the grains ; or as the bees, when they have found both their own pastures and the balmy meads, hover around the flowers and the tops of the thyme ; so rush the best-dressed women to the thronged spectacles ; a multitude that oft has kept my judgment in suspense. They come to see, they come that they themselves may be seen ; to modest chastity these spots are detrimental.

Romulus, 'twas thou didst first institute the exciting games ; *at the time* when the ravished Sabine fair<sup>18</sup> came to the aid of the solitary men. Then, neither did curtains<sup>19</sup> hang over the marble theatre,<sup>20</sup> nor was the stage<sup>21</sup> blushing with liquid saffron. There, the branches were simply arranged which the woody Palatium bore ; the scene was void of art. On the steps made of turf sit the people ; the branches promiscuously overshadowing their shaggy locks. They look about them, and they mark with their eyes, each for himself, the damsel which to choose ; and in their silent minds they devise full many a plan. And

<sup>17</sup> *Which is adjoining.*]—Ver. 87. The temple of Venus was near the Forum.

<sup>18</sup> *Ravished Sabine fair.*]—Ver. 102. See the Fasti, Book iii. l. 199.

<sup>19</sup> *Neither did curtains.*]—Ver. 103. The 'vela,' here referred to, may mean either the 'siparia,' or curtains of the theatres, or the awnings which were hung over them. See the Note on the 'siparia' of the theatres, referred to in the Third Book of the Metamorphoses, l. 111. The 'velaria,' or 'awnings,' were stretched over the whole space of the theatres, to protect the spectators from the sun and rain.

<sup>20</sup> *Marble theatre.*]—Ver. 103. The Theatres of Pompey and Scæurus were of marble.

<sup>21</sup> *Nor was the stage.*]—Ver. 104. The 'pulpita' was that part of the stage where the actors stood who spoke. It was elevated above the orchestra, where the Chorus, and dancers and musicians were placed.

while, as the Etrurian piper sends forth his harsh notes, the actor with his foot thrice beats the levelled ground ; in the midst of the applause, (in those days applause was void of guile,) the King gives to his people the signal to be awaited for the spoil. At once, they start up, and, disclosing their intentions with a shout, lay their greedy hands upon the maidens.<sup>22</sup> As the doves, a startled throng, fly from the eagles, and as the young lamb flies from the wolves when seen ; in such manner do they dread the men indiscriminately rushing on ; the complexion remains in none, which existed *there* before. For their fear is the same ; the symptoms of their fear not the same. Some tear their hair ; some sit without consciousness ; one is silent in her grief ; another vainly calls upon her mother ; this one laments ; this one is astounded ; this one tarries ; that one takes to flight. The ravished fair ones are carried off, a matrimonial spoil ; and shame itself may have been becoming to many a one. If one struggled excessively, and repelled her companion ; borne off, the man himself lifted her into his eager bosom. And thus he spoke : “ Why spoil your charming eyes with tears ? What to your mother your father was, the same will I be to you.” Romulus, ’twas thou alone didst understand how to give rewards to thy soldiers. Give such a reward to me, *and* I will be a soldier. In good truth, from that transaction, the festive Theatres, even to this day, continue to be treacherous to the handsome.

And let not the contest of the noble steeds escape you ; the roomy Circus of the people has many advantages. There is no need *there* of fingers, with which to talk over your secrets ; nor must a hint be taken by you through nods. Be seated next to your mistress, there being no one to prevent it ; press your side to her side as close as ever you can ; and conveniently enough, because the partition<sup>23</sup> compels you to sit close, even if she be unwilling ; *and* because, by the custom of the place, the fair one must be touched by you. Here let the occasion be sought by you for some friendly chat, and let the usual subjects<sup>24</sup> lead to the first words. Take care, and enquire,

<sup>22</sup> *Upon the maidens.*]—Ver. 116. Some writers say that only thirty women were carried off. Valerius Antius made the number 427, and Plutarch mentions a statement that it was 600.

<sup>23</sup> *The partition.*]—Ver. 141. See the Amores, Book iii. El. ii. l. 19.

<sup>24</sup> *Let the usual subjects.*]—Ver. 144. ‘Publica verba’ means the ‘compliments of the day,’ and the ‘topics suited to the occasion.’

with an air of anxiety, whose horses those are, coming; and without delay, whoever it is to whom she wishes well, to him do you *also* wish well. But when the thronged procession shall walk with the holy *statues of ivory*,<sup>25</sup> do you applaud your mistress Venus with zealous hand. And, as *often* happens, if perchance a little dust should fall on the bosom of the fair, it must be brushed off with your fingers;<sup>26</sup> and if there should be no dust, still brush off that none; let any excuse be a prelude to your attentions. If her mantle, hanging too low, shall be trailing on the earth, gather it up, and carefully raise it from the dirty ground.<sup>27</sup> At once, *as* the reward of your attention, the fair permitting it, her ancles will chance to be seen by your eyes. Look, *too*, behind, who shall be sitting behind you, that he may not press her tender back with his knee against it.<sup>28</sup> Trifles attract trifling minds. It has proved to the advantage of many a one, to make a cushion with his ready hand.<sup>29</sup> It has been of use, too, to waft a breeze with the graceful fan, and to place the hollow footstool beneath her delicate feet. Both the Circus, and the sand spread for its sad duties<sup>30</sup> in the bustling Forum, will afford these overtures to a dawning passion. On that sand, oft has the son of Venus fought; and he who has come to be a spectator of wounds, himself receives a wound.<sup>31</sup> While he is talking, and is touching *her* hand, and is

<sup>25</sup> *Statues of ivory.*]—Ver. 149. For an account of this procession, see the Amores, Book iii. El. ii. l. 43.

<sup>26</sup> *Your fingers.*]—Ver. 150. See l. 42, of the same Elegy.

<sup>27</sup> *Dirty ground.*]—Ver. 154. See l. 26, of the same Elegy.

<sup>28</sup> *Knee against it.*]—Ver. 158. See l. 24, of the same Elegy.

<sup>29</sup> *With his ready hand.*]—Ver. 160. As the seats of the Circus were hard, the women often made use of a cushion to sit upon. Those who were not so fortunate as to get a front seat, and so rest their feet in the railings opposite (see the Second Elegy of the Third Book of the Amores, l. 64, and the Note), used a footstool, 'scamnum,' (which is mentioned here in the 162nd line,) on which they rested their feet.

<sup>30</sup> *Its sad duties.*]—Ver. 164. Juvenal tells us that gladiatorial spectacles were sometimes exhibited in the Forum.

<sup>31</sup> *Himself receives a wound.*]—Ver. 166. The word 'habet,' here used, is borrowed from the usage at the gladiatorial games. When a gladiator was wounded, the people called aloud 'habet,' or 'hoc habet;' and the one who was vanquished lowered his arms, in token of submission. If the people chose that he should be saved, they pressed down their thumbs; but they turned them up, if they desired that he should be killed.

asking for the racing list;<sup>32</sup> and, having deposited the stake,<sup>33</sup> is enquiring which has conquered, wounded, he sighs, and feels the flying dart, and, himself, becomes a portion of the spectacle so viewed.

Besides ; when, of late,<sup>34</sup> Cæsar, on the representation of a rival fight, introduced<sup>35</sup> the Persian and Athenian ships ; in truth, from both seas came youths, from both *came* the fair ; and in the City was *the whole* of the great world. Who, in that throng, did not find an object for him to love ? How many, alas ! did a foreign flame torment ? See ! Cæsar prepares<sup>36</sup> to add what was wanting to the world subdued ; now, remote East, our own shalt thou be ! Parthian, thou shalt give satisfaction ; entombed Crassi, rejoice ;<sup>37</sup> *ye* standards, too, that disgracefully submitted to barbarian hands. Your avenger is at hand, and proves himself a general in his earliest

<sup>32</sup> *Asking for the racing list.*]—Ver. 167. The ‘libellus,’ here mentioned, was the list of the horses, with their names and colours, and those of the drivers. It served the same purpose as the race-cards on our courses.

<sup>33</sup> *Having deposited the stake.*]—Ver 168. When a bet was made, the parties betting gave to each other a pledge, ‘pignus,’ in the shape of some trinket, such as a ring. When the bet was completed, they touched hands.

<sup>34</sup> *When of late.*]—Ver. 171. He speaks of a ‘Naumachia,’ or mimic sea-fight, which had been lately exhibited at Rome by Augustus, in commemoration of the battle of Actium. As Antony had collected his forces from the East and all parts of Greece, his ships are alluded to as the Persian and Cæcopian, or Athenian ships. The term, ‘Naumachia,’ was applied both to the representation of a sea-fight, and to the place where it was given. They were sometimes exhibited in the Circus or Amphitheatre, the water being introduced under-ground, but more generally in spots constructed for the purpose. The first was shown by Julius Cæsar, who caused a lake to be dug for the purpose in a part of the Campus Martius, which Suetonius calls ‘the lesser Codeta.’ This was filled up by Augustus, who dug a lake near the Tiber for the same purpose ; to which, probably, reference is here made.

<sup>35</sup> *Introduced.*]—Ver. 172. ‘Induxit.’ By the use of this word, it would seem that Augustus Cæsar introduced the ships, probably, from the river Tiber into the lake.

<sup>36</sup> *See! Cæsar prepares.*]—Ver. 177. Augustus sent his grandson, Caius, the son of his daughter Julia and Agrippa, to head an expedition against Phraâtes, the king of the Parthians, the conquerors of Crassus ; from this expedition he did not live to return, but perished in battle.

<sup>37</sup> *Crassi, rejoice.*]—Ver. 180. See the Fasti, Book v. l. 583-8, with the Note to the passage. Also Book vi. l. 465.



arms ; and, while a boy, is conducting a war not fitted to be waged by a boy. Cease, in your fears, to count the birth-days of the Gods:<sup>38</sup> valour is the lot of the Cæsars, in advance of their years. The divine genius rises more rapidly than its years, and brooks not the evils of slow delay. The Tiryinthian hero was a baby, and he crushed two serpents in his hands ; even in his cradle he was already worthy of Jove. Bacchus, who even now art a boy, how mighty wast thou then, when conquered India dreaded thy thyrsi ! With the auspices and the courage of thy sire, thou, Youth, shalt wield arms ; and with the courage and the auspices of thy sire shalt thou conquer. Such first lessons are thy due, under a name so great ; now the first of the youths,<sup>39</sup> at a future day to be *the first* of the men. Since thou hast brothers,<sup>40</sup> avenge thy brethren slain ; and since thou hast a sire,<sup>41</sup> vindicate the rights of thy sire. He, the father of thy country and thine own, hath put thee in arms ; the enemy is tearing realms away from thy reluctant sire. Thou wilt wield the weapons of duty, *the foe* arrows accursed ; before thy standard, Justice and Duty will take their post. By *the badness* of their cause, the Parthians are conquered ; in arms, too, may they be overcome ; may my hero add to Latium the wealth of the East. Both thou, father Mars, and thou, father Cæsar, grant your divine favour as he sets out ; for the one of you is now a Deity, thou, the other, wilt *so* be.

Lo ! I utter a prophecy ; thou wilt conquer, and I shall offer the lines which I have vowed ; and with a loud voice wilt thou have to be celebrated by me. Thou wilt *there* be taking thy stand, and in my words thou wilt be animating thy troops. O that my words may not prove unworthy of thy spirit ! I will celebrate both the backs of the Parthians *as they fly*, and the valour of the Romans, and the darts which

<sup>38</sup> *Of the Gods.*]—Ver. 183. In a spirit of adulation, he deifies Caius Cæsar, and his brother Lucius.

<sup>39</sup> *First of the youths.*]—Ver. 194. The ‘princeps juvenum’ had the honour of riding first, in the review of the Equestrian ranks by the Emperor. See the *Tristia*, Book ii. l. 90. Caius did not live to fulfil this prophecy, as he was slain through the perfidy of the Parthian general.

<sup>40</sup> *Since thou hast brothers.*]—Ver. 195. He alludes, probably, to Lucius Cæsar, the other grandson of Augustus, and Marcus Agrippa, the husband of Julia, the daughter of Augustus.

<sup>41</sup> *Hast a sire.*]—Ver. 196. He had been adopted by Augustus.

the foeman hurls from his flying steed. What, Parthian, dost thou leave to the conquered, who dost fly that thou mayst overcome? Parthian, even now has thy *mode of warfare* an unhappy omen. And will that day then come, on which thou, the most graceful of *all* objects, glittering with gold, shalt go, *drawn* by the four snow-white steeds? Before thee shall walk the chiefs, their necks laden with chains; that they may no longer, as formerly, be secure in flight. The joyous youths, and the mingled fair, shall be looking on; and that day shall gladden the minds of all. And when some one of the fair shall enquire the names of the Monarchs, what places, what mountains, or what rivers are borne<sup>41</sup> *in the procession*; answer to it all; and not only if she shall make any inquiry; even what you know not, relate, as though known perfectly well.<sup>41\*</sup>

This is the Euphrates,<sup>42</sup> with his forehead encircled with reeds; the one whose<sup>43</sup> azure hair is streaming down, will be the Tigris. Make these to be the Armenians; this is Persia, sprung from Danaë;<sup>44</sup> that was a city in the vales of Achæmenes. This one or that *will be* the leaders; and there will be names for you to call them by; correctly, if you can; if not, still by such as suggest themselves.

Banquets, too, with the tables arranged, afford an introduction; there is something there besides wine for you to look for. Full oft does blushing Cupid, with his delicate arms, press the soothed horns of Bacchus there present. And when the wine has besprinkled the soaking wings of Cupid, there he remains and stands overpowered on the spot of his capture. He, indeed, quickly flaps his moistened wings; but still it is fatal<sup>45</sup> for the breast to be sprinkled by Love. Wine composes

<sup>41</sup> *What rivers are borne.*—Ver. 220. See the twentieth line of the Second Elogy, Book iv. of the Tristia.

<sup>41\*</sup> *Perfectly well.*—Ver. 222. See a similar passage in the Tristia: Book iv. El. ii. l. 24.

<sup>42</sup> *The Euphrates.*—Ver. 223. The rivers were generally personified by the ancients as being crowned with reeds.

<sup>43</sup> *The one whose.*—Ver. 224. The young man is supposed to be addressing the damsel in these words.

<sup>44</sup> *From Danaë.*—Ver. 225. He means, that Persia was so called from Perses, the son of Andromeda, by Perseus, the son of Danaë. It is more generally thought to have been so called from a word signifying 'a horse.' Achæmenes was one of the ancient kings of Persia.

<sup>45</sup> *Still it is fatal.*—Ver. 236. 'Solet,' 'is wont,' is certainly a preferable reading here to 'nocet.'

the feelings, and makes them ready to be inflamed; care flies, and is drenched with plenteous wine. Then come smiles; then the poor man resumes his confidence; then grief and cares and the wrinkles of the forehead depart. Then candour, most uncommon in our age, reveals the feelings, the God expelling *all* guile. On such occasions, full oft have the fair captivated the hearts of the youths; and Venus amid wine, has proved flames in flame. Here do not you trust too much to the deceiving lamp;<sup>46</sup> both night and wine are unsuited to a judgment upon beauty. In daylight, and under a clear sky, did Paris view the Goddesses, when he said to Venus: "Thou, Venus, dost excel them both." By night, blemishes are concealed, and pardon is granted to every imperfection; and that hour renders every woman beauteous. Consult the daylight about jewels, about wool steeped in purple; consult *the daylight* about the figure and the proportion.

Why enumerate the resorts of fair ones suited for your search? The sands would yield to my number. Why mention *Baiæ*,<sup>47</sup> and the shores covered with sails, and the waters which send forth the smoke from the warm sulphur? *Many* a one carrying thence a wound in his breast, has exclaimed; "This water was not so wholesome as it was said to be." See, too, the temple in the grove of suburban Diana, and the realms acquired with the sword by hostile hand.<sup>48</sup> Because she is a virgin, because she hates the darts of Cupid, she has given many a wound to the public, *and* will give many *still*.

Thus far, *Thalia* borne upon unequal wheels,<sup>49</sup> teaches where

<sup>46</sup> *Deceiving lamp.*]—Ver. 245. This is as much as to remind him of the adage that women and linen look best by candle-light.

<sup>47</sup> *Why mention Baiæ.*]—Ver. 255. *Baiæ* was a town on the sea-shore, near Naples, famous for its hot baths. It was delightfully situate, and here Pompey, Cæsar, and many of the wealthy Romans, had country seats. Seneca and Propertius refer to it as famous for its debaucheries, and it was much frequented by persons of loose character. It was the custom at *Baiæ*, in the summer-time, for both sexes to cruise about the shore in boats of various colours, both in the day-time and at night, with sumptuous feasts and bands of music on board.

<sup>48</sup> *Hostile hand.*]—Ver. 260. See the *Fasti*, Book iii. l. 263. He means that the Arician grove was much resorted to by those engaged in courtship and intrigues.

<sup>49</sup> *Borne upon unequal wheels.*]—Ver. 264. He alludes to *Thalia*, the Muse who inspires him, preferring the unequal or Ilexameter and Pentameter measure of Elegiac verse.

to choose an object for you to love, where to lay your nets. Now, I attempt to teach you, by what arts she must be captured who has pleased you, a work of especial skill. Ye men, whoever you are, *and* in every spot, give attention eager to be informed ; and give, all people, a favourable ear to *the realization of my promises*. First of all, let a confidence enter your mind, that all women may be won ; you will win them ; do you only lay your toils. Sooner would the birds be silent in spring, the grasshoppers in summer, *sooner* would the Mænalian dog turn its back upon the hare, than the fair, attentively courted, would resist the youth. She, however, will wish you to believe, so far as you can, that she is reluctant.

As stealthy courtship is pleasing to the man, so, *too*, is it to the fair. The man but unsuccessfully conceals his passion ; with more concealment does she desire. Were it agreed among the males not to be the first to entreat any female, the conquered fair would soon act the part of the suppliant. In the balmy meads, the female lows after the bull ; the female is always neighing after the horny-hoofed horse. Passion in us is more enduring, and not so violent ; among men the flame has reasonable bounds. Why mention Byblis, who burned with a forbidden passion for her brother, and who resolutely atoned with the halter for her crimes ? Myrrha loved her father, but not as a daughter ought ; and she now lies hid, overwhelmed by the bark<sup>50</sup> that grew over her. With her tears too, which she distils from the odoriferous tree, are we perfumed ; and the drops *still* retain the name of their mistress.

By chance, in the shady vales of the woody Ida, there was a white bull, the glory of the herd, marked with a little black in the middle between his horns ; there was *but* one spot ; the rest was *of the complexion* of milk. The heifers of Gnosus and of Cydon<sup>51</sup> sighed to mate with him. Pasiphaë delighted to become the paramour of the bull ; in her jealousy she hated the beauteous cows. I sing of facts well known : Crete, which contains its hundred cities, untruthful as it is,<sup>52</sup> cannot

<sup>50</sup> *By the bark.*]—Ver. 286. See the Metamorphoses, Book x.

<sup>51</sup> *Of Cydon.*]—Ver. 293. This was a city of Crete.

<sup>52</sup> *Untruthful as it is.*]—Ver. 298. The Cretans were universally noted in ancient times for their disregard for truth. St. Paul, in his Epistle to Titus, ch. i. ver. 12, says, quoting from the Cretan poet Epimenides :

gainsay them. She herself is said to have cut down fresh leaves and the tenderest grass with hand unused to such employment. She goes as the companion of the herds; so going, no regard for her husband restrains her; and by a bull<sup>53</sup> is Minos conquered. "Of what use, Pasiphaë, is it to put on those costly garments? This love of thine understands nothing about wealth. What hast thou to do with a mirror, when accompanying the herds of the mountain? Why, foolish one, art thou so often arranging thy smoothed locks? Still, do thou believe that mirror, that denies that thou art a heifer. How much couldst thou wish for horns to spring up upon thy forehead! If Minos *still* pleases thee, let no paramour be sought; but if thou wouldst rather deceive thy husband, deceive him through a being that is human."

Her chamber abandoned, the queen is borne over the groves and the forests, just as a Bacchanal impelled by the Aonian God. Alas! how oft with jealous look does she eye a cow, and say, "Why is she *thus* pleasing to my love? See how she skips before him on the tender grass! I make no doubt that the fool thinks that it is becoming to her." *Thus* she spoke, and at once ordered her to be withdrawn from the vast herd, and, in her innocence, to be dragged beneath the bending yoke; or else she forced her to fall before the altars, and rites feigned for the purpose; and, with joyous hand, she held the entrails of her rival. How often did she propitiate the Deities with her slain rivals, and say, as she held the entrails, "*Now go and charm my love!*" And sometimes she begged that she might become Europa, sometimes Io; because the one was a cow, the other borne upon a bull. Still, deceived by a cow made of maple-wood, the leader of the herd impregnated her; and by the offspring was the sire<sup>54</sup> betrayed.

If the Cretan dame<sup>55</sup> had withheld from love for Thyestes (alas! how hard it is for a woman possibly to be pleasing to one man *only!*) Phœbus would not have interrupted his career

"One of themselves, even a prophet of their own, said, 'The Cretans are always liars, evil beasts, slow bellies.' This witness is true."

<sup>53</sup> *By a bull.*—Ver. 302. See this story explained in the Translation of the Metamorphoses, p. 70.

<sup>54</sup> *The sire.*—Ver. 326. This was the Minotaur. See the Metamorphoses, Book viii.

<sup>55</sup> *If the Cretan dame.*—Ver. 327. This was Ærope, the wife of Atreus, who slew the children of his brother Thyestes, and set them on table before their father.

in the midst, and, his chariot turned back, retreated, with his returning steeds, to the morn. The daughter, who spoiled<sup>56</sup> Nisus of his purple locks, presses beneath her thigh and groin the raving dogs. The son of Atreus, who escaped from Mars by land, and Neptune on the waves, was the mournful victim of his wife. By whom have not been lamented the flames<sup>57</sup> of the Ephyrean Creusa? *Medea*, the parent, too, stained with the blood of her children? Phœnix, the son of Amyntor,<sup>58</sup> wept with his blinded eyes; you, startled steeds, tore Hippolytus in pieces. Why, Phineus, dost thou tear out the eyes of thy guiltless sons?<sup>59</sup> That punishment will revert to thy own head.

All these things have been caused by the passion of females. It is more violent than ours, and has more frenzy *in it*. Come then, and doubt not that you can conquer all the fair: out of so many, there will be hardly one to deny you. What they yield, and what they refuse, still are they glad to be asked for. Even if you are deceived, your repulse is without danger. But why should you be deceived, since new pleasures are delightful, and *since* what is strange attracts the feelings more than what is one's own?<sup>60</sup> The crop<sup>61</sup> of corn is always more fertile in the fields of other people; and the herds of our neighbours have their udders more distended.

But first, be it your care to make acquaintance with the handmaid of the fair one to be courted; she can render your access easy.<sup>62</sup> Take care that she is deep in the secrets of her

<sup>56</sup> *Who spoiled.*]—Ver. 331. He falls into his usual mistake of confounding Scylla, the daughter of Nisus, with the daughter of Phoreys.

<sup>57</sup> *The flames.*]—Ver. 335. See the *Metamorphoses*, Book vii. l. 391, and the *Epistle of Medea to Jason*.

<sup>58</sup> *The son of Amyntor.*]—Ver. 337. Phœnix, the son of Amyntor, according to Homer, became blind in his latter years. See the Note to the 307th line of the Eighth Book of the *Metamorphoses*.

<sup>59</sup> *Of thy guiltless sons.*]—Ver. 339. Phineus was a king of Arcadia, or, according to some, of Thrace or Paphlagonia. His wife, Cleopatra, being dead or divorced, he married a Scythian, named Harpalice, at whose suggestion he put out the eyes of his sons by Cleopatra. He was persecuted by the Harpies, as a punishment.

<sup>60</sup> *What is one's own.*]—Ver. 348. 'Suis' seems preferable here to 'suos.'

<sup>61</sup> *The crop.*]—Ver. 349. These lines are referred to by Juvenal in the Fourteenth Satire, l. 143.

<sup>62</sup> *Your access easy.*]—Ver. 352. See his address to Napè, in the *Amores*. Book i. El. ii. Cypassis seems to have been a choice specimen of this class. See the *Amores*, Book ii. El. viii.

mistress, and not too little entrusted with her secret frolics. Her do you bribe with promises, her with entreaties; you will obtain what you ask with little trouble, if she shall be willing. Let her choose the time (physicians, even, watch their time) when the feelings of her mistress are pliant, and easy to be influenced. Then will her feelings be easily influenced, when, in the best humour in the world, she shall be smiling, just as the corn on the rich soil. While hearts are joyous, and not closed by sadness, *then* are they assailable; then with soothing arts does Venus steal on apace. At the time when Troy was in sorrow, she was defended by arms; when joyous, she admitted the horse pregnant with its soldiers. Then, too, must she be assailed, when she shall be fretting on being offended by a rival; then effect it by your means that she go not unrevenged. Let her handmaid, as she combs her hair in the morning, urge her on; and to the sail let her add the resources of the oar. And, sighing to herself, let her say, in gentle murmurs: "In my idea, you yourself cannot pay him in return."<sup>63</sup> Then let her talk about you; then let her add persuasive expressions; and let her swear that you are perishing with frantic passion. But speed on, let not the sails fall, and the breezes lull: like brittle ice, anger disappears in lapse of time.

You inquire if it is of use<sup>64</sup> to win the handmaid herself? In such attempts there is a great risk. This one becomes *more* zealous after an intrigue; that one more tardy; the one procures you as a gift for her mistress, the other for her own self. The result is doubtful; although she should favour your advances, still it is my advice, to refrain from so doing. I shall not go over headlong *tracks*, and over sharp crags; and, under my guidance, no youth shall be deceived. Even if she pleases you, while she gives and receives the letters, by her person, *and* not only by her zealousness alone; take care and gain her mistress first; let the other follow as her companion; your courtship must not be commenced with a

<sup>63</sup> *Pay him in return.*—Ver. 370. This seems to mean, 'I do not think you can make sufficient return for his ardent affection,' referring to the lover. Some of the Commentators think that it signifies a hint from the servant, that as her mistress's husband has offended her by his infidelities, she ought to repay him in his own coin.

<sup>64</sup> *Is of use.*—Ver. 375. This abominable notion seems to have been acted upon by the Poet himself. See the Amores, Book ii. El. viii.

servant-maid. This one thing I advise you (if you only put some trust in my skill, and if the boisterous wind does not bear my words over the seas) : either do not attempt, or else do you persist ; the informer is removed, when once she herself has shared in the criminality. The bird does not easily escape when its wings are bird-limed ; the boar does not readily get away from the loose nets : the wounded fish can be held by the hook it has seized. Once tried, press her hard, and do not retreat, but as the conqueror. Then, guilty of a fault that is common to you both, she will not betray you ; and the sayings and doings of her mistress will be well known to you. But let this be well concealed ; if your informant shall be well concealed, your mistress will ever be under your eye.

He is mistaken who supposes that time is the object of those only who till the fields, and is to be observed by mariners *alone*. Neither must the corn be always trusted to the treacherous soil ; nor the hollow ships at all times to the green waves ; nor is it safe to be ever angling for the charming fair. The same thing may often be better done when an opportunity offers. Whether it is her birthday<sup>65</sup> that comes, or whether the Calends,<sup>66</sup> which Venus delights to have as the successor of *the month of Mars* ; or whether the Circus shall be adorned, not with statues, as it was before, but shall be containing the wealth of kings<sup>67</sup> exposed to view ; delay your project ; then the storm is boisterous, then the Pleiades prevail,<sup>68</sup> then, the tender Kid is sinking in the ocean wave. Then, 'tis well to desist ; then, if one trusts the deep, with difficulty he grasps the shipwrecked fragments of his dismantled bark. You may make a beginning on the day on which tear-

<sup>65</sup> *Her birthday.*]—Ver. 405. See the Amores, Book i. El. viii. l. 94.

<sup>66</sup> *Whether the Calends.*]—Ver. 405. The Matronalia were celebrated on the first day of the Calends of March. It was usual on that day, for husbands to make presents to their wives, and lovers to the objects of their affection. The Calends of March preceded April, which month was sacred to Venus. See the Fasti, Book iii. l. 170.

<sup>67</sup> *The wealth of kings.*]—Ver. 408. It was the custom to bring the spoils of the enemy, or the most curious portions of it, to Rome, where it was exposed to view in the Circus and the Theatres. Ovid tells his readers that they must not think that the ladies can give them any of their leisure on such occasions, as, being so much engaged with the sights, they will have no time for love-making.

<sup>68</sup> *Pleiades prevail.*]—Ver. 409. This is said figuratively.



ful Allia<sup>69</sup> was stained with the blood of the Latian wounds ; on the day, too, when the festival recurs, observed each seventh day by the Syrian of Palestine, *a day* not suited for<sup>70</sup> the transaction of business.

Great must be<sup>71</sup> your dread of the birthday of your mistress, and unlucky be that day on which any present must be made. Though you should cleverly avoid her, still she will spoil you ; a woman finds contrivances, by means of which to plunder the riches of the eager lover. The loosely-clad pedlar<sup>72</sup> will be coming to your mistress, so fond of buying, and while you are by, will be exposing his wares. She will ask you to examine them, *only* that you may appear to be knowing ; then she will give you a kiss, and then entreat you to purchase. She will swear that she will be content with this for many a year ; she will say that now she has need of it, now it may be bought a bargain. If you shall make the excuse that you have not the money at home to give ; a promissory note<sup>73</sup> will be asked for ; it would *then* profit you not to have learned<sup>74</sup> *to write*. Besides, too ; when she asks for a present, as though for the birth-day cake,<sup>75</sup> and is born for her own *pleasure* as often as she pleases. And further ; when, full of tears, she laments

<sup>69</sup> *Tearful Allia.*]—Ver. 413. The 16th of July, the day on which the Romans were defeated by the Gauls at the Allia, was deemed unlucky, and no business was transacted on it.

<sup>70</sup> *A day not suited for.*]—Ver. 415. The Jews are here alluded to, and he refers to their Sabbath. How some Commentators can have dreamed that the feast of the Saturnalia is referred to, it is hard to say.

<sup>71</sup> *Great must be.*]—Ver. 417. The meaning is, 'Be careful not to make your first advances on the birthday of your mistress, as that is the time for making presents, and you will certainly be out of pocket.' See the Amores, Book i. El. viii. l. 94, and the Note.

<sup>72</sup> *The loosely-clad pedlar.*]—Ver. 421. 'Institor' was properly a person who sold wares, and kept a 'taberna' or 'shop' on account of another. Sometimes free persons, but more frequently slaves, were 'institores.'

<sup>73</sup> *A promissory note.*]—Ver. 428. 'Syngraphus,' or 'syngrapha,' was a 'bill' 'bond,' or 'promissory note,' which was most probably the kind of writing that the pedlar would here require. It may possibly mean a cheque upon his bankers, the 'argentarii' of Rome.

<sup>74</sup> *Not to have learned.*]—Ver. 428. The reading here seems to be 'non didicisse juvat.' 'It is not to your advantage that you have learned (to write).' The other reading, 'ne didicisse juvet,' may be rendered, '(perhaps) it may be no advantage that you have learned (to write).'

<sup>75</sup> *Birth day cake.*]—Ver. 429. See the Amores, Book i. El. viii. l. 94.

her pretended loss, and the jewel<sup>76</sup> is feigned to have fallen from her pierced ear. They ask for many a sum to be lent them ; so lent, they have no inclination to return them. You lose *the whole* ; and no thanks are there for your loss. Had I ten mouths, with tongues as many, they would not suffice for me to recount the abominable contrivances of courtesans.

Let the wax that is poured upon the polished tablets *first* try the ford ; let the wax first go as the messenger of your feelings. Let it carry your compliments ; and whoever you are, add expressions that feign you to be in love, and entreaties not a few. Achilles, moved with his entreaties, granted Hector to Priam ; an angered Divinity is moved by the voice of entreaty. Take care to make promises : for what harm is there in promising ? Any person whatever can be rich in promises. Hope, if she is only once cherished, holds out for a long time ; she is, indeed, a deceitful Goddess, but still a convenient one. Should you give her<sup>77</sup> anything, you may for *that* reason be abandoned by her : she will bear off *the gift* by-gone, and will have lost nothing *in return*. But that which you have not given, you may always seem as though about to give ; thus has the sterile field full oft deceived its owner. So the gambler, in order that he may not lose, does not cease to lose ; and the alluring dice *ever* recall the anxious hand. This is the task, this the labour ; to gain her without *even* the first present. What she has *once* given, she will always give, that she may not have granted to no purpose. Let the letter go then, and let it be couched in tender expressions ; and let it ascertain her feelings, and be the first to feel its way. A letter borne upon an apple<sup>78</sup> deceived Cydippe ; and by her own words the fair was unconsciously caught.

Youths of Rome, learn, I recommend you, the liberal arts ; *and* not only that you may defend the trembling accused. Both the public, and the grave judge, and the silent Senate, as well as

<sup>76</sup> *The jewel.*]—Ver. 432. For an account of the earrings of the ancients, see the Notes to the *Metamorphoses*, Book x. l. 116.

<sup>77</sup> *Should you give her.*]—Ver. 447. The meaning of this and the following line is very obscure ; so much so, that Burmann is in doubt on the subject. It, however, seems to be, that it is not discreet, on first acquaintance, to give presents, as the damsel may then have a reason for peremptorily giving you up ; she carries off your gift, and gives no favour in return.

<sup>78</sup> *Upon an apple.*]—Ver. 457. See the twentieth and twenty-first Epistles in the present volume.

the fair, conquered by your eloquence, shall extend their hands.<sup>79</sup> But let your power lie concealed: and do not be eloquent at the first. Let your letters avoid difficult words. Who, but one bereft of sense, would declaim before a charming mistress? Full oft has a letter proved a powerful cause for hatred. Let your language be intelligible, and your words the usual ones; but pleasing, so that you may seem to be speaking in person. Should she not accept your letter, and send it back unread, hope that she will read it, and persist in your design. In time the stubborn oxen come beneath the ploughs: in time the steeds are taught to submit to the flowing reins: by continued use the ring of iron<sup>80</sup> is consumed: by being in the ground continually, the crooked plough is worn out. What is there harder than stone? What more yielding than water? Yet hard stones are hollowed out by yielding water. Only persist, *and* in time you will overcome Penelope herself. You see that Pergamus was taken after a long time; still, it was taken.

If she reads it, and will not write in answer, do not attempt to compel her. Do you only make her to be continually reading your flattering lines. What she has been pleased to read, she will be pleased to answer when read. *All* these things will come in their turn, and by degrees. Perhaps even, at first, a discouraging letter will come to you; and one that entreats you not to wish to molest her. What she entreats you *to do*, she dreads; what she does not entreat you *to do*, *namely*, to persist, she wishes you *to do*. Press on; and soon you will be the gainer of your desires. In the meantime, if she shall be carried lying along upon her couch, do you, as though quite by accident, approach the litter of your mistress; and that no one may give a mischievous ear to your words, cunningly conceal them so far as you can in doubtful signs. If, with sauntering foot, the spacious Portico is paced by her; here, too, do you bestow your leisure in her attendance. And sometimes do you take care to go before; sometimes follow behind; and sometimes be in a hurry, and sometimes walk leisurely. And be not ashamed to pass from the throng under some of the columns,<sup>81</sup>

<sup>79</sup> *Extend their hands.*]—Ver. 462. This figure is taken from the gladiatorial games, where the conquered extended their hands in token of submission.

<sup>80</sup> *Ring of iron.*]—Ver. 473. The rings worn by the lower classes were of iron.

<sup>81</sup> *Under some of the columns.*]—Ver. 495. The learned Heinsius ab-

or to walk with her, side by side. And let her not be seated long without you in the curving Theatre ; in her shoulders she will bring something for you to be spectator of. Her you may gaze upon, her you may admire ; much may you say by your brows, much by your gestures. Clap too, when the actor is dancing<sup>82</sup> in the part of some damsel ; and whatever lover is represented, him applaud. Rise when she rises ; sit as long as she is seated ; employ your time at the caprice of your mistress.

But let it not please you to curl your hair with the irons :<sup>83</sup> and rub not your legs with the rough pumice.<sup>84</sup> Bid those do this,<sup>85</sup> in whose Phrygian notes the Cybeleian Mother is celebrated by their yells. A neglect of beauty becomes men. Theseus bore off the daughter of Minos, *though* his temples were bedecked by no crimping-pin. Phædra loved Hippolytus,<sup>86</sup> and he was not finely trimmed. Adonis, habituated to the woods, was the care of a Goddess. *But* let neatness please you ; let your body be bronzed on the Plain of Mars :<sup>87</sup> let your robe be well-fitting, and without a spot. Let your tongue, too, not be clammy ;<sup>88</sup> your teeth free from yellowness ; and let not

solutely thinks that 'columnas' here means 'mile-stones' ! It is pretty clear that Ovid alludes to the columns of the Portico ; and he seems to say, that the attentive lover, when he sees the damsel at some distance before him, is not to hesitate to escape the crowd by going into the open space outside of the columns, and then running on, for the purpose of overtaking her. See the Tristia, Book iii. El. iii, where he makes mention of the columns in the Portico of the Danaides.

<sup>82</sup> *Actor is dancing.*]—Ver. 501. See the Tristia, Book ii. l. 497.

<sup>83</sup> *With the irons.*]—Ver. 505. See the Amores, Book i. El. xiv. l. 25, and the Note. The effeminate among the Romans were very fond of having their hair in curls.

<sup>84</sup> *With the rough pumice.*]—Ver. 506. Pliny the Elder mentions pumice stone as 'a substance used by women in washing their bodies, and now by men as well.' Persius, in his Fourth Satire, inveighs against this effeminate practice.

<sup>85</sup> *Bid those do this.*]—Ver. 507. He alludes to the Galli, the eunuch priests of Cybelc.

<sup>86</sup> *Hippolytus.*]—Ver. 511. Phædra, in her Epistle, alludes to his neglect of dress, as one of the merits of Hippolytus.

<sup>87</sup> *Plain of Mars.*]—Ver. 513. The Roman youth practised wrestling, and other athletic exercises, on the Campus Martius. Being often stripped naked, or nearly so, the oil, combined with the heat, would tend to bronze the skin.

<sup>88</sup> *Not be clammy.*]—Ver. 515. Probably this is the meaning of 'lin-

your foot wallop about, losing itself in the shoe down at heel. Let not the cutting shockingly disfigure your hair bolt upright; let your locks, let your beard be trimmed by a skilful hand. Let your nails, too, not be jagged, and let them be without dirt; and let no hairs project from the cavities of your nostrils. And let not the breath of your ill-smelling mouth be offensive; and let not the husband and the father of the flock<sup>89</sup> offend the nostrils. The rest, allow the luxurious fair to do; and any man that perchance disgracefully seeks to attract another.

Lo! Bacchus calls his own Poet: he, too, aids those who love; and he encourages the flame with which he burns himself. The Gnosian fair was wandering distractedly on the unknown sands, where little Dia is beaten by the ocean waves. And, just as she was *on awaking* from her sleep,<sup>90</sup> clothed in a loose tunic, with bare feet, and having her yellow hair loose, she was exclaiming to the deaf waves that Theseus was cruel, while the piteous shower of tears was moistening her tender cheeks. She exclaimed, and at the same moment she wept; but both became her, nor was she rendered unsightly by her tears. And now again beating her most beauteous bosom with her hands, she cried—"That perfidious man has gone; what will become of me?" "What will become of me?" she said; *when* cymbals resounded over all the shore, and tambourines were beaten with frantic hand. She dropped down with alarm, and stopped short in her closing words; and no blood was there in her lifeless body. See! the Mimallonian females,<sup>91</sup>

*gua ne rigeat,* although Nisard's French translation has it, 'let your tongue have no roughness.' Dryden's translation is, of course, of no assistance, as it carefully avoids all the difficult passages.

<sup>89</sup> *The father of the flock.*]—Ver. 522. He alludes to the rank smell to the arm-pits, which the Romans called by the name 'hircus,' 'a goat,' from a supposed similarity to the strong smell of that animal.

<sup>90</sup> *Awaking from her sleep.*]—Ver. 529. See the Epistle of Ariadne to Theseus.

<sup>91</sup> *Mimallonian females.*]—Ver. 541. It is a matter of doubt why the Bacchanalian women were called Mimallonides. According to some, they are so called from Mimas, a mountain of Asia Minor, where the rites of Bacchus were celebrated. Suidas says that they are so called, from *μιμησις*, 'imitation,' because they imitated the actions of men. Bochart thinks that the word is of Hebrew origin, and that they receive their name from 'memelleran,' 'garrulous' or 'noisy'; or else from 'mamal,' a 'wine-press.'

with their locks flowing on their backs ; see ! the nimble Satyrs, the throng preceding the God ; see ! Silenus, the drunken old man,<sup>92</sup> on his bending ass, sits there with difficulty, and holds fast by the mane that he presses. While he follows the Bacchanals, the Bacchanals both fly and return : while the unskilful rider is goading on his animal with his stick, slipping from the long-eared ass, he tumbles upon his head. The Satyrs cry aloud, “ Come, rise up ; rise, father ! ” Now, the God, from his chariot, the top of which he had wreathed with grapes, loosened the golden reins for the tigers yoked to it. Both her complexion, and Theseus, and her voice forsook the fair one ; and thrice she attempted flight, and thrice was she detained by fear. She shuddered, just as the barren ears of corn, which the wind shakes ; just as the slender reed quivers in the swampy marsh.

To her the Divinity said, “ Lo ! I come to thee a more constant lover ; damsel of Gnosus, lay aside thy fear, the wife of Bacchus shalt thou be. Receive heaven as my gift : a conspicuous Constellation in the heavens, full oft, Cretan Diadem,<sup>93</sup> shalt thou direct the veering bark.” Thus he said ; and he leapt from the chariot, that she might not be in dread of the tigers ; the sand yielded to his foot placed upon it. And folding her in his bosom he bore her off ; for to struggle she was unable : how easy ’tis for a God to be able to do anything. Some sing “ Hymenæus,” some cry “ Evie, Evoë ! ”<sup>94</sup> Thus are the God and his bride united in holy wedlock.

Therefore, when the gifts of Bacchus placed before you fall to your lot, and the fair one shall be a sharer in the convivial couch ; pray both to father Nyctelius, and his nocturnal rites, that they will bid the wine not to take effect on your head. Here, in secret discourse, you may say to her many a free word, which she may understand is addressed to her ; and you may trace out short compliments with a little wine, so

<sup>92</sup> *Drunken old man.*]—Ver. 543. See the adventure of Silenus, in the beginning of Book xi. of the *Metamorphoses* ; and in the *Fasti*, Book iii. l. 742. He seems to have been always getting into trouble.

<sup>93</sup> *Cretan Diadem.*]—Ver. 558. See the *Fasti*, Book iii. l. 516.

<sup>94</sup> *Evie, Evoë!*]—Ver. 563. In the combat with the Giants, Jupiter is said, when one of them was slain by Bacchus, to have exclaimed *év évé*, ‘ Well done, son : ’ whence the exclamation ‘ Evie ! ’ was said to have originated. See the *Metamorphoses*, Book iv. l. 11 and 15, and the Note.

that she may read on the table<sup>95</sup> that she is your favorite; and look on her eyes with eyes that confess your flame; the silent features often have both words and expression. Take care to be the next to seize the cup that has been touched by her lips; and drink from the side<sup>96</sup> that the fair drinks from. And whatever food she shall have touched with her fingers,<sup>97</sup> do you reach for it; and while you are reaching, her hand may be touched by you. Let it also be your object to please the husband of the fair; *once* made a friend, he will be more serviceable for your designs. If you are drinking by lot,<sup>98</sup> grant him the first turn: let the chaplet, taken from your own head, be presented to him. Whether he is below you, or whether your neighbour, let him help himself to every thing first; and do not hesitate to speak only after he has spoken. Secure and much frequented is the path, for deceiving through the name of friendship. Secure and much frequented though that path be; *still* it is to be condemned. For this cause 'tis that the agent attends even too much<sup>99</sup> to his agency, and thinks that more things ought to be looked after *by him* than those entrusted to him.

A sure rule for drinking shall be given you by me: let

<sup>95</sup> *On the table.*]—Ver. 572. See the Epistle of Paris to Helen; and the Amores, Book i. El. iv. l. 20, and Book ii. El. v. l. 17, and the Notes.

<sup>96</sup> *From the side.*]—Ver. 576. See the Amores, Book i. El. iv. l. 32.

<sup>97</sup> *Touched with her fingers.*]—Ver. 577. The ancients are supposed not to have used at meals any implement such as a knife or fork, but merely to have used the fingers only, except in eating soups or other liquids, or jellies, when they employed spoons, which were denoted by the names 'cochlear' and 'ligula.' At meals the Greeks wiped their fingers on pieces of bread; the Romans washed them with water, and dried them on napkins handed round by the slaves.

<sup>98</sup> *Are drinking by lot.*]—Ver. 581. The 'modimperator,' or 'master of the banquet,' was often chosen by lot by the guests, and it was his province to prescribe how much each person should drink. Lots were also thrown, by means of the dice, to show in what order each person was to drink. This passage will show the falsity of his plea in the Second Book of the Tristia, addressed to Augustus, where he says that it was not his intention to address the married women of Rome, but only those who did not wear the 'vittæ' and the 'instita,' the badges of chastity.

<sup>99</sup> *Agent attends even too much.*]—Ver. 587. His meaning seems to be, that in the same way as the agent does more than attend to the injunctions of his principal, and puts himself in a position to profit by his office, so is the innamorato, through the confidence of the husband reposed in him, to make a profit that has never been anticipated.

both your mind and your feet *ever* observe their duty. Especially avoid quarrels stimulated by wine, and hands too ready for savage warfare. Eurytion<sup>1</sup> met his death from foolishly quaffing the wine set before him. Banquets and wine are rather suited for pleasant mirth. If you have a voice, sing ; if pliant arms, dance ; and by whatever talent you can amuse, amuse. As real drunkenness offends, so feigned *inebriety* will prove of service. Let your deceiving tongue stutter with lipping accents ; so that whatever you shall do or say with more freedom than usual, it may be supposed that excess of wine is the cause. And express all good wishes for your mistress ; all good wishes for him who shares her couch ; but in your silent thoughts pray for curses on her husband. But when, the tables removed, the guests shall be going, (the very crowd will afford you access and room) mix in the throng : and quietly stealing up<sup>2</sup> to her as she walks, twitch her side with your fingers ; and touch her foot with your foot.

Now is the time come for some conversation : fly afar hence, coy bashfulness, let Chance and Venus befriend the daring. Let your eloquence not be subject to any laws of mine ; only make a beginning, of your own accord you will prove fluent. You must act the lover, and wounds must be feigned in your words. Hence let confidence be sought by you, by means of any contrivances whatever. And 'tis no hard matter to be believed ; each woman seems to herself worthy to be loved. Though she be ugly in the extreme, to no one are her own looks displeasing. Yet often, he that pretends to love, begins in reality : full oft he becomes that which in the beginning he feigned to be. For this cause, the rather, O ye fair, be propitious to those who pretend. That passion will become real, which so lately was feigned.

Now be it your part stealthily to captivate her affection by attentions ; just as the shelving bank is encroached on by the flowing stream. Be not tired of praising either her face or her hair ; her taper fingers too, and her small foot. The praise of their beauty pleases even the chaste ; their charms are the care and the pleasure of *even* maidens. For, why, even now, are

<sup>1</sup> *Eurytion.*]—Ver. 593. At the nuptials of Pirithöus and Hippodamia. See the *Metamorphoses*, Book xii. l. 220, where he is called Eurytus.

<sup>2</sup> *Stealing up.*]—Ver. 605. This piece of impudence he professes to practise in the *Amores*, Book i. El. iv. l. 56.



Juno and Pallas ashamed at not having gained the decision in the Phrygian groves? The bird of Juno<sup>3</sup> exposes her feathers, when praised; if you look at them in silence, she conceals her treasures. Amid the contests of the rapid course, their trimmed manes, and their patted necks, delight the steeds.

Promise, too, without hesitation: promises attract the fair: make any Gods you please to be witnesses of what you promise. Jupiter, from on high, smiles at the perjuries of lovers, and commands the Æolian South winds to sweep them away as worthless. Jupiter was accustomed to swear falsely to Juno by the Styx: now is he himself indulgent to his own precedent. 'Tis expedient that there should be Gods;<sup>4</sup> and as it is expedient, let us believe them to exist. Let frankincense and wine be presented on their ancient altars. No repose, free from care and similar to sleep, possesses them; live in innocence, for a Divinity is *ever* present. Restore the pledge; let piety observe her duties; be there no fraud; keep your hands free from bloodshed.

Deceive, if you are wise, the fair alone with impunity; for this one piece of deceit *only* is good faith to be disregarded. Deceive the deceivers; in a great measure they are *all* a guilty race; let them fall into the toils which they have spread. Egypt is said to have been without showers that refresh the fields: and to have been parched during nine years. When Thrasius went to Busiris,<sup>5</sup> and showed that Jupiter could be propitiated by shedding the blood of strangers; to him Busiris said, "Thou shalt become the first sacrifice to Jove, and, a stranger, thou shalt produce rain for Egypt." Phalaris, too, burnt in the bull the limbs of the cruel Perillus; the unhappy inventor was the first to make proof of his work.

<sup>3</sup> *Bird of Juno.*]—Ver. 627. This fact, in natural history, was probably known only to Ovid, or the peacocks of the present day may be less vain than the Roman ones. See the *Metamorphoses*, Book i. l. 723.

<sup>4</sup> *That there should be Gods.*]—Ver. 637. This was the avowed opinion of some of the philosophers and atheists of antiquity. We learn from Tertullian that Diogenes, being asked if the Gods exist, answered that he did not know anything about it, but that they ought to exist. The doctrine of the Epicureans was, that the Gods lived a happy and easy life, were not susceptible of anger, and did not trouble themselves about men.

<sup>5</sup> *Went to Busiris.*]—Ver. 649. See the *Tristia*, Book iii. El. xi. l. 39, where the story of Phalaris is also referred to. Thrasius was the brother of Pygmalion, and was justly punished by Busiris for his cruel suggestion.

Each of them was just ; and, indeed, no law is there more righteous, than that the contrivers of death should perish by their own contrivances. Therefore, since perjuries with justice impose upon the perjured, let woman grieve, deceived through a precedent her own.

Tears, too, are of utility : by tears you will move adamant. Make her, if you can, to see your moistened cheeks. If tears shall fail you, for indeed they do not always come in time, touch your eyes with your wet hand. What discreet person would not mingle kisses with tender words ? Though she should not grant them ; still take them ungranted. Perhaps she will struggle at first, and will say, “ You naughty man ! ” still, in her struggling, she will wish to be overcome. Only, let them not, rudely snatched, hurt her tender lips, and take care that she may not be able to complain that they have proved a cause of pain. He who has gained kisses, if he cannot gain the rest as well, will deserve to lose even that which has been granted him. How much is there wanting for unlimited enjoyment after a kiss ! Oh shocking ! ’twere downright clownishness, and not modesty. Call it violence, if you like ; such violence is pleasing to the fair ; they often wish, through compulsion, to grant what they are delighted to grant. Whatever fair one has been despoiled by the sudden violence of passion, she is delighted at it ; and the chief is as good as a godsend. But she, who, when she might have been carried by storm, has escaped untouched, though, in her features, she should pretend gladness, will really be sorry. Phœbe suffered <sup>6</sup> violence ; to her sister was violence offered ; and pleasing was either ravisher to the ravished. The damsel of Scyros being united to the Hæmonian hero, is a well-known story indeed, but not unworthy to be related.

Now, the Goddess, worthy to conquer the *other* two at the foot of mount Ida, had given her reward of the approval of her beauty. Now, from a distant region, had a daughter-in-law come to Priam : and within Ilian walls there was a Grecian wife. All swore in the words of the affronted husband ; for the grief of one was the common cause. A disgraceful thing, had he not yielded in this to the entreaties of his mother, Achilles had concealed his manhood by the long garments. What art thou doing, descendant of Æacus ? The

<sup>6</sup> *Phœbe suffered.*]—Ver. 679. See the story of the rape of Phœbe and Elaira, by Castor and Pollux, in the *Fasti*, Book v. l. 699.

wool is no task of thine. Do thou seek glory by other arts of Pallas. What hast thou to do with work-baskets?<sup>7</sup> Thy hand is fitted for holding the shield. Why hold the allotted flax in thy right hand, by which Hector shall fall? Spurn those spindles enwrapped in the laborious warp; the lance from Pelion is to be brandished by that hand. By chance in the same chamber there was a royal maiden; in her own undoing she found that he was a male. By force, indeed, was she overcome, so we must believe: but still, by force was she willing to be overcome. Many a time did she say, "Stay," when now Achilles was hastening *to depart*; for, the distaff laid aside, he had assumed valiant arms. Where now is this violence? Why, with gentle voice, Deidamia, dost thou detain the perpetrator of thy disgrace? As, forsooth, there is shame in first beginning at any time, so 'tis pleasing *to the fair* to submit, when the other takes the initiative.

Alas! too great is the confidence of any youth in his own good looks, if he awaits for her to be the first to ask him. Let the man make the first approaches; let the man use words of entreaty; she will kindly receive his soft entreaties. To gain *your wish*, ask; she only wishes to be asked. Tell her the cause and the origin of your desires. Jupiter came as a suppliant to the Heroines of olden times;<sup>8</sup> no fair one found fault with great Jove. But if you perceive puffed-up vanity to be the result of your prayers, desist from your design, and withhold your advances. Many desire that which flies from them, *and* hate that which is close at hand. By pressing on less eagerly, remove *all* weariness of yourself. Nor must your hope of enjoyment be always confessed by you as you entreat; let Love make his entrance concealed beneath the name of friendship. By this introduction, I have seen the prudish fair deceived; he who was the friend, became the lover. A fair complexion is unbecoming in a sailor; he ought to be swarthy, from the spray of the sea and the rays of the sun. It is unbecoming, too, to the husbandman, who, with his crooked plough and his heavy harrows, is always turning up the ground in the open air. And if your body

<sup>7</sup> *Work-baskets.*]—Ver. 693. See the Note to the seventy-third line of the Ninth Epistle.

<sup>8</sup> *Heroines of olden times.*]—Ver. 713. Such as Danaë, Europa, Semele, Alcmena, Io, Calisto, Antiope, Maia, Electra, and others.

is fair, you, by whom the glory of the chaplet of Pallas<sup>9</sup> is sought, you will be unsightly.

Let every one that is in love be pale ; that is the proper complexion for one in love. That is becoming ; from your features, let *the fair* think that you are not in good health. Pale *with love* for Lyrice,<sup>10</sup> did Orion wander in the woods ; pale for the Naiäd, in her indifference, was Daphnis.<sup>11</sup> Thinness, too, shows the feelings ; and think it no disgrace to put a hood over your shining looks. Let sleepless nights attenuate the bodies of the youths ; care, too, and the grief that proceeds from violent love. That you may gain your desires, be wretched, that he who sees you may be able to say, “ You are in love.”

Shall I complain, or *only* remind you how all right and wrong is confused ? Friendship is *but* a name, constancy an empty title. Alas ! alas ! it is not safe to praise the object that you love to your friend. When he has credited your praises, he supplants you. But the descendant of Actor did not defile the couch of Achilles ; so far as Pirithöus was concerned, Phædra was chaste. Pylades<sup>12</sup> loved Hermione, *with the affection* with which Phœbus loved Pallas ; and he was such, daughter of Tyndarus, as thy twin brother Castor was towards thee. If any one expects the same, let him expect that the tamarisks will bear apples, and let him look for honey in the middle of the stream. Nothing pleases but what is base ; his own gratification is the object of each. This, too, becomes pleasant from the sorrow of another. Oh disgraceful conduct ! no enemy is to be dreaded by the lover. Shun those whom you think trustworthy ; *then* you will be safe. Shun your kinsman, and your brother, and your dear friend ; this class will cause you real alarm.

I was *here* about to conclude ; but there are various dispositions in the fair ; treat these thousand dispositions in a thousand *different* ways. The same soil does not produce

<sup>9</sup> *Chaplet of Pallas.*]—Ver. 727. A crown of olive was presented to the victors in the athletic exercises at the Olympic games.

<sup>10</sup> *Love for Lyrice* ]—Ver. 731. If Lyrice here is a female name, it is not known who she was.

<sup>11</sup> *Daphnis.*]—Ver. 732. He was a Sicilian, the son of Mercury, and the inventor of Bucolic poetry.

<sup>12</sup> *Pylades.*]—Ver. 745. Hermione was the wife of Orestes, the friend of Pylades.

everything; one suits the vine, another the olive; in this, corn springs up vigorously. There are as many characters in these *various* dispositions, as there are forms in the world; the man that is wise, will adapt himself to these innumerable characters. And as at one moment Proteus will make himself flow in running water; *and* now will be a lion, now a tree, now a shaggy goat. These fish are taken with a dart,<sup>13</sup> those with hooks; these the encircling nets draw up, the rope being extended. And let no one method be adopted by you for all years. The aged hind will espy from a greater distance your contrivances. Should you seem learned to the ignorant, or forward to the bashful, she will at once distrust herself, *now* apprehensive. Thence it happens, that she who has dreaded to trust herself to the well-bred man, *often* falls into the embrace of some worthless inferior.

A part remains of the task which I have undertaken, a part is completed; here let the anchor, thrown out, hold fast my bark.

<sup>13</sup> *With a dart.*]—Ver. 763. It appears by this, that it was the custom to take fish by striking them with a javelin. Salmon are sometimes caught in a similar manner at the present day.

## BOOK THE SECOND.

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SING, "Io Pæan;"<sup>1</sup> and "Io Pæan" twice sing; the prey that was sought has fallen into our toils. Let the joyous lover present my lines with the verdant palm; to *Hesiod* the Ascræan and to *Homer* the Mæonian old man shall I be preferred. Such did the stranger son of Priam set his whitening sails from the armed Amyclæ,<sup>2</sup> together with the ravished wife. Such was he who bore thee, Hippodamia, in his victorious chariot, carried by the wheels of the stranger. Why hasten *then*, young man? Thy ship is sailing in the midst of the waves; and far distant is the harbour for which I make. It is not enough, me your Poet, for the fair to be gained by you. Through my skill has she been acquired; through my skill must she be retained. 'Tis no less merit to keep what is acquired, than to gain it. In the former there is *some* chance; in the latter will be a work of art.

Now, if ever, Boy *Cupid* and Cytherea, be propitious to me: now, Erato;<sup>3</sup> for thou hast a name from Love. Great attempts do I contemplate; to tell by what means Love can be arrested, the Boy that wanders over the world so wide. He is both inconstant, and he has two wings with which to fly. 'Tis an arduous task to impose laws on these.

Minos had obstructed all means of escape to the stranger. He discovered a bold path<sup>4</sup> with his wings. When Dædalus

<sup>1</sup> *Sing, 'Io Pæan.'*]—Ver. 1. This was the usual cry of the hunters, who thus addressed Apollo, the God of the chase, when the prey had been captured in the toils. See the *Metamorphoses*, Book iv. l. 513.

<sup>2</sup> *Amyclæ.*]—Ver. 5. A town of Laconia. See the *Metamorphoses*, Book x. l. 219, and the Note.

<sup>3</sup> *Erato.*]—Ver. 16. He addresses himself to this Muse, as her name was derived from the Greek ἔρως, 'love.' It has been suggested that he had another reason for addressing her, as she was thought to take pleasure in warfare, a state which sometimes, by way of variety, exists between lovers.

<sup>4</sup> *A bold path.*]—Ver. 22. This story is again related in the Eighth Book of the *Metamorphoses*.

had enclosed the man half-bull, and the bull half-man, that was conceived in the criminality of his mother ; he said, “Most just Minos, let there be a termination of my exile ; *and* let my paternal land receive my ashes. And since, harassed by the cruel Destinies, I cannot live in my country, let me be enabled to die. If the merits of an old man are *but* small, grant a return to *this* boy ; if thou art unwilling to favour the boy, *then* favour the old man.” This he said : but both this and many more things he might have said ; the other did not permit a return to the hero. Soon as he saw this, he said, “Now, O now, Dædalus, thou hast a subject, upon which thou mayst prove ingenious. Lo ! Minos possesses the land, and he possesses the ocean ; neither earth nor water is open for our escape ; there remains a path through the heavens ; through the heavens will we attempt to go. Jupiter on high, grant pardon to my design. I do not aim to reach the starry abodes ; there is no way but this one, by which I may escape the tyrant. Should a road through Styx be granted ; *then* we will swim through the Stygian waves ; let the laws of nature be changed by me.” Misfortunes often sharpen the genius ; who could have ever believed, that a mortal could attempt the paths of the air ?

He arranges swift feathers in order, *like oars*,<sup>5</sup> and connects the light work with fastenings of thread ; the lower part, too, is bound together with wax, melted by the fire ; and now the work of the new contrivance is finished. The smiling boy handles both the wax and the feathers, not knowing that these instruments are prepared for his own shoulders. To him his father says : “With these ships must we reach our native land ; by these means must we escape from Minos. The air Minos could not, all else he has, shut *against us*. Cleave the air, which *still* thou mayst, with *these* my inventions. But neither the virgin of Tegeæa, nor the sword-bearing Orion,<sup>6</sup> the companion of Boötes, will have to be beheld by thee. Follow me with the wings given *to thee* : I will go before on the way. Be it thy care to follow ; me thy

<sup>5</sup> *Like oars.*]—Ver. 45. He aptly compares the arrangement of the main feathers of a wing to a row of oars.

<sup>6</sup> *Orion.*]—Ver. 56. So in the *Metamorphoses*, Book v. l. 206, he says to his son Icarus, ‘Fly between both : and I bid thee neither to look at Boötes, nor Helice, nor the drawn sword of Orion.’

leader, thou wilt be safe. But if we shall go through the air of the heavens, the sun close to us, the wax will not be able to endure the heat. If we shall wave our wings below, the sea near to us, the fluttering feathers will be wet with the ocean spray. Fly between them both; dread, too, the winds, my son; and whichever way the breezes shall blow, set thy prospering sails."

While he *thus* advises; he fits his work on to the boy, and shows how it is to be moved; just as their mother teaches the helpless birds. Then he places upon his shoulders the wings made for himself; and with timidity he poises his body along this new track. And now about to fly, he gives kisses to his little son; and the cheeks of the father do not withhold their tears. There is a hill, less than a mountain, more lofty than the level plain; hence are their two bodies entrusted to their mournful flight. Dædalus both moves his own wings himself, and looks back on those of his son; and he ever keeps on his own course. And now *this* unusual path delights him, and, fear laid aside, Icarus flies more courageously with emboldened skill. A person sees them, while he is angling<sup>7</sup> for fish with his quivering rod, and his right hand desists from the work he has commenced. Now Samos and Naxos had been left behind, on the left hand, and Paros, and Delos beloved by the Clarian God.<sup>8</sup> Lebynthos was to the right, and Calymne<sup>9</sup> shaded with its woods, and Astypalæa,<sup>10</sup> surrounded with its fishy shallows; when the boy, too venturesome in his inconsiderate daring, took a higher flight, and forsook his guide.

The fastenings give way; and the wax melts, the Divinity being *so* near; and his arms, when moved, no *longer* catch the light breeze. Alarmed, he looks down upon the sea from the lofty heavens; darkness, arising from trembling apprehension, comes over his eyes. The wax has *now* melted; he waves his bare arms, and he trembles, and has no means

<sup>7</sup> *Is angling.*—Ver. 77. There is a similar passage in the *Metamorphoses*, l. 216.

<sup>8</sup> *The Clarian God.*—Ver. 80. See the *Fasti*, Book i. l. 20, and the Note.

<sup>9</sup> *And Calymne.*—Ver. 81. These places are mentioned in the corresponding passage in the *Metamorphoses*, Book viii. l. 222.

<sup>10</sup> *Astypalæa.*—Ver. 82. This was an isle in the group of the Sporades, between Crete and the Cyclades. It contained but one city, and was long and narrow, and of rugged appearance.



whereby to be supported. Downward he falls ; and as he falls, he cries, " Father ! O father ! I am undone ! " As he spoke, the azure waves closed his mouth. But the unhappy father, a father now no longer, cried aloud, " Icarus, where art thou ? Or under what *part of the sky* dost thou fly ? " " Icarus, " *again* he cried aloud ; his feathers he beheld in the waves. The dry land covers his bones ; the sea retains his name.

Minos could not restrain the wings of a mortal ; I myself am attempting to arrest a winged Divinity. If any one has recourse to the Hæmonian arts, and gives that which he has torn from the forehead of the young horse,<sup>11</sup> he is mistaken. The herbs of Medea will not cause love to endure ; nor yet the Marsian spells<sup>12</sup> mingled with the magic notes. The Phasian damsel would have retained the son of Æson, Circe Ulysses, if love could only have been preserved through incantations. Philtres, too, causing paleness,<sup>13</sup> are of no use when administered to the fair. Philtres injure the intellect, and have a maddening effect. Afar be all criminal attempts ; to be loved, be worthy to be loved ; *a property* which comeliness, or beauty alone, will not confer upon you. Though you should be Nireus,<sup>14</sup> bepraised by ancient Homer, and the charming Hylas,<sup>15</sup> carried off by the criminality of the Naiäds ; that you may retain your mistress, and not have to wonder that you are deserted, add the endowments of the mind to the advantages of the person. Beauty is a fleeting advantage ; and the more it increases in years, the less it becomes, and, itself, is consumed by length of time.

Neither the violets nor the opening lilies bloom for ever ; and, the roses lost, the thorny bush is prickly left behind. And, handsome man, soon shall come to you the hoary locks ; soon shall come the wrinkles, to furrow your body over. Now form a disposition which may be lasting, and add it to your

<sup>11</sup> *The young horse.*]—Ver. 100. See the Amores, Book i. El. viii. l. 8, and the Note.

<sup>12</sup> *The Marsian spells.*]—Ver. 102. The 'nænia' was a mournful dirge or chaunt uttered by the sorcerer in his incantations. On the Marsi, see the Sixth Book of the Fasti, l. 142, and the Note to the passage.

<sup>13</sup> *Causing paleness.*]—Ver. 105. Philtres were noxious potions, made of venomous or stimulating ingredients, prescribed as a means of gaining the affections of the person to whom they were administered.

<sup>14</sup> *Nireus.*]—Ver. 109. See the Pontic Epistles, Book iv. Ep. xiii. l. 16, and the Note to the passage.

<sup>15</sup> *Charming Hylas.*]—Ver. 110. See the Tristia, Book ii. l. 406.

beauty; that alone endures to the closing pile. And be it no light care to cultivate the mind with the liberal arts, and to learn thoroughly the two languages, *the Latin and the Greek*. Ulysses was not handsome, but he was fluent; and yet with love he racked the ocean Goddesses.<sup>16</sup> Ah! how oft did Calypso grieve at his hastening to depart, and declare that the waves were not favorable to his oars! Again and again did she enquire into the catastrophe of Troy. Often in another manner was he wont to repeat the same thing. On the shore they were standing; even there did the beautiful Calypso enquire about the blood-stained death of the Odrysian chief.

With a little stick, for by chance he was holding a stick, he depicted on the firm shore the subject on which she was enquiring. "This is Troy," said he; *and* the walls he drew on the shore; "This must be Simois for thee, *and* suppose these to be my tents. There was a plain," *and here* he drew the plain, "which we moistened with the blood of Dolon,<sup>17</sup> while, as a spy, he was longing for the Hæmonian horses.<sup>18</sup> There were the tents of the Sithonian Rhesus; in this direction was I borne back again by the captured steeds." And many other things was he depicting, when the waves suddenly carried off both Pergamus and the tents of Rhesus together with their chief. Then the Goddess said, "Dost thou behold how famous names these waves have swept away, which thou dost trust will be favorable to thee about to depart?"

Come then, with hesitation, feel confidence in beauty so deceiving, whoever you are; or else possess something of more value than comeliness. A befitting courtesy especially enlists the feelings; rudeness and harsh language promote hatred. We dislike the hawk, because it is always living in warfare; the wolves too, that are wont to rush upon the startled flocks. But the swallow, because it is gentle, is exempt from the snares of men; and the Chaonian bird<sup>19</sup> has the turrets for it to inhabit.

<sup>16</sup> *Ocean Goddesses.*—Ver. 124. Calypso was really the only sea Goddess that was enamoured of Ulysses. Circe was not a sea Goddess.

<sup>17</sup> *Blood of Dolon.*—Ver. 135. See the *Metamorphoses*, Book xiii. line 244.

<sup>18</sup> *Hæmonian horses.*—Ver. 136. The steeds of Achilles.

<sup>19</sup> *The Chaonian bird.*—Ver. 150. Chaonia was a district of Epirus, said to have been so called from Chaon, a Trojan. Dodona was in Epirus, and in its forests were said to be doves that had the gift of prophecy. See the *Translation of the Metamorphoses*, pp. 467-8.

Afar be all strife and contentions of the abusive tongue ; with sweet words must gentle love be cherished. With strife let both wives persecute their husbands, and husbands their wives ; and, each in their turn, let them ever be thinking that they must resort to law.<sup>20</sup> This is the part of wives ; strife is the dowry of the wife. Let the mistress ever hear the accents that she longs for. At the bidding of no law have you come to live together ; in your case 'tis love that performs the duties of the law. Bring soft caresses, and words that delight the ear, that she may *ever* be joyous at your approach.

I do not come as the instructor of the wealthy in Love ; he who makes presents has no need of my experience. He who says, whenever he pleases, "Accept this," has a genius of his own. *To him* do I yield : he has greater attractions than have *any* discoveries of mine. I am the instructor of the poor, because, as a poor man, I have been in love. When I could not give presents, I gave verses.<sup>21</sup> Let the poor man love with caution, let the poor man stand in fear of bad language, and let him put up with many a thing, not to be endured by the rich. I remember that *once*, when in a rage, I disarranged the hair of my mistress ; of how many a day did that anger deprive me ! I do not think I did, and I did not see that I had, torn her tunic, but she said so, and at my cost it was replaced. But you who are wise, avoid the errors of your instructor ; and stand in awe of the punishment of my transgressions.

Let battles be with the Parthians, *but* be there peace with your refined mistress ; mirth too, and whatever *besides* contains a reason for love. If she is not sufficiently kind or affable to you her lover ; have patience, and bear it ; after a time she will be softened. By giving way the supple branch is bent from the tree ; if you make trial of your strength, you break it. By giving way the waves are swam across ; but you cannot overcome the stream if you swim against *the flood* which the tide carries down. 'Tis yielding that subdues the tigers and the Numidian lions. By degrees *only* does the bull submit to the rustic plough. What was there more coy

<sup>20</sup> *Resort to law.*]—Ver. 151. He means to say 'let man and wife be always thinking about resorting to law to procure a divorce.'

<sup>21</sup> *I gave verses.*]—Ver. 166. He intends a pun here. 'Verba dare' is 'to deceive,' but literally it means 'to give words.' See the Amores, Book i. El. viii. l. 57.

than Atalanta of Nonacris?<sup>22</sup> Yet, untamed as she was, she yielded to the deserving qualities of a man. They say that many a time, beneath the trees, Milanion wept at his mishaps, and the unkind conduct of the fair one. Full oft on his neck, as ordered, did he bear the treacherous toils; full oft with his cruel spear did he transfix the savage boars. Wounded, too, he experienced the stretched bow of Hylæus;<sup>23</sup> but yet there was another bow still more felt than this.

I do not bid you, in arms, to climb the woods of Mænalus, and I do not bid you to carry the toils upon your neck. Nor yet do I bid you to expose your breast to the discharged arrows. The requirements of my skill will be *but* light to the careful man. Yield to her when opposing; by yielding, you will come off victorious. Only take care to perform the part which she shall bid you. *What* she blames, do you blame; whatever she approves, do you approve; what she says, do you say; what she denies, do you deny. Does she smile, do you smile; if she weeps, do you remember to weep. Let her prescribe the law for the regulation of your features. If she plays, and throws the ivory cubes<sup>24</sup> with her hand, do you throw unsuccessfully, do you make bad moves<sup>25</sup> to the throws; or if you are throwing<sup>26</sup> the dice, let not the penalty attend upon her losing;

<sup>22</sup> *Atalanta of Nonacris.*—Ver. 185. See the Amores, Book iii. El. ii. l. 29, and the Note.

<sup>23</sup> *Bow of Hylæus.*—Ver. 191. Hylæus and Rhæcus were Centaurs, who were pierced by Atalanta with her arrows, for making an attempt on her chastity. He alludes to the bow of Cupid in the next line.

<sup>24</sup> *The ivory cubes.*—Ver. 203. He alludes to throws of the 'tali' and 'tesseræ,' which were different kinds of dice. See the Note to l. 471 of the Second Book of the Tristia. In this line he seems to mean the 'tesseræ,' which were similar to our dice, while the 'tali,' which he next mentions, had only four flat surfaces, being made in imitation of the knuckle-bones of animals, and having two sides uneven and rounded. The dice were thrown on a table, made for the purpose, with an elevated rim. Some throws, like our doublets, are supposed to have counted for more than the number turned up. The most fortunate throw was called 'Venus,' or 'Venerus jactus'; it is thought to have consisted of a combination, making fourteen, the dice presenting different numbers. Games with dice were not sanctioned by law as a pastime during meals.

<sup>25</sup> *Make bad moves.*—Ver. 204. 'Dare jacta' means 'to move the throws,' in allusion to the game of 'duodecim scripta,' or 'twelve points,' which was played with counters moved according to the throws of the dice, probably in a manner not unlike our game of backgammon. The board was marked with twelve lines, on which the pieces moved.

<sup>26</sup> *Or if you are throwing.*—Ver. 205. By the use of the word 'seu,'

take care that losing throws often befall yourself. If your piece is moving at *the game* that imitates<sup>27</sup> the tactics of war, take care that your man falls before his enemy of glass. Do you yourself hold the screen<sup>28</sup> stretched out by its ribs; do you make room in the crowd the way that she is going. And do not delay to place the footstool before the tasteful couch;<sup>29</sup> and take off or put on the sandals for her delicate feet. Often, too, must the hand of your mistress, when cold, be made warm in your bosom, though you yourself should shiver *in consequence*. And think it no disgrace (although it should be a disgrace to you, *still* it will give pleasure), to hold the looking-glass<sup>30</sup> with the hand of a free-born man.

He who, by killing the monsters of his wearied step-mother,

'or,' we must suppose that he has, under the word 'numeri,' alluded to the game with the 'tesseræ,' or six-sided dice.

<sup>27</sup> *The game that imitates.*]—Ver. 207. He here alludes to the 'ludus latrunculorum,' literally 'the game of theft,' which is supposed to have been somewhat similar to our chess. He refers to its name in the words, 'latrocinii sub imagine.' The game was supposed to imitate the furtive stratagems of warfare: hence the men, which were usually styled 'calculi,' were also called by the name of 'latrones,' 'latrunculi,' 'milites,' 'bellatores,' 'thieves,' 'little thieves,' 'soldiers,' 'warriors.' As we see by the next line, they were usually made of glass, though sometimes more costly materials were employed. The skill of this game consisted either in taking the pieces of the adversary, or rendering them unable to move. The first was done when the adversary's piece was brought by the other between two of his own. See the *Tristia*, Book ii. l. 477. The second took place when the pieces were 'ligati,' or 'ad incitas redacti,' brought upon the last line and unable to move. White and red are supposed to have been the colour of the men. This game was much played by the Roman ladies and nobles.

<sup>28</sup> *Hold the screen.*]—Ver. 209. The ancients used 'umbracula,' or screens against the weather (resembling our umbrellas), which the Greeks called σκιάδα. They were used generally for the same purposes as our parasols, a protection against the heat of the sun. They seem not to have been in general carried by the ladies themselves, but by female slaves, who held them over their mistresses. See the *Fasti*, Book ii. l. 209. These screens, or umbrellas, were much used by the Roman ladies in the amphitheatre, to protect them from sun and rain, when the 'velarium,' or awning, was not extended.

<sup>29</sup> *Tasteful couch.*]—Ver. 211. This was probably the 'triclinium' on which they reposed at meals. The shoes were taken off before reclining on it. Female slaves did this office for the ladies, and males for the men.

<sup>30</sup> *Looking-glass.*]—Ver. 216. These were generally held by female slaves, when used by their mistresses. See the *Metamorphoses*, Book iv. l. 349, and the Note.

earned those heavens which before he had supported, is believed, amid the Ionian girls, to have held the work-basket,<sup>31</sup> and to have wrought the rough wool. The Tiryinthian hero was obedient to the commands of his mistress. Go then, and hesitate to endure what he submitted to. When bidden to come to the Forum, take care always to be there before the appointed time ; and do not go away until a late hour. Does she appoint to meet you at any place ; put off everything *else* : run *quickly*, and let not the crowd stop your purposed route. Is she returning home at night, after having been at a feast ; then, too, if she calls, come to her as though a servant.<sup>32</sup> If you are in the country and she says, "Come," (love hates the tardy) if a vehicle<sup>33</sup> is not at hand, go your journey on foot. Let neither bad weather nor the parching Dog-star detain you, nor the road made white with the snow that lies there.

Love is a kind of warfare ; cowards, avaunt ! These are not the standards to be defended by timid men. In this tender warfare, night, and wintry storms, and long journies, and cruel pain, and every kind of toil, have their part. Many a time will you have to endure the rain pouring from the clouds of heaven ; cold and on the bare ground full oft will you lie. Cynthius<sup>34</sup> is said to have fed the cows of Admetus of Pheræ, and to have lived in an humble cottage. What was becoming to Phœbus, to whom is it not becoming ? Away with *all* conceit, whoever you are, who have a care for a lasting passion. If access is denied you by a safe and smooth path ; and if her door shall be fastened by the bar put up ; then, do you slip straight down through the open roof :<sup>35</sup> let the high win-

<sup>31</sup> *Held the work-basket.*]—Ver. 219. Hercules, who killed the serpents sent by Juno, is reproached for doing this, by Deianira in her Epistle.

<sup>32</sup> *As though a servant.*]—Ver. 228. He is to be ready, if his mistress goes to a party, to act the part of the slave, who was called 'adversitor,' whose duty it was to escort his master home in the evening, if it was dark, with a lighted torch.

<sup>33</sup> *A vehicle.*]—Ver. 230. 'Rota,' a wheel, is, by Synecdoche, used to signify 'a vehicle.'

<sup>34</sup> *Cynthius.*]—Ver. 240. See the Note to line 51, of the Epistle from Cœnone to Paris.

<sup>35</sup> *Through the open roof.*]—Ver. 245. He gives a somewhat hazardous piece of advice here ; as he instructs him to obtain admission by climbing up the wall, and getting in at the skylight, which extended over the

dow,<sup>36</sup> too, present a secret passage. She will be pleased when she knows that she has proved the cause of risk to you. This will be to your mistress a pledge of your unvarying love. Full oft, Leander, couldst thou have done without thy mistress; that she might know thy passion, thou didst swim across.

And be not ashamed to make her handmaids, as each one is superior in rank, nor yet her male servants, *entirely* your own. Salute them each by name, there will be nothing thrown away: press their humble hands, proud *lover*, with your own. Moreover, (the expense is but trifling) give to the servant who asks, some little present from your means. Make a *present*, too, to the handmaid, on the day on which<sup>37</sup> the Gallic army, deceived by the garments of the matrons, received retribution. Follow my advice, *and* make the lower classes<sup>38</sup> your own; in that *number* let there always be the porter, and him who lies before the door of her chamber. And I do not bid you present to your mistress any costly gift; give her moderate ones, but, in your discrimination, well selected from

'atrium,' or 'court,' a room which occupied the middle of the house. The Roman houses had, in general, but one story over the ground-floor.

<sup>36</sup> *The high window.*]—Ver. 246. This passage may be illustrated by the Note to l. 752 of Book xiv. of the *Metamorphoses*.

<sup>37</sup> *Day on which.*]—Ver. 257. He alluded to a festival celebrated by the servants, on the Caprotine Nones, the seventh of July, when they sacrificed to 'Juno Caprotina.' Macrobius says that the servants sacrificed to Juno under a wild fig-tree (called 'caprificus'), in memory of the service done by the female slaves, in exposing themselves to the lust of the enemy, for the public welfare. The Gauls being driven from the city, the neighbouring nations chose the Dictator of the Fidenates for their chief, and, marching to Rome, demanded of the Senate, that if they would save their city, they should send out to them their wives and daughters. The Senate, knowing their own weakness, were much perplexed, when a handmaid, named 'Tutela,' or 'Philotis,' offered, with some others, to go out to the enemy in disguise. Being, accordingly, dressed like free women, they repaired in tears to the camp of the enemy. They soon induced their new acquaintances to drink, on the pretence that they were bound to consider the day as a festival; and when intoxicated, a signal was given from a fig-tree near, that the Romans should fall on them. The camp of the enemy was assailed, and most of them were slain. In return for their service, the female slaves were made free, and received marriage portions at the public expense. Another account, agreeing with the present passage, says, that the Gauls were the enemy who made the demand, and that Retana was the name of the female slave.

<sup>38</sup> *The lower classes.*]—Ver. 259. Witness his own appeals in the *Amores* to Napè, Cypassis, Bagoüs, and the porter.

those that are moderate. While the country is abundantly rich *in produce*, while the branches are bending beneath their load, let the boy bring your gifts from the country in his basket. You may say that they have been sent by you from your suburban retreat, although they may have been bought even in the Sacred Street.<sup>39</sup> Let him carry either grapes, or what Amaryllis was so fond of;<sup>40</sup> but, at the present day, she is fond of chesnuts no longer. And, besides, both with a thrush and a pigeon,<sup>41</sup> sent *as a present*, you may show how attentive you are to your mistress. By these means<sup>42</sup> are the expectations of death, and solitary old age, disgracefully made matter of purchase. Oh! may they perish through whom gifts promote criminal objects!

Why should I recommend you to send tender lines as well? Alas! poetry does not<sup>43</sup> gain much honour. Verses are praised: but 'tis costly gifts that are sought. If he is only rich,<sup>44</sup> a very barbarian is pleasing. Truly is this the golden age; the greatest honours accrue through gold; love is purchased with gold. Though thou thyself, Homer, shouldst come, attended by the Muses; if thou shouldst bring nothing *with thee*, thou wouldst be turned out of doors.

And yet there are the learned fair, a very limited number; another set are not learned, but they wish to be so. Both kinds may be praised in verse; the reader may set off the lines of whatever quality by a melodious voice. Indeed, a poem, carefully composed in their honour, will be to these

<sup>39</sup> *In the Sacred Street.*]—Ver. 266. Presents of game and trout very often follow a similar devolution at the present day.

<sup>40</sup> *Amaryllis was so fond of.*]—Ver. 267. He alludes to a line of Virgil, which, doubtless, was then well known to all persons of education. It occurs in the Eclogues: 'Castaneasque nuces, mea quas Amaryllis amat.' 'Chesnuts, too, which my Amaryllis was so fond of.' In the next line, he hints that the damsels of his day were too greedy to be satisfied with chesnuts only.

<sup>41</sup> *Thrush and a pigeon.*]—Ver. 269. Probably live birds of the kind are here alluded to; Pliny tells us that they were trained to imitate the human voice. Thrushes were much esteemed as a delicacy for the table. They were sold tied up in clusters, in the shape of a crown.

<sup>42</sup> *By these means.*]—Ver. 271. He alludes to those who contrived to slip into dead men's shoes, by making trifling presents of niceties. Juvenal inveighs against this practice.

<sup>43</sup> *Poetry does not.*]—Ver. 274. See the remarks of Dipsas in the Amores, Book i. El. viii. l. 57.

<sup>44</sup> *Only rich.*]—Ver. 276. See the Amores, Book iii. El. ii.



or to those, as good, perhaps, as a little present. But take care that whatever you are about to do of your own accord and consider convenient, your mistress shall always *first* ask that of you. Has freedom been promised to any one of your slaves; still cause him to make a request for it of your mistress. If you forgive punishment *and* cruel fetters to your slave, let her be indebted to you for what you were about to do. Let the advantage be your own; let the credit be given to your mistress. Suffer no loss *yourself*, *and* let her act the part of the person in power.

But whosoever you are who have a care to retain the fair, cause her to believe that you are enchanted with her beauty. If she is in Tyrian *costume*, praise the dress of Tyrian hue;<sup>45</sup> if she is in that of Cos,<sup>46</sup> consider the Coan *habit* as becoming. Is she arrayed in gold, let her be more precious in your *eyes* than gold itself: if she wears a dress of felt,<sup>47</sup> praise the felt dress that she wears. Does she stand before you in her tunic, exclaim, "You are setting me on fire;"<sup>48</sup> but entreat her, with a voice of anxiety, to beware of the cold. Is the parting of her hair nicely arranged; praise the parting *of it*; has she curled her hair by aid of the fire: curled locks, do you prove the attraction. As she dances, admire her arms, her voice as she sings; and use the words of one complaining because she has left off. Her very embraces<sup>49</sup> you may commend, on the points that please yourself; and with murmuring accents you may signify your delight. Though she be more fierce than the grim Medusa; to her lover she will become gentle and kind.

<sup>45</sup> *Tyrian hue.*]—Ver. 297. See the *Fasti*, Book ii. l. 107, and the Note.

<sup>46</sup> *Of Cos.*]—Ver. 298. See the *Epistles* of Sabinus, Ep. iii. l. 45, and the Note.

<sup>47</sup> *A dress of felt.*]—Ver. 300. 'Gausape,' 'gausapa,' or 'gausapum,' was a kind of thick woolly cloth, which had a long nap on one side. It was used to cover tables and beds, and as a protection against wind and rain. It was worn both by males and females, and came into use among the Romans about the time of Augustus.

<sup>48</sup> *You are setting me on fire.*]—Ver. 301. Burmann deservedly censures the explanation of 'moves incendia,' given by Crispinus, the Delphin Editor, 'Vous mourrez de chaud,' 'You will die of heat,' applying the observation to the lady, and not, figuratively, to the feelings of her lover.

<sup>49</sup> *Her very embraces.*]—Ver. 308. The common reading of this line is clearly corrupt; probably the reading is the one here adopted, 'Et quæ dat, gaudia, voce proba.'

Only, take you care that you be not discovered *to be* a deceiver in these expressions; and by your looks do not contradict your words. If devices are concealed, they are of use; when discovered, they cause shame, and deservedly remove confidence for all *future* time. Often, at the approach of autumn (when the year is most beauteous, and the filled grape is growing red with its purple juice; *at the time* when at one moment we are chilled with cold, at another we are melted with heat), through the varying temperature a languor takes possession of the body. She, indeed, may be in good health; but if, through illness she keeps her bed, and, ailing, feels the bad effects of the weather, then let your love and affection be proved to the fair; then sow, that hereafter with the sickle of abundance you may reap. Let no disgust at her malady, that renders her *so* cross, come upon you: by your hands too, let whatever she will permit, be done. And let her see you as you weep; and be not tired of giving her kisses; and with her parched lips let her dry up your tears. Make many a vow *for her cure*, but all before her: and as often as she will permit, be seeing pleasant visions to tell her of. Let the old woman come,<sup>50</sup> too, to purify her couch and chamber; and in her palsied hand let her carry before her the sulphur and the eggs. In all these things there will be traces of a pleasing attention; for many a one has this road proved a path to *another man's* will. But still, let not loathing on the part of the sick fair be the result of your officiousness; let there be *certain* limits shown in your careful attentiveness. Do not you forbid her food, nor administer the cups with the bitter draught; let your rival mingle those.

But when you have gained the open sea, you must not use the breeze to which you set your sails from off the shore. While Love is wandering in his youth, let him gain strength by habit; if you nurse him well, in time he will be strong. Him

<sup>50</sup> *Let the old woman come.*—Ver. 329. In sickness it was the custom to purify the bed and chamber of the patient, with sulphur and eggs. It seems also to have been done when the patient was pining through unrequited love. Apulius mentions a purification by the priest of Isis, who uses eggs and sulphur while holding a torch and repeating a prayer. The nurse of the patient seems here to be directed to perform the ceremony. See the *Fasti*, Book ii. l. 19, and Book iv. l. 728. From a passage of Juvenal, we find that it was a common practice to purify with eggs and sulphur, in the month of September.

that you fear as a bull, as a calf you were wont to pat; the tree under which you are *now* reclining, was *once* a twig. A river at its rise is small, but it acquires strength in its course; and where it runs, it *now* receives many a stream. Make her become used to you; there is nothing more powerful than habit. While you are courting her, avoid no *amount* of trouble. Let her be always seeing you; let her be always lending ear to you; let both night and day show your countenance. When you have a greater confidence that you may be missed; then, destined to be her care when absent, go away to a distance. Give *yourself* some repose; the land that has lain fallow, gives back in abundance what has been entrusted to it; and the dry ground sucks up the water of the heavens. Demophoön, when present, inflamed Phyllis in a less degree; when he had set sail, more violently did she burn. The crafty Ulysses, by his absence, tortured Penelope: far away, *tearful* Laodamia, was thy hero of Phylace.

But a short respite *alone* is safe; in time, cares become modified, and the absent love decays and a new one makes its entrance. While Menelaüs was absent, Helen, that she might not lie alone, was received at night into the warm bosom of his guest. What meant, Menelaüs, this stupidity of thine? Thou didst go away alone; under the same roof were both the stranger and thy wife. *And* dost thou entrust, madman, the timid doves to the hawk? Dost thou entrust the well-filled sheep-fold to the mountain wolf? Helen commits no sin; this paramour *of hers* does no *wrong*; he does what thou, what any one, would do. Thou dost persuade them to adultery, by giving both time and opportunity. What advice,<sup>51</sup> but thine own, has the fair made use of? What is she to do? Her husband is away, and a guest, no repulsive *person*, is present, and she is afraid to sleep alone in an empty couch. Let the son of Atreus think better of it: I acquit Helen of criminality; she made use of the opportunity *given* by an easy husband.

But neither is the tawny boar so fierce in the midst of his rage, when he hurls the furious dogs with the lightning *shock* of his tusks; nor the lioness, when she is giving the breast to her sucking whelps; nor the little viper, when in-

<sup>51</sup> *What advice*]—Ver. 368. These attempts at argument are exhausted by Paris, in his Epistle to Helen.

jured by the heedless foot ; as the woman, *who* is furious on detecting the rival of her nuptial couch, and bears on her features the proofs of her feelings. To the sword and to flames does she resort ; and, shame laid aside, onward she is impelled, as though struck by the horns of the Aonian God. The barbarian fair one of Phasis avenged the fault of her husband, and the violated rights of a wife, by *the death of* her sons. See, how another cruel parent ('tis the swallow that you behold) has her breast stained with blood. 'Tis this breaks those attachments that are firmly united, this, those of long duration ; these faults must *then* be guarded against by cautious men.

But *still*, my judgment does not condemn you to one fair *alone*. The Gods forbid ! hardly can the married woman adhere to this. Disport yourself ; but let your faultiness be concealed by a decent stealthiness. No glory must be sought in one's own delinquency. And do you give no present of which the other may know ; nor be there any stated times for your intriguing. And, lest the fair one should catch you in the retreat so well known to her, all must not be met in the same place of rendezvous. And, as often as you shall be writing, do you first examine the whole of the tablet ; many a woman reads more than what has been sent to her. A slighted passion brandishes the arms of retribution, and hurls back the weapon, and causes yourself to complain of that of which it complained so lately.

So long as the son of Atreus was content with one woman, she, too, was chaste ; through the fault of her husband did she become culpable. She had heard how that Chryses, bearing in his hand the laurel and the fillets, had not prevailed in behalf of his daughter. She had heard, *too*, ravished one of Lyrnesus, of thy sorrows ; and how the warfare had been protracted through disgraceful delays. Still, these things she had only heard of ; the daughter of Priam, herself, she had seen. Thou, the conqueror, wast the disgraced captive of thy own captive. Then did she receive the son of Thyestes, both into her chamber and her affections ; and the daughter of Tyn-darus avenged herself on a husband so deeply criminal.

Your actions, which you have studiously concealed, if perchance any of them are discovered, although they should be notorious, still do you always deny them. On such occasions, do you neither be subdued, nor more kind than usual. That

bears the marks of a mind that has too deeply offended. Still, spare not *any endearments* on your side; peace is entirely *centred* in caresses alone; by these must the former intrigue be disavowed. There are some who would recommend you to use injurious herbs, *such as* savory; in my opinion they are *so many* poisons. Or else, they mingle pepper with the seed of the stinging nettle;<sup>52</sup> and the yellow camomile pounded in old wine. But the Goddess, whom the lofty Eryx receives beneath his shady hill, does not allow us to be impelled in such manner to her delights. The white onion<sup>53</sup> which is sent from the Pelasgian city of Alcathöus,<sup>54</sup> and the salacious herbs which come out of the gardens, and eggs may be eaten; the honey of Hymettus may be eaten, and the nuts which the pine-tree with its sharp leaves produces.

Why, learned Erato, art thou *thus* diverging into the medical art? The inner side of the turning-place must be grazed by my chariot. You, who just now were, by my recommendation, to conceal your delinquencies, change your course, and, by my advice, disclose your intrigues. Nor yet is *any* inconsistency of mine to be censured; the curving ship does not always carry those on board with the same breezes. For sometimes we run with the Thracian Boreas, sometimes with the East wind; full oft does the canvass swell with the Zephyrs, with the South wind full oft. See how, in the chariot, the driver, at one moment, gives the flowing rein, at another, skilfully checks the horses in full career. There are some, with whom an anxious obsequiousness is ruinous, and if there is no rival existing, *then* their passion waxes faint. The feelings often run riot amid prosperity; and to bear good fortune with equanimity is no easy task. As the declining fire, its strength consuming by degrees, itself lies concealed, and the ashes become white over the surface of the fire; but still, when sulphur is applied, it finds the flames that were extinguished, and the light returns which existed before; so, when the feelings, sluggish through repose, and free from care, become torpid, by sharp stimulants must love be aroused. Make her to be

<sup>52</sup> *Stinging-nettle.*]—Ver. 417. Pliny prescribes nettle-seed as a stimulating medicine, mixed with linseed, hyssop, and pepper.

<sup>53</sup> *White onion.*]—Ver. 421. The onions of Megara are praised by Cato, the agricultural writer.

<sup>54</sup> *Alcathöus.*] — Ver. 421. See the *Metamorphoses*, Book vii. l. 443.

jealous on your account, and rekindle her deadened feelings ; let her turn pale at the proof of your inconstancy.

Oh four times blest, and so oft, that it is not possible to limit it to numbers, is that man, on whose account the slighted fair is in grief ! who, soon as the charge has reached her unwilling ears, faints away : and both her voice and colour leave the sorrowing fair. Would that I were he, whose locks she tears in her fury ; would that I were he, whose tender cheeks she tears with her nails ; whom she looks upon bursting into tears ; whom she beholds with scowling eyes ; without whom she cannot exist ; *but still* wishes that she could. If you enquire as to its duration : let *the time* be short for her to complain of her injuries, lest her anger may acquire strength in the slowly passing lapse of time.

And now let her fair neck be encircled in your arms ; and as she weeps, she must be received in your bosom. Give her kisses as she weeps : bestow her caresses as she weeps. Peace will ensue : by this method alone is anger appeased. When she has been passionately raving, when she shall seem to be an assured enemy ; then seek your treaty *of peace* in caresses ; she will *then* be pacified. For 'tis there that Concord dwells, *all* arms laid aside ; 'tis in that spot, believe me, that the Graces were born. The doves which fought the moment before, are *now* billing ; their cooing has *the meaning* of caresses, and of words.

At first<sup>55</sup> there was a confused mass of things without arrangement ; and the stars, the earth, *and* the ocean, were *but of one* appearance. Afterwards, the heavens were placed above the earth ; the land was surrounded by the sea, and the confused Chaos was divided into its elements. The woods received the beasts, the air the birds as its possession ; in the flowing waters, you, fishes were concealed. At that time the human race wandered in the solitary woods : and it consisted of nothing but brute force, and a mind quite uninformed. The woods were their houses, grass their food, *and* leaves their beds ; and for a long time the one was unknown to the other. Voluptuous pleasure is said *to have been the first* to soften their rude dispositions ; *afterwards*, the woman and the man settled in the same spot. What should they do ?

<sup>55</sup> *At first.*—Ver. 467. See the beginning of the First Book of the Metamorphoses.

They had been instructed by no preceptor: Venus completed this delightful task without any art. The bird has an object to love: the female fish finds in the midst of the waters an object with which to share her joys. The hind follows her mate; the serpent couples with the serpent; the bitch, too, consorts with the dog. The delighted sheep unites with the ram; the heifer, also, is pleased with the bull; the flat-nosed she-goat, *too*, receives her unclean mate.<sup>56</sup> Mares are driven to frenzy, and follow the horses, separated by streams, over places far distant *from each other* in situation. Come, then, and give an efficacious remedy to the angered fair; 'tis that alone that puts an end to violent grief. 'Tis that remedy which excels the potions of Machaon;<sup>57</sup> through that, when you have offended, you will have to be reinstated.

While I was thus singing, Apollo, suddenly appearing, touched with his thumb the strings of his lyre inlaid with gold. In his hands there was a laurel, placed on his holy locks there was a laurel: visible as a Poet he came.<sup>58</sup> "Thou instructor in wanton Love," says he, "come, lead thy pupils to my temples. There is there a sentence celebrated in fame over the universal world, which bids each one to know himself."<sup>59</sup> He who shall be known to himself, will alone love with prudence, and will proportion every task to his strength. He to whom nature has given beauty, for that let him be admired; he who has a *fair complexion*, let him often lie down with a shoulder exposed. He who charms with his discourse, let him break the quietude of silence; he who sings with skill, let him sing; he who drinks with elegance,<sup>60</sup> let him drink. But in the middle of a

<sup>56</sup> *Unclean mate.*]—Ver. 486. He alludes to the strong smell of the he-goat.

<sup>57</sup> *Machaon.*]—Ver. 491. He was a famous physician, son of Æsculapius, and was slain in the Trojan war. See the *Tristia*, Book v. El. vi. l. 11.

<sup>58</sup> *He came.*]—Ver. 496. 'Adest' seems a preferable reading to 'agit.'

<sup>59</sup> *To know himself.*]—Ver. 500. ΓΝΩΘΙ ΣΕΑΥΤΟΝ, 'Know thyself,' was a saying of Chilo, the Lacedæmonian, one of the wise men of Greece. This maxim was also inscribed in gold letters in the temple of Apollo at Delphi. 'Too much of nothing' was a second maxim there inscribed; and a third was, 'Misery is the consequence of debt and discord.'

<sup>60</sup> *Drinks with elegance.*]—Ver. 506. It is hard to say what art in drinking is here alluded to; whether a graceful air in holding the cup, or the ability of drinking much without shewing any signs of inebriety.

conversation, neither let those who are eloquent declaim, and let not the insane poet be reciting his own compositions.”

Thus Phœbus recommended ; observe this recommendation of Phœbus. There is full confidence in the hallowed lips of this Divinity. I am now called to my more immediate *subject* : whoever shall love with prudence, he will prove successful, and will obtain from my skill what he shall require. The furrows do not always return with interest that which has been entrusted to them ; nor does the breeze always aid the veering barks. What pleases *lovers*, is but a little : 'tis much more that crosses them ; let them resolve to endure many things with their feelings. As many as are the hares on Athos ;<sup>61</sup> as the bees that feed on Hybla ;<sup>62</sup> as the berries which the azure-coloured tree of Pallas bears ; as the shells on the sea-shore ; so many are the pangs of love ; the shafts which we endure are reeking with plenteous gall.

She, whom perchance you shall see, will be said to have gone out of doors ; believe that she is gone out of doors, and that you make a mistake in your seeing. Is the door shut against you on the appointed night ; endure even to lay your body on the dirty ground. Perhaps, too, the lying maid will say with a haughty air, “ Why is that fellow blocking up our door ? ” Suppliantly entreat even the door-posts of the obdurate fair ; and place at the door the roses that have been taken from off your head.<sup>63</sup> Come when she desires it ; when she shall shun you, you'll go away. It is not becoming for men of good breeding to cause weariness of their *company*. Why should your mistress be able to say of you, “ There is no getting rid of this man ? ” The senses<sup>64</sup> are not on the alert at all hours. And deem it no disgrace to put up with the curses of the fair one, or her blows, nor yet to give kisses to her delicate feet.

*But why dwell upon trifles ?* Let my mind be occupied with greater *subjects*. Of great matters will I sing ; people, give all attention. I attempt an arduous task ; but merit there

<sup>61</sup> *On Athos.*]—Ver. 517. See the *Metamorphoses*, Book ii. l. 217, and the Note.

<sup>62</sup> *On Hybla.*]—Ver. 517. See the *Tristia*, Book v. El. xiii. l. 22.

<sup>63</sup> *Off your head.*]—Ver. 528. Iphis, in the Fourteenth Book of the *Metamorphoses*, l. 732, raises his eyes to the door-posts of his mistress, ‘ so often adorned by him with wreaths.’

<sup>64</sup> *The senses.*]—Ver. 532. He seems to believe, with Ninon d'Enclos, in the existence of a sixth sense.



is none, but what is secured by arduous means. By my undertaking are laborious attempts required. Endure a rival with patience; the victory will rest with yourself; you will be the conqueror on the heights of mighty Jove.<sup>65</sup> Believe that not a mortal tells you this, but the Pelasgian oaks of *Dodona*: my skill has nothing superior to this *to teach you*. Does she make a sign to him, do you put up with it; does she write, don't you touch the tablets; let her come from whatever place she likes; and wherever she chooses, let her go. This do husbands allow to their lawful wives; even, too, when thou, gentle sleep,<sup>66</sup> dost come to thy duty. I confess, that in this art I myself am not *yet* perfect. What must I do? I am myself unequal to my own precepts. And is any one in my presence to be making signs to my mistress? And am I to endure it? And is not my anger to hurry me away to any *extreme*? Her own husband<sup>67</sup> (I remember it well) gave her a kiss; I complained of kisses being given; my love is brimful of fierceness. Not once *alone* has this failing proved an injury to me; he is more skilful, by whose encouragement other men visit<sup>68</sup> *his mistress*. But 'tis *still* better to know nothing of it. Allow stealthy intrigues to lie concealed, lest the blush of confession should fly *in future* from her countenance when detected.

With greater reason then, ye youths, forbear to detect your mistresses. Let them be guilty; *and* guilty, let them suppose that they have deceived you. When detected, the passion increases; when the fortune of the two is the same, each persists in the cause of the disgrace. There is a story told, very well known in all the heavens, *how* Mars and Venus<sup>69</sup> were caught by the contrivance of Mulciber. Father Mars, distracted by a frantic passion for Venus, from a terrible warrior, became a lover. Neither did Venus (for, indeed, no Goddess is there more kind) proved coy or stubborn to Gradivus. O how many

<sup>65</sup> *Of mighty Jove.*]—Ver. 540. He alludes to the triumphal procession to the Capitol.

<sup>66</sup> *Gentle sleep.*]—Ver. 546. See the Amores, Book iii. El. i. l. 51. He means to say that husbands give a certain latitude to their wives, who do not fail to improve upon it.

<sup>67</sup> *Own husband.*]—Ver. 551. See the Amores, Book i. El. iv. l. 38.

<sup>68</sup> *Other men visit.*]—Ver. 554. 'Viri' seems to be a better reading than 'viro.'

<sup>69</sup> *Mars and Venus.*]—Ver. 562. See the Metamorphoses, Book iv. l. 173.

a time is she said, in her wantonness, to have laughed at the feet of her husband, and at his hands, hardened with the fire or his handicraft. In the presence of Mars, mocking him, she imitated her husband, *and* she was *beauteous even while so doing*; and many a grace was there combined with her charms. But they were in the habit of skilfully concealing their early intercourse; *and* their frailty was replete with modest propriety. Through the information of the Sun (who is there that can deceive the Sun?), the actions of his wife became known to Vulcan. Thou Sun, what a bad example thou art setting! Ask a bribe of her; and shouldst thou hold thy tongue, she has *a favour* which she may grant to thee.

Around and above the bed, Mulciber disposes the hidden toils; the work, *by its fineness*, escapes their eyes. He pretends a journey to Lemnos; the lovers come, according to the appointment; entangled in the toils, they both lie naked. He calls the Gods together; the captives afford a spectacle. People believe that Venus could hardly restrain her tears. They cannot conceal their faces; they cannot, in fact, veil their modesty with their hands. Upon this, one says, laughing,<sup>70</sup> "Transfer to me thy chains, most valiant Mavors, if they are a burden to thee." With difficulty, Neptune, at thy entreaty, does he release their captured bodies. Mars makes for Thrace,<sup>71</sup> *and* she for Paphos.<sup>72</sup> This, Vulcan, was done by thee; what before they used to conceal, they *now* do more openly, since all modesty is gone. Yet often, foolish one, dost thou confess that thou didst act unwisely; and they say that thou hast repented of thy wrath. This I have *already* forbidden: lo! Dione forbids you to suffer that detection which she herself endured. And do you arrange no toils for your rival; and intercept no words written by the hand in secret. Let the men seek for those, (if, indeed, they think they ought to be sought for) whom the fire and water render<sup>73</sup> lawful husbands.

<sup>70</sup> *Says, laughing.*]—Ver. 585. See a similar passage in the *Metamorphoses*, Book iv. l. 187.

<sup>71</sup> *For Thrace.*]—Ver. 588. He was much venerated by the warlike Thracians.

<sup>72</sup> *Paphos.*]—Ver. 588. See the *Metamorphoses*, Book x. l. 298.

<sup>73</sup> *Fire and water render.*]—Ver. 598. Among the Romans, when the bride reached her husband's house, he received her with fire and water, which it was the custom for her to touch. This is, by some, supposed to

Behold! again do I protest; no sportive subject is here treated of, but what is permitted by the laws; there is no matron concerned with my sallies.<sup>74</sup> Who would dare to publish to the profane the rites of Ceres,<sup>75</sup> and the great mysteries that were established in the Thracian Samos? 'Tis a small merit to hold one's silence upon matters; but, on the other hand, 'tis a grievous fault to speak of things on which we should be silent. O justly *does it happen*, that the blabbing Tantalus is thirsting in the midst of the water, the apples on the tree being caught at *by him* in vain! Cytherea especially bids her rites to be concealed. I recommend no talkative person to approach them.

If the mysteries of Venus are not enclosed in chests,<sup>76</sup> and *if* the hollow cymbals do not resound with frantic blows; although among ourselves they are celebrated by universal custom, yet *it is* in such a manner that among us they demand concealment. Venus herself, as oft as she lays her garments aside, conceals her groin with the left hand,<sup>77</sup> a little bent back. The cattle couple in public and promiscuously; even when this is seen, full oft the fair one turns away her face. Chambers and doors are provided for our stealthy dalliance; and our nakedness lies concealed by garments placed over it. And if we do not require darkness, still *we do* something of a retired shade, and something less *exposed* than open day. In those times, even, when tiles did not as yet keep out the sun and the shower, but the oak was affording *both* shelter and food; in the groves and caves, *and* not in the open air, were shared the delights *of love*. So great was the regard for modesty, *even* in a savage race. But now-a-days we give praises to the exploits of the night; and nothing beyond the power of

have been symbolical of purification; or it was an expression of welcome, as the interdiction of fire and water was the formula for banishment.

<sup>74</sup> *My sallies.*]—Ver. 600. See Book i. l. 31, and the Note. See also the Fasti, Book iv. l. 866, and the Note.

<sup>75</sup> *The rites of Ceres.*]—Ver. 601. He alludes to the mysterious rites of Ceres, in the island of Samothrace.

<sup>76</sup> *Not enclosed in chests.*]—Ver. 609. Certain chests were carried in the procession at the festival of Ceres, the contents of which, if there were any, was a mystery to the uninitiated.

<sup>77</sup> *The left hand.*]—Ver. 614. This is the attitude of the Venus de Medicis.

talking of it, is purchased at a heavy price.<sup>78</sup> You will, forsooth, be discussing all the damsels in every quarter, that you may say to every person, "She, too, has been mine," that none may be wanting for you to point at with your fingers; *and* as you touch upon each, there will be a scandalous tale. *But* I am complaining of trifles; some pretend things, which, if true, they would deny, and not declare that there is not a woman from whom they have not received the last favour. If they cannot meddle with their persons, so far as they can, they meddle with their names; and, their persons untouched, their reputation bears the blame.

Go now, odious keeper, *and* shut the doors of the fair: and add to the solid door-posts a hundred bars. What safety is there, while the defiler of character exists, and desires to be thought that he is that which it has not proved his lot to be? Even my real amours I confess but with reserve, and my secret intrigues are concealed with sure fidelity. Especially forbear to censure the blemishes of the fair; to many it has proved of advantage to conceal them. Her complexion was not made an objection against Andromeda by him, on whose two feet were the waving wings.<sup>79</sup> To all *others* Andromache seemed of larger stature<sup>80</sup> than was becoming; Hector was the only one who called her of moderate size. What you endure with impatience, accustom yourself to; *and* you will endure it with patience. Length of time makes many things endurable; but a rising passion catches sight of everything. While the young branch is uniting within the green bark,<sup>81</sup> whatever breeze shakes it *while now* tender, it falls. Soon, hardened in time, the same tree will stoutly resist the winds, and bear the adopted fruit.

Time itself removes all blemishes from the person; and what was a fault, in lapse of time ceases *so to be*. The nostrils that are unaccustomed to it, are not able to endure the hides of bulls; the odour is not perceived by those that have been rendered used to it in length of time. We may palliate

<sup>78</sup> *At a heavy price.*]—Ver. 626. Men spend their money on debauchery, only for the pleasure of talking of it.

<sup>79</sup> *Waving wings.*]—Ver. 644. He refers to Perseus admiring the swarthy Andromeda.

<sup>80</sup> *Of larger stature.*]—Ver. 645. She was remarkable for her height.

<sup>81</sup> *Green bark.*]—Ver. 639. He speaks of the slip engrafted in the stock.

faults by names ; let her be called swarthy, whose blood is blacker than the pitch of Illyria. If she has a cast in the eyes, she is like Venus : if yellow haired, *like* Minerva. She that is *only* half alive through her leanness, let her be graceful. Whatever woman is small, say that she is active ; her that is gross, *call* plump ; and let *each* fault lie concealed in its proximity to some good quality.

And don't you enquire what year she is now passing, nor under what Consulship<sup>82</sup> she was born ; a privilege which the rigid Censor<sup>83</sup> possesses. *And this*, especially, if she has passed the bloom of youth, and her best years<sup>84</sup> are fled, and she now pulls out the whitening hairs. This age, O youths, or *even* one more advanced, has its advantages ; this soil will produce its crops, this is worth the sowing. While strength and years permit, endure labour ; soon will bending old age come with silent foot. Either cleave the ocean with the oars, or the earth with the plough ; or turn your warlike hands to cruel arms ; or devote your strength and your attention to the fair. This, too, is *a kind* of warfare ;<sup>85</sup> this, too, seeks its advantages. Besides, in these<sup>86</sup> there is a greater acquaintance with their subject ; and there is long practice, which *alone* renders skilful. By attention to dress they repair the ravages of years ; and by carefulness they cause themselves not to appear aged.

Utque velis, Venerem jungunt per mille figuras.

Inveniat plures nulla tabella modos.

Illis sentitur non irritata voluptas :

Quod juvet, ex æquo fœmina virque ferant.

Odi concubitus, qui non utrumque resolvunt ;

Hoc est, cur pueri tangar amore minus.

Odi quæ præbet, quia sit præbere necesse ;

Siccaque de lanâ cogitat ipsa suâ.

<sup>82</sup> *What Consulship.*—Ver. 663. The age of persons was reckoned by naming the Consulship in which they were born ; the period of which was known by reference to the 'Fasti Consulares.' See the Introduction to the Fasti.

<sup>83</sup> *Rigid Censor.*—Ver. 664. It was the duty of the Censor to make enquiries into the age of all individuals:

<sup>84</sup> *Best years.*—Ver. 666. Even in those days, it was considered un-gallant to make too scrutinizing enquiries into the years of ladies of 'a certain age.'

<sup>85</sup> *Kind of warfare.*—Ver. 674. See the Amores, Book i. El. ix. l. 1.

<sup>86</sup> *Besides in these.*—Ver. 675. In reference to females of a more advanced age.

Quæ datur officio, non est mihi grata voluptas,  
 Officium faciat nulla puella mihi.  
 Me voces audire juvat sua gaudia fassas :  
 Utque morer memet, sustineamque roget.  
 Aspiciam dominæ victos amentis ocellos.  
 Langueat ; et tangi se vetet illa diu.

Those advantages has nature given not to early youth, which are wont to spring up soon after seven times five years<sup>87</sup> have passed. Those who are in a hurry, let them drink of new wine ; for me let the cask, stored up in the times<sup>88</sup> of ancient Consuls, pour forth the wine of my ancestors. No plane-tree but a mature one is able to withstand Phœbus ; the shooting grass,<sup>89</sup> too, hurts the tender feet. And could you, forsooth, have preferred Hermione<sup>90</sup> to Helen ? And was Gorge<sup>91</sup> more attractive than her mother ? Whoever you are that wish to enjoy matured passion, if you only persevere, you will obtain a fitting reward.

Conscius ecce duos accepit lectus amantes :  
 Ad thalami clausas, Musa, resiste fores.  
 Sponte suâ, sine te, celoberrima verba loquentur :  
 Nec manus in lecto læva jacebit iners.  
 Invenient digiti, quod agant in partibus illis,  
 In quibus occulte spicula figit Amor.  
 Fecit in Andromache prius hoc fortissimus Hector ;  
 Nec solum bellis utilis ille fuit.  
 Fecit et in captâ Lyrneside magnus Achilles,  
 Cum premeret mollem lassus ab hoste torum.

<sup>87</sup> *Seven times five years.*]—Ver. 694. He probably means, in this passage, a lustrum of five years. Burmann justly observes, that ‘cito,’ ‘quickly,’ or ‘soon,’ can hardly be the proper reading, as it seems to contradict the meaning of the context. He suggests ‘nisi,’ meaning ‘but,’ or ‘only.’ See the *Fasti*, Book iii. l. 166, and the Note. Also the *Tristia*, Book iv. El. xvi. l. 78.

<sup>88</sup> *Stored up in the times.*]—Ver. 696. He uses this metaphorical expression to signify that he admires females when of a ripe and mature age. See the *Amores*, Book ii. El. v. l. 54, and the Note.

<sup>89</sup> *The shooting grass.*]—Ver. 698. In Nisard’s translation, the words ‘prata novella’ are rendered ‘l’herbe nouvellement coupée,’ ‘the grass newly cut.’ This is not the meaning of the passage. He intends to say that the grass just shooting up is apt to cut or prick the naked foot.

<sup>90</sup> *Hermione.*]—Ver. 699. She was the daughter of Helen and Menelaüs.

<sup>91</sup> *Gorge.*]—Ver. 700. She was the daughter of Althea, and sister of Meleager. She married Andræmon.

Illis, te tangi manibus, Brisei, sinebas,  
 Imbutæ Phrygiâ quæ nece semper erant.  
 An fuit hoc ipsum, quod te lasciva juvaret  
 Ad tua victrices membra venire manus?  
 Crede mihi, non est Veneris properanda voluptas:  
 Sed sensim tardâ prolicienda morâ.  
 Cum loca repereris, quæ tangi fœmina gaudet;  
 Non obstet, tangas quo minus illa, pudor.  
 Adspicies oculos tremulo fulgore micantes,  
 Ut sol a liquidâ sæpe refulget aquâ.  
 Accedent questus, accedet amabile murmur,  
 Et dulces gemitus, aptaque verba loco.  
 Sed neque tu dominam velis majoribus usus  
 Desine; nec cursus anteat illa tuos.  
 Ad metam properate simul; tum plena voluptas,  
 Cum pariter victi fœmina virque jacent.  
 Hic tibi servandus tenor est, cum libera dantur  
 Otia; furtivum nec timor urget opus.  
 Cum mora non tuta est, totis incumbere remis  
 Utile, et admisso subdere calcar equo.

There is an end *now* of my task; grant me the palm, ye grateful youths, and present the myrtle garlands to my perfumed locks. As great as was Podalirius<sup>92</sup> among the Greeks in the art of healing, as the descendant of Æacus with his right hand, as Nestor with his eloquence; as great as Calchas<sup>93</sup> was in soothsaying, as the son of Telamon was in arms, as Automedon<sup>94</sup> was in *guiding the* chariot, so great a lover am I. Celebrate me as your bard, ye men, to me repeat my praises; let my name be sung throughout all the earth. Arms have I given to you; to Achilles Vulcan gave *arms*. With the gifts presented to you, prove victorious, as he proved victorious. But whoever subdues the Amazon with my weapons, let him inscribe upon his spoil<sup>95</sup>—"Naso was my preceptor."

*And lo!* the charming fair are asking me to give them my precepts. You *then* shall be the next care of my song.

<sup>92</sup> *Podalirius.*]—Ver. 735. The brother of Machaon. See the *Tristia*, Book v. El. xiii. l. 32.

<sup>93</sup> *Calchas.*]—Ver. 737. See the *Metamorphoses*, Book xii. l. 19.

<sup>94</sup> *Automedon.*]—Ver. 738. The son of Dioreas. He was the charioteer of Achilles.

<sup>95</sup> *Upon his spoil.*]—Ver. 744. It was the custom to write inscriptions on the spoil. See the *Notes to the Fasti*, Book ii. l. 663.

## BOOK THE THIRD.

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WITH arms against the Amazons I have furnished the Greeks. Arms remain for me to present, Penthesilea,<sup>1</sup> to thee and to thy squadrons. Go to the combat equally prepared; *and* may those prove the victors, whom genial Dione<sup>2</sup> favours, and the Boy who flies over the whole world. It was not fair for the females unprotected to engage with the men in arms, and so it would have been disgraceful for you to conquer, ye men.

One of the multitude may say, "Why add venom to the serpent? And why deliver the sheep-fold to the ravening wolf? Forbear to lay the culpability of the few upon the many; *and* let each fair one be considered according to her own deserts. If the younger son of Atreus has Helen, and the elder son of Atreus<sup>3</sup> has the sister of Helen, to charge with criminality; if the son of Œclus,<sup>4</sup> through the wickedness of Eriphyle, daughter of Talaïon, alive, and with living steeds, descended to Styx; there is Penelope constant, while her husband was wandering for twice five years, and for as many years engaged in war. Witness the hero from Phylace,<sup>5</sup> and her who is said to have descended as the companion of her husband, and to have died before her destined years. The wife from Pagasæ redeemed the son of Pheres<sup>6</sup> from death, and in place of<sup>7</sup> the funeral of her husband, the wife was carried out. "Receive me, Capaneus; we will mingle our ashes;" said the daughter of Iphis, and

<sup>1</sup> *Penthesilea.*]—Ver. 2. See the 21st Epistle, l. 118, and the Note.

<sup>2</sup> *Dione.*]—Ver. 3. See the Fasti, Book ii. l. 461, and the Note.

<sup>3</sup> *Son of Atreus.*]—Ver. 11. Helen was unfaithful to Menelaüs, while Clytemnestra killed Agamemnon.

<sup>4</sup> *Son of Œclus.*]—Ver. 13. See the Metamorphoses, Book viii. l. 317, and the Note.

<sup>5</sup> *From Phylace.*]—Ver. 17. See the Epistle of Laodamia to Protesilaüs.

<sup>6</sup> *Son of Pheres.*]—Ver. 19. See the Pontic Epistles, Book iii. El. i. l. 106, and the Note.

<sup>7</sup> *And in place of.*]—Ver. 20. See the 111th line of the same Elegy, and the Note. Also the Tristia, Book v. El. xiv. l. 38.



she leapt on the midst of the pile. Virtue, herself, too, is a female, both in dress and name. 'Tis not to be wondered at, if she favours her own sex.

But still, 'tis not such dispositions as these that are required by my art. Sails of less magnitude are befitting my skiff.<sup>8</sup> Nothing but wanton dalliance is taught by me; in what manner a woman is to be loved, I purpose to teach. The woman repels neither the flames, nor the cruel bow; those weapons, I see, make less havoc among the men. Many a time do the men prove false; not often the charming fair; *and*, if you make inquiry, they have but few charges of fraud *against them*. Jason, the deceiver, repudiated the Phasian, when now a mother; *and* into the bosom of the son of Æson there came another bride.<sup>9</sup> Ariadne, left alone in an unknown spot, had fed the sea-birds, so far, Theseus, as thou wast concerned. Enquire why she is said to have gone on her nine journies,<sup>10</sup> and hear how the woods lamented Phyllis, their foliage laid aside. And Elissa, she has the credit of affection; and still, *that* guest of *thine*, *Elissa*, afforded both the sword and the cause for thy destruction. Shall I tell what it was that ruined thee? Thou didst not know how to love; thou wast wanting in skill; through skill, love flourishes for ever.

Even still would they have been ignorant, but Cytherea commanded me to instruct them, and stood, herself, before my eyes. Then to me she said, "Why have the unfortunate fair deserved this? An unarmed multitude is handed over to the men in arms. Two treatises<sup>11</sup> have rendered them skilful; this side, as well, must be instructed by thy advice. He who before had uttered<sup>12</sup> reproaches against the wife from Therapnæ, soon sang her praises to a more fortunate lyre. If well I

<sup>8</sup> *My skiff.*]—Ver. 26. 'Cymba.' See the Amores, Book iii. El. vi. l. 4, and the Note.

<sup>9</sup> *Another bride.*]—Ver. 34. Jason deserted Medea for Creüsa.

<sup>10</sup> *Nine journies.*]—Ver. 37. See the Epistle of Phyllis to Demophoön.

<sup>11</sup> *Two treatises.*]—Ver. 47. His former books on the Art of Love.

<sup>12</sup> *Who before had uttered.*]—Ver. 49. He alludes to the Poet Stesichorus, on whose lips a nightingale was said to have perched and sung, when he was a child. Pliny relates that he wrote a poem, inveighing bitterly against Helen, in which he called her the firebrand of Troy, on which he was visited with blindness by her brothers, Castor and Pollux, and did not recover his sight till he had recanted in his *Palinodia*, which he composed in her praise. Suidas says, that Stesichorus composed thirty-six books of Poems. Helen was born at Therapnæ, a town of *Laconia*.

know thee, injure not the fair whom thou dost adore ; their favour must be sought by thee so long as thou shalt live.”

*Thus* she said ; and from the myrtle (for she was standing with her locks wreathed with myrtle) she gave me a leaf and a few berries. Receiving them, I was sensible of the divine influence as well ; the sky shone with greater brightness, and *all* care departed from my breast. While she inspires my genius ; hence receive the precepts, ye fair, which propriety, and the laws, and your own privileges,<sup>13</sup> allow you. Even now, be mindful of old age, that *one day* will come ; then will no time be passed by you in idleness. Disport yourselves, while *yet* you may, and while even now you confess to your true years ; after the manner of the flowing stream, do the years pass by. Neither shall the water which has past by, be ever recalled ; nor can the hour which has past, *ever* return. You must employ your *youthful* age ; with swift step age is gliding on ; and that which follows, is not so pleasing as that which having passed was charming. Those brakes, which are withering, I have beheld as beds of violets ; from amid those brambles, has a beauteous chaplet been gathered for myself.

The time will be, when you, who are now shutting out a lover, will be lying, an old woman, chilled in the lonely night. No door<sup>14</sup> of yours will be broken open in the broils of the night ; nor will you find in the morning your threshold bestrewed with roses.<sup>15</sup> How soon, ah me ! are our bodies pursed with wrinkles, and that colour which existed in the beauteous face, fades away ! The grey hairs, too, which you might have sworn that you had had from childhood, will suddenly be sprinkled over all your head. Old age is thrown off by serpents, together with the light slough ; and the shedding of their horns makes the stags not to be old. Our

<sup>13</sup> *Your own privileges.*]—Ver. 58. ‘Sua’ seems to mean the privileges sanctioned and conceded by the law, probably to those females who were in the number of the ‘*professæ*.’

<sup>14</sup> *No door.*]—Ver. 71. So Horace says, in his address to Lydia, Book i. Ode i. 25 ; ‘Less frequently do the wanton youths shake your joined windows with many a blow, and no longer deprive thee of sleep, and the door adheres to its threshold.’

<sup>15</sup> *Bestrewed with roses.*]—Ver. 72. See line 528 in the last Book. Lucretius speaks of the admirers of damsels anointing their doors with an ointment made of sweet marjoram.

advantages fly irremediably; pluck the flowers *then*; if they be not plucked, they will lamentably fade themselves to your sorrow. Besides, child-bearing makes the hours of youth more short-lived; with continual crops the soil waxes old.

Endymion of Latmus, O Moon, causes not thee to blush; nor was Cephalus a prey for the rosy Goddess to be ashamed of. Though Adonis be allowed to Venus, whom she yet laments; whence had she Æneas and Hermione<sup>16</sup> for her children? Follow, O race of mortals, the example of the Goddesses; and refuse not your endearments to the eager men. Even should they deceive you, what do you lose? All remains the same. Were a thousand to partake thereof, nothing is wasted thereby. Iron is worn away, stones are consumed by use; your persons are proof against all apprehension of *detriment*. Who would forbid light to be taken from *another* light presented? Or who, on the deep sea, would hoard up the expanse of waters? "But 'tis not right," you say, "for any woman to grant favours to a man." Tell me, what are you losing but the water, which you may take up again?<sup>17</sup> Nor are my words urging you to prostitution; but they are forbidding you to fear evils that do not exist: your favours are exempt from loss *to yourselves*.

But while I am in harbour, let a gentle breeze impel me, destined to sail with the blasts of a stronger gale. I begin with dress:<sup>18</sup> from the well-dressed vine Bacchus has birth; and in the well-dressed field the high corn springs up. Beauty is the gift of the Divinity; how many a one prides herself on her beauty? *Still*, a great part<sup>19</sup> of you is wanting in such endowments. Care will confer charms; charms neglected will perish, even though she be like the Idalian Goddess. If the fair of olden times did not pay such attention to their persons; neither had the ancients men so well-dressed. If

<sup>16</sup> *Hermione.*]—Ver. 86. According to Hesiod, Venus was the mother of three children by Mars, of whom Hermione was one.

<sup>17</sup> *May take up again.*]—Ver. 96. This is not the proper translation of the passage; but the real meaning cannot be presented with a due regard to decorum.

<sup>18</sup> *I begin with dress.*]—Ver. 101. He plays upon the different meanings of the word 'cultus'; which means either 'dress,' or 'cultivation,' according as it is applied, to persons or land.

<sup>19</sup> *A great part.*]—Ver. 104. This is a more ungallant remark than we should have expected Ovid to make.

Andromache was clad in a coarse tunic, what wonder is it? She was the wife of a hardy soldier. And would his companion, forsooth, come bedecked to Ajax, him whose covering was seven hides of oxen. Formerly a rustic simplicity existed: now gorgeous Rome possesses the wealth of the subdued earth. See the Capitol, what it now is and what it was, you would declare that they belonged to different Jupiters. The Senate-house, which is now right worthy of an assemblage so august, when Tatius held the sway, was made of straw. The *fields* of the Palatine *hill*, which are now resplendent in honour of Phœbus<sup>20</sup> and our rulers, what were they but pastures for the oxen that ploughed?

Let old times delight others: I congratulate myself that I am born thus late; this is the age that is suited to my tastes. Not because the pliable gold is now dug out of the earth, and choice shells<sup>21</sup> come *here* from foreign shores; nor yet because, the marble cut out, mountains diminish; nor yet because the azure waves are kept out by the moles.<sup>22</sup> But because civilization prevails; and *because* the rude manners that flourished with our ancient forefathers have not come down to our days.

But do not you as well load your ears with precious stones, which the tawny Indian seeks in the green waves. And do not go forth heavily loaded with clothes embroidered with gold: by the wealth through which you seek *to attract* us, you often drive us away. By neatness we are captivated; let not your hair be without arrangement; the hands applied to it both give beauty and deny it. The method, too, of adorning is not a single one; let each choose the one that is becoming it to her, and let her first consult her mirror. An oval face becomes a parting upon the unadorned head: Laodamia had her hair thus arranged. Round features<sup>23</sup> require a little knot to be left for them on the top of the head, so that the ears

<sup>20</sup> *Of Phœbus.*]—Ver. 119. He alludes to the temple of Apollo, on the Palatine Hill, where Augustus and Tiberius resided.

<sup>21</sup> *And choice shells.*]—Ver. 124. He alludes to pearls which grow in the shell of the pearl oyster, and are found in the Persian Gulf and the Indian Ocean.

<sup>22</sup> *By the moles.*]—Ver. 126. He alludes to the stupendous moles which the Romans fabricated, as breakwaters, at their various bathing-places on the coast of Italy. See the Odes of Horace, Book iii. ode 1.

<sup>23</sup> *Round features.*]—Ver. 139. See the Pontic Epistles, Book iii. Ep. iii. l. 15, and the Note.

may be exposed. Let the hair of another be thrown over either shoulder. In such guise art thou, tuneful Phœbus, thy lyre being assumed. Let another have her hair tied behind after the manner of well-girt Diana, as she is wont when she hunts the scared wild beasts. It becomes another to have her floating locks to flow loosely: another must be bound *by fillets* over her fastened tresses. Another it delights to be adorned with the figure of the tortoise<sup>24</sup> of the Cyllenian God: let another keep up her curls that resemble the waves.<sup>25</sup>

But neither will you count the acorns on the branching native oak, nor how many bees there are in Hybla, nor how many wild beasts on the Alps: nor am I able to comprehend in numbers so many modes; each successive day brings a *new* fashion. Even neglected locks are becoming to many; often would you suppose that they are lying *neglected* since yesterday; the very moment before they have been combed afresh. Let art imitate chance. 'Twas thus that, in the captured city, when Hercules beheld Iole; "Her," said he, "do I love." In such guise, deserted fair one of Gnossus, did Bacchus bear thee away in his chariot, while the Satyrs shouted Evœe! O how indulgent is nature to your beauty, whose blemishes can be atoned for in fashions so numerous! *We men*, to our misfortune, become bald; and our hair, carried away by time, falls off, like Boreas shaking down the leaves.

The female stains her grey hair with the herbs from Germany;<sup>26</sup> and by art a colour is sought superior to the genuine one. The female walks along, thickly covered with purchased hair; and for money<sup>27</sup> she makes *that* of others her

<sup>24</sup> *Figure of the tortoise.*—Ver. 147. Salmasius thinks that the 'galerus,' or 'wig of false hair,' is alluded to in this passage. Others think that a coif or fillet of net-work is alluded to. He probably means a mode of dressing the hair in the shape of a lyre, with horns on each side projecting outwards. Mercury, the inventor of the lyre, was born on Mount Cyllene, in Arcadia.

<sup>25</sup> *The waves.*—Ver. 148. Juvenal mentions a mode of dressing the hair to a great height by rows of false curls.

<sup>26</sup> *The herbs from Germany.*—Ver. 163. He alludes, probably, to herbs brought from Germany, which were burnt for the purpose of making a soap used in turning the hair of a blonde colour. See the Amores, Book i. El. xiv. l. 1, and the Note.

<sup>27</sup> *For money.*—Ver. 166. See l. 45 of the above Elegy.

own. Nor is she ashamed to buy it openly : we see it being sold before the eyes of Hercules<sup>28</sup> and the Virgin throng.

What am I to say on clothing ? Gold flounces,<sup>29</sup> I have no need of you ; nor you, the wool which dost blush twice *dipt* in Tyrian purple. Since so many colours can be procured at a lower price, what folly it is to be carrying a fortune on one's person.<sup>30</sup> Lo ! *there is* the colour of the sky, at the time when the sky is without clouds, and the warm South wind is not summoning the showers of rain. Lo ! *there is the colour* like to thee, that art said<sup>31</sup> once to have borne away Phryxus and Helle from the treachery of Ino. That which resembles the waves,<sup>32</sup> has its name, too, from the waves ; I could imagine that the Nymphs are clad in vestments of this colour. Another resembles saffron ; in saffron-coloured garments is the dewy Goddess dressed, when she yokes her steeds that bear the light of day. Another *resembles* the Paphian myrtles ; another the purple amethysts, or the white roses, or the Thracian crane. Neither are there wanting, Amaryllis,<sup>33</sup> thy chesnuts, nor yet almonds ; and wax<sup>34</sup> has given its own name to woollen *textures*.

As many as the flowers which the renewed earth produces, when in warm spring the vine puts forth its buds, and sluggish winter retreats ; so many, or still more, *shades of dye* does the wool imbibe. Choose them by rule ; for every colour will not be suitable to every *complexion*. Black be-

<sup>28</sup> *The eyes of Hercules.*]—Ver. 168. He means that the wig-makers' shops were in the neighbourhood of the Temple of Hercules Musagetes, in the Flaminian Circus. See the Sixth Book of the Fasti, l. 801.

<sup>29</sup> *Gold flounces.*]—Ver. 169. 'Segmenta' are probably broad flounces to the dresses inlaid with plates of gold, or gold threads embroidered on them.

<sup>30</sup> *On one's person.*]—Ver. 127. Like our expression, 'To carry a fortune on one's back.'

<sup>31</sup> *That art said.*]—Ver. 175. He refers to the colour of the Ram with the Golden Fleece, that bore Helle and Phryxus over the Hellespont.

<sup>32</sup> *Resembles the waves.*]—Ver. 177. He evidently alluded to dresses which resemble the surface of the waves, and which we term 'watered' ; and which the Romans called 'undulatæ,' from 'unda,' a 'wave.' Varro makes mention of 'undulatæ togæ.' Some Commentators, however, fancy that he alludes here to colour, meaning 'glaucus,' or 'sea-green,' which Lucretius also calls 'thalassinus.'

<sup>33</sup> *Amaryllis.*]—Ver. 183. See the last Book, l. 267, and the Note.

<sup>34</sup> *And wax.*]—Ver. 184. Plautus mentions the 'Carinarii,' who dyed garments of a waxen, or yellow-colour.

comes those of fair complexion : black became the daughter of Brises. When she was carried off, then, too, was she clothed in a dark garment. White befits the swarthy ; in white, daughter of Cepheus, thou wast charming ; by thee, thus clothed, was Seriphos<sup>35</sup> trodden.

How nearly was I recommending you that there should be no shocking goat<sup>36</sup> in the armpits, and that your legs should not be rough with harsh hair. But I am not instructing fair ones from the crags of Caucasus, and who are drinking, Mysian Caicus, of thy waves. Besides ; need I to recommend that idleness should not blacken your teeth, and that your mouth ought to be washed each morning with water used *for the purpose*. You know, too, how to find whiteness in an application of wax ;<sup>37</sup> she who is blushing with no real blood, is blushing by *the aid of art*. With skill do you fill up the bared edges of the eye-brows,<sup>38</sup> and the little patch<sup>39</sup> covers your cheeks in all their genuineness. 'Tis no harm, too, to mark the eyes<sup>40</sup> slightly with ashes ; or with saffron, produced, beauteous Cydnus, near to thee. I have a little treatise,<sup>41</sup> but

<sup>35</sup> *Seriphos.*]—Ver. 192. See the *Metamorphoses*, Book v. l. 242, and the Note.

<sup>36</sup> *Shocking goat.*]—Ver. 193. See the Note to l. 522 of the First Book.

<sup>37</sup> *Application of wax.*]—Ver. 199. Wax is certainly used as a cosmetic, but 'creta' seems to be a preferable reading, as chalk in a powdered state was much used for adding to the fairness of the complexion. Ovid would hardly recommend a cosmetic of so highly injurious a tendency as melted wax.

<sup>38</sup> *The eye-brows.*]—Ver. 201. We learn from Juvenal, that the colour of them was heightened by punctures with a needle being filled with soot.

<sup>39</sup> *And the little patch.*]—Ver. 202. 'Aluta' means 'skin made soft by means of alum.' It is difficult to discover what it means here, whether 'a patch' made of a substance like gold-beater's skin, somewhat similar to those used in the days of the Spectator ; or a liquid cosmetic, such as Pliny calls 'calliblepharum,' 'an aid to the eye-brows.' He seems to use the word 'sinceras' in its primitive sense, 'without wax' ; which recommendation certainly would contradict the common reading, 'cera,' in the 199th line.

<sup>40</sup> *To mark the eyes.*]—Ver. 203. To heighten the colour of the eye-lashes, ashes (and probably charcoal) were used by the Roman women. Saffron also was used. A black paint, made of pulverized antimony, is used by the women in the East, at the present day, to paint their eye-brows black. It is called 'surme,' and was also used at ancient Rome. Cydnus was a river of Cilicia.

<sup>41</sup> *A little treatise.*]—Ver. 205. He alludes to his book, 'On the care of the Complexion,' of which a fragment remains.

through the care *bestowed*, a great work, in which I have mentioned the *various* recipes for your beauty. From that as well, do you seek aid for your diminished charms: my skill is not idle in behalf of your interests.

But let not your lover discover the boxes exposed upon the table; art, by its concealment *only*, gives aid to beauty. Whom would not the paint disgust, besmeared all over your face, when, through its own weight, it flows and falls upon your heated bosom? Why is the smell of the *œsypum*<sup>42</sup> so powerful, sent from Athens though it be, an extract drawn from the filthy fleece of the sheep? Nor would I recommend you in his presence to apply the mixture of the marrow of the deer,<sup>43</sup> nor before him to clean your teeth. These things will give you good looks, but they will be unbecoming to be seen; there are many things, too, which, disgusting while being done, add charms when done. The statues which now bear the name of the laborious Myron,<sup>44</sup> were once a sluggish weight and a solid mass. That the ring may be made, the gold is first beaten; the clothes, that you are wearing, were *once* dirty wool. While it was being wrought, it was hard stone; now, *as* a beautiful statue,<sup>45</sup> naked Venus is wringing the moisture from her dripping locks.

You, too, while you are dressing, let us suppose to be asleep; after the finishing hand, you will be seen much more à propos. Why is the cause of the fairness of your complexion known to me? Shut the door of your chamber, why expose the work half done? It is proper for the men to be in ignorance of many a thing. The greatest part of things would cause

<sup>42</sup> *Of the œsypum.*]—Ver. 213. The filthy cosmetic called ‘*œsypum*,’ was prepared from the wool of those parts of the body where the sheep perspired most; it was much used for embellishing the complexion. Pliny mentions the sheep of Athens as producing the best. It had a strong rank smell. The red colour, which was used by the Roman ladies for giving a bloom to the skin, was prepared from a moss called ‘*fucus*’; from which, in time, all kinds of paint received the name of ‘*fucus*.’

<sup>43</sup> *Of the deer.*]—Ver. 215. Pliny speaks highly of the virtues of stag’s marrow. It probably occupied much the same position in estimation, that bear’s grease does at the present day.

<sup>44</sup> *Myron.*]—Ver. 219. There were two sculptors of this name: one a native of Lycia, the other of Eleuthera.

<sup>45</sup> *Beautiful statue.*]—Ver. 223. He alludes to that of Venus Anadyomene, or rising from the sea, which was made by Praxiteles, and was often copied by the sculptors of Greece and Rome.



disgust, if you were not to conceal what is within. Examine the gilded statues which hang in the decorated theatre; how thin the tinsel that covers the wood. But it is not permitted the public to approach them unless completed; neither ought your charms to be heightened unless the men are at a distance. But I would not forbid you to allow your hair to be combed in their presence, so that it may lie flowing along your back. *Only* take care especially on such occasions not to be cross; and do not many times undo your hair, pulled down, *when fastened up*. Let your coiffeuse be with a whole skin. I detest her who tears the face of *her attendant* with her nails, and who, seizing the hair-pin, pierces her arms.<sup>46</sup> As she touches the head of her mistress, she curses it; and at the same time, streaming with blood, she is crying over the odious locks.

The fair one that has but little hair, let her set a watch on her threshold; or let her always make her toilet in the temple<sup>47</sup> of the Good Goddess. I was unexpectedly announced as having paid a visit to a certain lady; in her confusion, she put on her locks the wrong side before. May a cause of shame so disgraceful fall to the lot of my foes, and may that dishonour happen to the Parthian dames. A mutilated animal is repulsive, the fields without grass are repulsive; and *so is* a shrub without foliage, and a head without hair. You have not come to be instructed by me, Semele, or Leda, thou, too, Sidonian fair,<sup>48</sup> who wast borne across the sea upon the fictitious bull; or Helen, whom, Menelaüs, not without reason, thou didst demand to be restored to thee, *and whom*, not without reason, thou Trojan ravisher, didst retain. A multitude comes to be instructed, both pretty and ugly damsels; and the unsightly are ever more in number than the good-looking. The beautiful care less for the resources and the precepts of art; they have their own endowments, charms that are powerful without art. When the sea is calm, the sailor rests free

<sup>46</sup> *Pierces her arms.*]—Ver. 240. See a similar passage in the Amores. Book i. El. xiv. l. 16.

<sup>47</sup> *Toilet in the temple.*]—Ver. 244. He tells those who have not fine heads of hair, to be as careful in admitting any men to see their toilet, as the devotees of Bona Dea were to keep away all males from her solemnities.

<sup>48</sup> *Sidonian fair.*]—Ver. 252. Europa was a Phœnician by birth.

from care ; when it becomes boisterous, he appeals to his own resources.

Few, however, are the forms free from defect. Conceal your blemishes ; and, so far as you can, hide the imperfections of your person. If you are short, sit down ; that, while standing, you may not appear to be sitting ; and *if* of a diminutive size, throw yourself upon your couch. Here, too, that your measure may not be able to be taken as you lie, take care that your feet are concealed with the clothes<sup>49</sup> thrown over them. She who is too thin, let her wear clothes of thick texture ; and let her vestments hang loosely from her shoulders. Let her who is pale, tint her complexion with purple stripes ;<sup>50</sup> do you that are more swarthy, have recourse to the aid of the Pharian fish.<sup>51</sup> Let an ill-shaped foot be always concealed in *a boot of* snow-white leather steeped in alum ; and do not unloose their laced sandals from the spindly legs. For high shoulders, small pads are suitable ;<sup>52</sup> and let the girth<sup>53</sup> encircle the bosom that is *too* prominent. She whose fingers are dumpy, and whose nails are rough, should mark with but little gesture whatever is said. She, whose breath is strong smelling, should never talk with an empty stomach ; and she should always stand at a distance<sup>54</sup> from her lover's face.

<sup>49</sup> *With the clothes.*]—Ver. 226. See the Amores, Book i. El. iv. l. 48, and the Note.

<sup>50</sup> *With purple stripes.*]—Ver. 269. Commentators are at a loss to know what 'tingere virgis' means ; some suggest, 'to wear garments with red 'virgæ,' or 'stripes,' while others think that it means 'to tint the skin with fine lines of a purple colour.' It is thought by some that vermilion is here alluded to, while others suppose that the juice of the red flowers, or berries of the 'vaccinium,' is meant.

<sup>51</sup> *The Pharian fish.*]—Ver. 270. The intestines and dung of the crocodile, 'the Pharian' or 'Egyptian fish,' are here referred to. We learn from Pliny that these substances were used by the females at Rome as a cosmetic, to add to the fairness of the complexion, and to take away freckles from the skin.

<sup>52</sup> *Small pads are suitable.*]—Ver. 273. 'Analectides,' or 'Analectrides,' (the correct reading is doubtful) were pads, or stuffings, of flock, used in cases of high shoulders or prominent shoulder-blades.

<sup>53</sup> *And let the girth.*]—Ver. 274. He alludes to the 'strophium,' which distantly resembled the stays of the present day, and was a girdle, or belt, worn by women round the breast and over the interior tunic or chemise. From an Epigram of Martial, it seems to have been usually made of leather. Becker thinks that there was a difference between the 'fascia' and the 'strophium.'

<sup>54</sup> *At a distance.*]—Ver. 278. One of the very wisest of his suggestions.

If your teeth are black, or large, or not growing straight, you will suffer very great inconvenience from laughing. Who could have supposed it? The fair take lessons even in laughing; and even in that respect is gracefulness studied by them. Let your mouth be *but* moderately open; let the dimples on either side be *but* small; and let the extremity of the lips cover the upper part of the teeth. And do not let your sides be shaking with prolonged laughter; but let them utter sounds gentle and feminine, to I know not what degree. Some there are, who distort their face with an unsightly grin; another, when she is joyous in her laughter, you would take to be crying. Another makes a harsh noise, and screams in a disagreeable manner; just as the unsightly she-ass brays by the rough mill-stone.

To what point does not art proceed? Some study how to weep with grace, and cry at what time and in what manner they please. Nay, further; when the letters are deprived of their full sound, and the lisping tongue becomes contracted with an affected pronunciation; then is grace *sought* in an imperfection; to pronounce certain words badly, they learn to be less able to speak than they *really* are. To all these points, since they are of consequence, give attention. Learn how to walk with steps suited to a female. Even in the gait, there are certain points of gracefulness not to be disregarded; this both attracts and repels men who are strange to you. This fair one moves her sides with skill, and with her flowing tunics catches the breeze, and haughtily moves her extended feet. Another walks just like the red-faced spouse of some Umbrian<sup>55</sup> husband, and, straddling, takes huge strides. But, as in many *other* things, let there be a medium here as well; one movement is clownish; another *movement* will be too mincing in its gait. But let the lower part of your shoulders, *and* the upper part of your arm be bare, to be beheld from your left hand *upwards*. This is especially becoming to you, ye of fair complexion; when I see this, I have always a longing to give a kiss to the shoulder, where it is exposed.

The Sirens were monsters of the deep, which with their tune-

<sup>55</sup> *Umbrian*.]—Ver. 303. The Umbrians were a people of the Marsi, in the north of Italy. They were noted for their courage, and the rusticity of their manners.

ful voices detained the ships, even though in full career. On hearing them, the son of Sisyphus<sup>56</sup> almost released his body *from the mast* ; for the wax<sup>57</sup> was melted in *the ears of his companions*. The voice is an insinuating quality ; let the fair learn how to sing. In place of beauty, her voice has proved the recommendation of many a woman. And sometimes let them repeat what they have heard in the marble theatres ; and sometimes the songs attuned to the measures of the Nile.<sup>58</sup> Neither, in my way of thinking, ought a clever woman to be ignorant how to hold the plectrum<sup>59</sup> in her right hand, the lyre in her left. Orpheus of Rhodope with his lyre moved rocks, and wild beasts, and the lakes of Tartarus, and *Cerberus* the triple dog. At thy singing, most righteous avenger of thy mother,<sup>60</sup> the attentive stones built up the walls. The fish, (the well-known story of the lyre of Arion,<sup>61</sup>) although he was dumb, is supposed to have been moved by his voice. Learn, too, to sweep *the chords of the festive psaltery*<sup>62</sup> with your two hands ; 'tis an instrument suited to amorous lays.

Let the songs of Callimachus<sup>63</sup> be known to you, let those

<sup>56</sup> *The son of Sisyphus.*]—Ver. 313. He here alludes to a scandalous story among the ancients, that Ulysses was the son of Anticlea, by Sisyphus the robber, who had carried her off, and not by Laërtes, her husband.

<sup>57</sup> *The wax.*]—Ver. 314. By the advice of Circe, Ulysses filled the ears of his companions with melted wax, that they might not hear the songs of the Sirens.

<sup>58</sup> *The measures of the Nile.*]—Ver. 318. These airs were sung by Egyptian girls, with voluptuous attitudes, and were much esteemed by the dissolute Romans. These Egyptian singers were, no doubt, the forerunners of the 'Alme' of Egypt at the present day. The Nautch girls and Bayaderes of the East Indies are a kindred race.

<sup>59</sup> *Plectrum.*]—Ver. 319. See the *Metamorphoses*, Book ii. l. 601, and the Note ; also the *Epistle of Briseis*, l. 118, and the Note.

<sup>60</sup> *Thy mother.*]—Ver. 323. Amphion and Zethus were the sons of Jupiter and Antiope. Being carried off by her uncle Lycus, Antiope was entrusted to his wife Dirce. When her sons grew up, they fastened Dirce to wild oxen, by which she was torn to pieces. Amphion was said to have built the walls of Thebes by the sound of his lyre.

<sup>61</sup> *Arion.*]—Ver. 326. See the *Fasti*, Book ii. l. 79.

<sup>62</sup> *The festive psaltery.*]—Ver. 327. Suidas tells us that 'naulium,' or 'nablium,' was a name of the psaltery. Josephus says that it had twelve strings. Strabo remarks that the name was of foreign origin.

<sup>63</sup> *Callimachus.*]—Ver. 329. See the *Amores*, Book ii. El. iv. l. 19 ; and the *Pontic Epistles*, Book iv. Ep. xvi. l. 32, and the Notes to the passages.

of the poet of Cos,<sup>64</sup> let the Teian Muse too, of the drunken old *bard*. Let Sappho, too, be well known; for what is there more exciting than she? Or than him, through whom<sup>65</sup> the father is deceived by the tricks of the crafty Geta? You may, too, have read the poems of the tender Propertius,<sup>66</sup> or something of Gallus, or thy works, Tibullus.<sup>67</sup> The fleece, too, so bewailed, O Phryxus, of thy sister, shining with its yellow hair, celebrated by Varro.<sup>68</sup> The exiled Æneas, as well, the first origin of lofty Rome,<sup>69</sup> than which no work exists in Latium of greater fame.

Perhaps, too, my name will be mingled among these, and my writings will not be consigned to the waters of Lethe. And people will *one day say*, "Read the elegant lines of our master, in which he instructs the two sides.<sup>70</sup> Or of his three books, which the title designates as 'The Amours,' choose a portion to read with skilful lips, in a languishing way. Or let his Epistles be repeated by you with well-modulated voice; this kind of composition,<sup>71</sup> unknown to others, did he invent." O Phœbus, mayst thou so will it; so too, ye benignant Divinities of the Poets, Bacchus, graceful with thy horns, and you, ye nine Goddesses!

Who can doubt that I should wish the fair one to know how to dance, that, the wine placed on table, she may move her arms *in cadence*, when requested. Masters of posture,<sup>72</sup> the repre-

<sup>64</sup> *Poet of Cos.*]—Ver. 330. The poet Philetas. He flourished in the time of Philip and Alexander the Great. Anacreon was a lyric poet of Teios, and a great admirer of the juice of the grape.

<sup>65</sup> *Or him, through whom.*]—Ver. 332. Some think that he means Menander, from whom Terence borrowed many of his scenes; he probably alludes to the Phormio of Terence, where the old men, Chremes and Demipho, are deceived by Geta, the cunning slave. See the *Tristia*, Book ii. l. 359 and 69.

<sup>66</sup> *Propertius.*]—Ver. 333. See the *Tristia*, Book ii. l. 465, and the Note.

<sup>67</sup> *Tibullus.*]—Ver. 334. See the *Amores*, Book iii. El. ix.

<sup>68</sup> *Varro.*]—Ver. 335. See the *Pontic Epistles*, Book iv. Ep. xvi. l. 21; and the *Amores*, Book i. El. xv. l. 21, and the Notes to the passages.

<sup>69</sup> *Lofty Rome.*]—Ver. 338. He refers here to the *Æneid* of Virgil.

<sup>70</sup> *Two sides.*]—Ver. 342. Both the males and the females.

<sup>71</sup> *Composition.*]—Ver. 346. He takes to himself the credit of being the inventor of Epistolary composition.

<sup>72</sup> *Masters of posture.*]—Ver. 351. These persons, who were also called 'Iudii,' or 'histriones,' required great suppleness of the sides, for the purpose of aptly assuming expressive attitudes; for which reason he

sentations on the stage, are *much* valued ; so much gracefulness does that pliant art possess. I am ashamed to advise on trifling points, to understand how to throw a cast of dice, and, thy value, the cube when thrown. And now let her throw the three numbers ; now let her consider, at which number she can cleverly enter most conveniently, and which one she must call for.<sup>73</sup> And, with her skill, let her play not amiss at the hostilities of the pieces ;<sup>74</sup> when the single man perishes between his two enemies. *How* the warrior, too,<sup>75</sup> wages the war when caught without his companion ; and *how* the enemy full oft retreats on the path on which he has begun. Let the smooth balls,<sup>76</sup> too, be poured into the open net ; and not a ball must be moved but the one which you shall be lifting up. There is a kind of *game*,<sup>77</sup> distributed into as many lines on a small scale, as the fleeting year contains months. A little table receives<sup>78</sup> three pebbles on each side, on which to bring one's own into a straight line, is to gain the victory.

Devise a thousand amusements. 'Tis shocking for the fair one not to know how to play ; many a time, while playing, is love commenced. But the least matter is how to use the throws to advantage ; 'tis a task of greater consequence to lay a restraint on one's manners. While we are not thinking, and are revealed by our very intentness, and, through the game,

calls them 'artifices lateris.' See the First Book, l. 112 ; and the *Tristia*, Book ii. l. 497, and the Note.

<sup>73</sup> *Which she must call for.*]—Ver. 356. Probably at the game of 'duodecim scripta,' or 'twelve points,' like our backgammon ; sets of three 'tesseræ,' or dice, were used for throwing ; he recommends her to learn the game, and to know on what points to enter when taken up, and what throws to call for. See the last Book, l. 203 ; and the *Tristia*, Book ii. l. 473, and the Note.

<sup>74</sup> *The pieces.*]—Ver. 357. See the Note to l. 207, in the last Book.

<sup>75</sup> *The warrior, too.*]—Ver. 359. He alludes to one of the principal pieces, whose fate depends upon another.

<sup>76</sup> *Let the smooth balls.*]—Ver. 361. He seems to allude here to a game played by putting marbles (which seems to be the meaning of 'pilæ leves,' 'smooth balls,') into a net with the mouth open, and then taking them out one by one without moving any of the others.

<sup>77</sup> *Kind of game.*]—Ver. 363. These two lines do not seem to be connected with the game mentioned in l. 365, but rather to refer to that mentioned in l. 355.

<sup>78</sup> *A little table receives.*]—Ver. 365. This game is mentioned in the *Tristia*, Book ii. l. 481. It seems to resemble the simple game played by schoolboys on the slate, and known among them as tit-tat-to.

our feelings, laid bare, are exposed; anger arises, a disgraceful failing, and the greed for gain; quarrels, too, and strife, and, *then*, bitter regrets. Recriminations are uttered; the air resounds with the brawl, and every one for himself invokes the angry Divinities. There is no trusting<sup>79</sup> *the tables*, and, amid vows, new tables are called for; full oft, too, have I seen cheeks wet with tears. May Jupiter avert from you indiscretions so unbecoming, *you*, who have a care to be pleasing to any lover.

To the fair, has nature, in softer mood, assigned these amusements; with materials more abundant do the men disport. They have both the flying ball,<sup>80</sup> and the javelin, and the hoop, and arms, and the horse trained to go round the ring. No plain of Mars receives you, nor does the *spring of the Virgin*,<sup>81</sup> so intensely cold; nor does the Etrurian<sup>82</sup> river carry you along with its smooth stream. But you are allowed, and it is to your advantage, to go in the shade of Pompey's *Portico*, at the time when the head is heated by the steeds of the *Constellation of the Virgin*.<sup>83</sup> Frequent the Palatium, consecrated to the laurel-bearing Phœbus; 'twas he that overwhelmed in the deep the ships of Parætônium.<sup>84</sup> The memorials, also, which the sister and the wife<sup>85</sup> of our Ruler have erected; his son-in-law<sup>86</sup> too, his head encircled with naval honors. Frequent the altars

<sup>79</sup> *No trusting.*]—Ver. 377. On account of the continued run of bad luck.

<sup>80</sup> *Flying ball.*]—Ver. 380. See the *Tristia*, Book ii. l. 485-6, and the Note.

<sup>81</sup> *The Virgin.*]—Ver. 385. This was near the *Campus Martius*. See the *Fasti*, Book i. l. 464; and the *Pontic Epistles*, Book i. Ep. viii. l. 38, and the Note.

<sup>82</sup> *Etrurian.*]—Ver. 386. The Tiber flowed through ancient Etruria.

<sup>83</sup> *The Virgin.*]—Ver. 388. He alludes to the heat while the sun is passing through the *Constellation Virgo*.

<sup>84</sup> *Parætônium.*]—Ver. 390. See the *Amores*, Book ii. El. xiii. l. 7, and the Note. He alludes to the victory of Augustus over Antony and Cleopatra, at Actium; on which the conqueror built the temple of Apollo on the Palatine hill.

<sup>85</sup> *The sister and the wife.*]—Ver. 391. Livia, the wife, and Octavia, the sister of Augustus, are referred to.

<sup>86</sup> *His son-in-law.*]—Ver. 392. The allusion is to M. Agrippa, the husband of Julia, the daughter of Augustus; after the defeat of the younger Pompey, Augustus presented him with a naval crown. A *Portico* built by Augustus was called by his name.

of the Memphian heifer,<sup>87</sup> that smoke with frankincense ; frequent the three Theatres,<sup>88</sup> in conspicuous positions. Let the sand, stained with the warm blood, have you for spectators ; the goal, also, to be passed with the glowing wheels.<sup>89</sup>

That which lies hid is unknown ; for what is not known there is no desire. *All* advantage is lost, when a pretty face is without one to see it. Were you to excel even Thamyras<sup>90</sup> and Amœbeus in your singing, there would be no great regard for your lyre, *while* unknown. If Apelles of Cos<sup>91</sup> had never painted Venus, she would have lain concealed beneath the ocean waves. What but fame alone is sought by the hallowed Poets ? The sum of *all* my labours has that *crowning* object. In former days, Poets were<sup>92</sup> the care of rulers and of kings ; and the choirs of old received great rewards. Hallowed was the dignity, and venerable the name of the Poets ; and *upon them* great riches were often bestowed. Ennius, born in the mountains of Calabria, was deemed worthy, great Scipio, to be placed near to thee.<sup>93</sup> At the present day, the ivy lies abandoned, without any honor ; and the laborious anxiety that toils for the learned Muses, receives the appellation of idleness.

But be it our study to lie on the watch for fame ; who would have known of Homer, if the Iliad, a never-dying work, had lain concealed ? Who would have known of Danæ, if she had been for ever shut up, and if, *till* an old woman, she had continued concealed in her tower ? The throng, ye *beauteous* fair, is advantageous to you ; turn your wandering steps full oft beyond your thresholds. The she-wolf goes on her way to the

<sup>87</sup> *Memphian heifer.*]—Ver. 393. See the Amores, Book i. El. viii. l. 74.

<sup>88</sup> *Frequent the three Theatres.*]—Ver. 394. He probably alludes to the theatres of Pompey, Balbus, and Marcellus, as they are mentioned by Suetonius as the ‘trina theatra.’

<sup>89</sup> *Glowing wheels.*]—Ver. 396. See the Amores, Book iii. El. ii.

<sup>90</sup> *Thamyras.*]—Ver. 399. He was a Thracian poet, who challenged the Muses to sing, and, according to Homer, was punished with madness. Diodorus Siculus says that he lost his voice, while the Roman poets state that he lost his sight. Amœbeus was a famous lute-player of Athens.

<sup>91</sup> *Of Cos.*]—Ver. 401. See the Pontic Epistles, Book iv. Ep. i. l. 29.

<sup>92</sup> *Poets were.*]—Ver. 405. Euripides was the guest of Archelaüs king of Macedonia, Anacreon of Polycrates king of Samos, and Pindar and Bacchilides of Hiero king of Sicily.

<sup>93</sup> *Placed near to thee.*]—Ver. 410. According to some accounts, the ashes of Ennius were deposited in the tomb of the Scipios, by the order of his friend Scipio Africanus.



many sheep, that she may carry off *but* one; and the bird of Jove pounces down upon the many birds. Let the handsome woman, too, present herself to be seen by the public; out of *so* many, perhaps there will be one for her to attract. In all places, let her ever be desirous to please; and, with all attention, let her have a care for her charms. Chance is powerful everywhere; let your hook be always hanging *ready*. In waters where you least think it, there will be a fish. Many a time do the hounds wander in vain over the woody mountains; and *sometimes* the stag falls in the toils, with no one to pursue him. What was there for Andromeda, when bound, less to hope for, than that her tears could possibly charm any one? Many a time, at the funeral of a husband, is *another* husband found. To go with the tresses dishevelled, and not to withhold your lamentations, is becoming.

But avoid those men who make dress and good looks their study; and who arrange their locks, each in its own position. What they say to you, they have repeated to a thousand damsels. Their love is roving, and remains firm in no one spot. What is the woman to do, when the man, himself, is still more effeminate, and himself perchance may have still more male *admirers*?

You will hardly believe me, but *still*, do believe me; Troy would have been *still* remaining, if it had followed the advice of its own Priam.<sup>94</sup> There are some men who range about, under a fictitious appearance of love, and, by means of such introductions, seek disgraceful lucre. And do not let the locks deceive you, shining much with the liquid nard;<sup>95</sup> nor yet the narrow belt,<sup>96</sup> pressed upon the folds of their dress. Nor let the robe of finest texture beguile you; nor yet if there shall be many and many a ring<sup>97</sup> on their fingers. Perhaps the best

<sup>94</sup> *Its own Priam.*]—Ver. 440. Priam and Antenor advised that Helen should be restored to Menelaüs.

<sup>95</sup> *Liquid nard.*]—Ver. 443. There were two kinds of nard, the 'foliated,' and the 'spike' nard. It was much esteemed as a perfume by the Romans.

<sup>96</sup> *Narrow belt.*]—Ver. 444. He probably means a girdle that fitted tightly, and caused the 'toga' to set in many creases. See the Notes to the Fasti, Book v. l. 675.

<sup>97</sup> *And many a ring.*]—Ver. 446. 'Alter et alter.' Literally, 'one and another.'

dressed of the number of these may be some thief,<sup>98</sup> and may be attracted by a desire for your clothes. "Give me back my property!" full oft do the plundered fair ones cry; "Give me back my property!" the whole Forum resounding with their cries. Thou, Venus,<sup>99</sup> unmoved, and you, ye Goddesses,<sup>1</sup> near the Appian way, from your temples blazing with plenteous gold, behold these disputes. There are even certain names notorious by a reputation that admits of no doubt; those females who have been deceived by many, share the criminality of their favorites. Learn, *then*, from the complaints of others, to have apprehensions for yourselves; and do not let your door be open to the knavish man.

Refrain, Cecropian fair, from believing Theseus,<sup>2</sup> when he swears; the Gods whom he will make his witnesses, he has made *so* before. And no trust is there left for thee, Demophoön, heir to the criminality of Theseus, since Phyllis has been deceived. If they are lavish of their promises, in just as many words do you promise them; if they give, do you, too, give the promised favours. That woman could extinguish the watchful flames of Vesta, and could bear off the sacred things, daughter of Inachus,<sup>3</sup> from thy temples, and could administer to her husband the aconite, mixed with the pounded hemlock, if on receiving a present she could deny a favour.

My feelings are prompting me to go too close; check the rein, my Muse: and be not hurled headlong by the wheels in their full career. Should lines, written on the tablets made of fir, try the soundings; let a maid suited *for the duty* take in the billets that are sent. Examine them; and collect from the words themselves, whether he only pretends what you are reading, or whether he entreats anxiously, and with sincerity. And after a short delay, write an answer: delay ever stimulates those in love, if it lasts only for a short time.

<sup>98</sup> *Some thief.*]—Ver. 447. Among its other refinements, Rome seems to have had its swell mob.

<sup>99</sup> *Thou, Venus.*]—Ver. 451. This temple is referred to in the First Book, l. 81—87. Its vicinity was much frequented by courtesans.

<sup>1</sup> *You, ye Goddesses.*]—Ver. 452. He probably alludes to the Nymphs whose statues were near the Appian aqueduct, mentioned in the 81st line of the First Book. The Delphin Editor absolutely thinks that the 'professæ,' or courtesans, are themselves alluded to as the 'Appiades Deæ.'

<sup>2</sup> *Theseus.*]—Ver. 457. Who deserted Ariadne.

<sup>3</sup> *Of Inachus.*]—Ver. 464. Isis, or Io. See the Metamorphoses, Bk. i.

But neither do you make yourself too cheap to the youth who entreats, nor yet refuse, with disdainful lips, what he is pressing for. Cause him both to fear and to hope at the same moment; and oft as you refuse him, let hopes more assured, and diminished apprehensions arise.

Write your words, ye fair, in a legible hand, but of common parlance, and such as are usual; the recognized forms of language are *most* pleasing.—Ah! how oft has the wavering lover been inflamed by a letter, and *how* oft has uncouth language proved detrimental to a graceful form! But since, although you are without the honors of the fillet of *chastity*, it is *still* your care to deceive your husbands;<sup>4</sup> let the skilled hand of a maid, or of a boy, carry the tablets, and don't entrust your pledges to some unknown youth. I myself have seen the fair pale with terror on that account, enduring, in their misery, servitude to all *future* time. Perfidious, indeed, is he who retains such pledges: but still *in them* he has power equal to the lightnings of *Ætna*.

In my opinion deceit is allowable, for the purpose of repelling deceit; and the laws permit us to take up arms against the armed. One hand should be accustomed to write in numerous styles. Perdition to those, through whom this advice must be given by me! Nor is it safe to write, except when the wax is *quite* smoothed over; so that the same tablet may not contain two hands.<sup>5</sup> Let your lover be always styled a female when you write; in your billets let that be "she," which *really* is "he."

But I wish to turn my attention from trifles to things of more consequence, and with swelling canvass to expand my filling sails. It conduces to good looks to restrain habits of anger. Fair peace becomes human beings, savage fury wild beasts. With fury the features swell; with blood the veins grow black; the eyes flash more wildly than the Gorgonian fires. "Pipe, hence avant,<sup>6</sup> thou art not of so much worth to me,"

<sup>4</sup> *To deceive your husbands.*]—Ver. 484. It is not improbable that 'viro' here means merely 'keepers,' and not 'husbands,' especially as he alludes to their being without the privilege of the 'vitta,' which the matrons wore.

<sup>5</sup> *Two hands.*]—Ver. 496. He means, that the writing of the lover must be quite erased before she pens her answer on the same tablets.

<sup>6</sup> *Hence, avant.*]—Ver. 505. See the *Fasti*, Book vi. l. 696.

said Pallas, when she saw her features in the stream. You, too, if you were to look at your mirror in the midst of your anger, hardly could any one distinctly recognize her own countenance. And, in no less degree, let not a repulsive haughtiness *sit* upon your features ; by alluring eyes love must be enticed. Believe me, ye fair who know it by experience, I hate immoderate conceit. Full oft do the features in silence contain the germs of hatred. Look at him who looks on you ; smile sweetly *in return* to him who smiles. Does he nod at you ; do you, too, return the sign *well* understood. When the Boy *Cupid* has made these preludes, laying aside his foils,<sup>6</sup> he takes his sharp arrows from his quiver.

I hate the melancholy *damsels* too. Let Ajax be charmed with Tecmessa ;<sup>7</sup> us, a joyous throng, the cheerful woman captivates. Never should I have asked thee, Andromache, nor thee, Tecmessa, that one of you would be my mistress. I seem hardly ably to believe it, though by your fruitfulness I am obliged to believe it, that you could have granted your favours to your husbands. And could, forsooth, that most melancholy woman say to Ajax, “ My life ! ” and words which are wont to please the men ?

What forbids me to apply illustrations from great matters to small ones, and not to be standing in awe of the name of a general ? To this person the skilful general has entrusted a hundred to be ruled with the twig of vine ;<sup>8</sup> to this one *so many* cavalry ; to that one he has given the standard to defend. Do you, too, consider, to what use each of us is suited, and class each one in his assigned position. Let the rich man give his presents ; let him that professes the law, defend ; the eloquent man may often plead the cause of his client. We who compose verse, verses alone let us contribute. This throng, before *all* others, is susceptible of love. Far and wide do we herald the praises of the beauty that pleases us. Nemesis<sup>9</sup> has fame ; Cynthia, *too*, has fame. The West and the

<sup>6</sup> *Laying aside his foils.*—Ver. 515. The ‘rudis’ was a stick, which soldiers and persons exercising used in mimic combat, probably like our foil or singlestick.

<sup>7</sup> *With Tecmessa.*—Ver. 517. She was taken captive by Ajax, and probably had good reason to be sorrowful.

<sup>8</sup> *The twig of vine.*—Ver. 527. He alludes to the Centurions, who had the power of inflicting corporal punishment, from which circumstance their badge of office was a vine sapling.

<sup>9</sup> *Nemesis.*—Ver. 536. Nemesis was the mistress of Tibullus. See

lands of the East know of Lycoris : and many a one is enquiring who my Corinna is. Besides, *all* deceit is wanting in the hallowed Poets, and even our art contributes to *forming* our manners. No ambition influences us, no love of gain ; despising the Courts, the couch and the shade are the objects of our commendation. But we are easily attracted, and are consumed by a lasting heat ; and we know how to love with a constancy most enduring. Indeed, we have our feelings-softened by the gentle art ; and our manners are in conformity with our pursuits.

Be kind, ye fair, to the Aonian bards. In them there is inspiration, and the Pierian maids show favour unto *them*. In us a Divinity exists : and we have intercourse with the heavens. From the realms of the skies does that inspiration proceed. 'Tis a crime to look for a present from the learned Poets. Ah wretched me ! of this crime no fair one stands in dread. Still, do act the dissemblers, and at the very first sight, do not be ravenous. On seeing your nets, a new lover will stop short. But neither can the rider manage with the same reins the horse which has but lately felt the bridle, and that which is well-trained ; nor yet must the same path be trod by you in order to captivate the feelings that are steadied by years, and inexperienced youth.

The latter is raw, and now for the first time known in the camp of Love, who, a tender prey, has reached your chamber ; with you alone is he acquainted ; to you alone would he ever prove constant. Shun a rival ; so long as you alone shall possess him, you will be the conqueror. Both sovereignties and love do not last long with one to share in them. The other, the veteran soldier, will love you gradually, and with moderation ; and he will put up with much that will not be endured by the novice. He will neither break down your door-posts, nor burn them with raging flames ; nor will he fly at the tender cheek of his mistress with his nails. He will neither tear his own clothes, nor yet the clothes of the fair ; nor will her torn locks be a cause for grieving. These things befit boys, who are heated with *youthful* years and with passion : the other, with tranquil feelings, will put up with cruel wounds. With slowly consuming fires will he smoulder, just like a damp torch ; or

the Amores, Book iii. El. ix. Cynthia was the mistress of Propertius, and Lycoris of Gallus.

like the wood that has been cut down upon the mountain ridge. This passion is more sure ; the former *is* short-lived and more bounteous. With speedy hand do you pluck the fruit that passes away.

Let all points be surrendered ; the gates we have opened to the enemy, and let confidence be *placed* in *this* perfidious betrayal. That which is easily conceded, but badly supports a lasting passion. A repulse must now and then be mingled with your joyous dalliance. Let him lie down before your doors : "Cruel door !" let him exclaim ; and let him do many a thing in humble, many in threatening mood. The sweet we cannot endure ; with bitter potions we may be refreshed. Full oft does the bark perish, overwhelmed by favouring gales. This it is that does not permit wives to be loved ; husbands have access to them, whenever they please. Shut your door,<sup>10</sup> and let your porter say to you with surly lips, "You cannot *come in* ;" desire will seize you, as well, *thus* shut out.

Now lay aside the blunted swords ; let the battle be fought with sharpened ones. And I doubt not but that I myself shall be aimed at with weapons of my own *furnishing*. While the lover that has been captured only of late is falling into your toils, let him hope that he alone has *admission* to your chamber. But soon let him be aware of a rival, and a division of the privileges of your favours. Remove these contrivances ; *and* his passion will grow effete. Then does the high-mettled courser run well, the starting-place being opened, when he has both competitors to pass by, and those for him to follow. Harshness rekindles the flame, even if gone out. Myself to wit, I confess it, I do not love unless I am ill-used.

Still, the cause for grief should not be too manifest : and in his anxiety he ought to suspect that there is more than what he *actually* knows. The harsh supervision, too, of *some* feigned servant should excite him, and the irksome watchfulness of a husband too severe. The pleasure that is enjoyed in safety, is the least valued *of all*. Though you are more at liberty than *even* Thais,<sup>11</sup> *still* feign apprehensions. Whereas you could

<sup>10</sup> *Shut your door.*]—Ver. 587. He addresses the husband, whom he supposes to be wearied with satiety.

<sup>11</sup> *Than even Thais.*]—Ver. 604. Thais seems to have been a common name with the courtesans of ancient times. Terence, in his *Eunuchus*, introduces one of that name, who is pretty much of the free and unrestrained character here depicted.

do it *far* better by the door, admit him through the window ; and on your countenance show the signs of fear. Let the cunning maid rush in, and exclaim, "We are undone!" and then do you hide the youth in his fright in any spot. Still, an enjoyment without anxiety must be interspersed with his alarms ; lest he should not think your favours to be worth so much trouble.

*But* I was about to omit by what methods the cunning husband may be eluded, and how the watchful keeper. Let the wife stand in awe of her husband ; let the safe keeping of a wife be allowed. That is proper ; that the laws, and justice, and decency ordain. *But* for you as well to be watched, whom the Lictor's rod<sup>12</sup> has but just set at liberty, who can endure it ? Come to my sacred rites, that you may *learn how to deceive*. Even if as many eyes shall be watching you, as Argus had, if there is only a fixed determination, you will deceive *them all*. And shall a keeper, forsooth, hinder you from being able to write, when an opportunity is given you for taking the bath ? When a female confidant can carry the note you have penned, which her broad girth<sup>13</sup> can conceal in her warm bosom ? When she can conceal the paper fastened to her calf, and carry the tender note beneath her sandalled foot.

Should the keeper be proof against these *contrivances* ; in place of paper, let your confidant afford her shoulders ; and upon her own person let her carry your words. Letters, too, written in new milk, are safe and escape the eye ; touch them with powdered coals, *and* you will read them. The writing, too, which is made with the stalk of wetted flax,<sup>14</sup> will deceive, and the clean surface will bear the secret marks. The care of

<sup>12</sup> *Lictor's rod.*]—Ver. 615. This conferred freedom on the slave who was touched with it. See the *Fasti*, Book vi. l. 676, and the Note. He means, that free-born women are worthy to become wives ; but 'libertinæ,' or 'freed-women,' are only fit to become 'professæ,' or 'courtesans,' when they may sin with impunity, so far as the laws are concerned.

<sup>13</sup> *Broad girth.*]—Ver. 622. This seems to be the kind of belt mentioned in line 274.

<sup>14</sup> *Stalk of wetted flax.*]—Ver. 629. According to the common reading, this will mean that the letter is to be written on blank paper, with a stalk of wetted flax ; which writing will afterwards appear, when a black substance is thrown upon it. Heinsius insists that the passage is corrupt, and suggests that 'alumine niri' is the correct reading ; in which case it would mean that alum water is to be used instead of ink. Vossius tells us that alum water, mixed with the juice of the plant 'tithymalum,' was used for the purposes of secret correspondence.

watching a fair one fell to Acrisius ; still, through his own fault, did she make him a grandsire. What can a keeper do, when there are so many Theatres in the City ? When, eagerly she is a spectator of the harnessed steeds ? When she is sitting in attendance upon the *sistra* of the Pharian heifer, and at the place where her *male* friends are forbidden to go ? While, *too*, the Good Goddess<sup>15</sup> expels the gaze of males from her temples, except any that, perchance, she bids to come : while, as the keeper watches outside the clothes of the fair, the baths may in safety conceal the lovers who are hiding there ; while, so often as is requisite, some pretended she-friend may be sick, and, ill as she is, may give place for her in her couch. While the false key, *too*, tells<sup>16</sup> by its name what we are to do, and it is not the door alone that gives the access you require.

The watchfulness of the keeper is eluded by plenty of wine ; even though<sup>17</sup> the grapes be gathered on the hills of Spain. There are drugs, too, which create deep sleep ; and let them close the eyes overpowered by Lethæan night. And not amiss does the confidant occupy *the* troublesome *fellow* with dalliance to create delay, and in his company spins out the time.

What need is there to be teaching stratagems and trifling precepts, when the keeper may be purchased by the smallest present ? Believe me, presents influence both men and Gods : on gifts being presented, Jupiter himself is appeased. What is the wise man to do, *when* even the fool is gratified with a present ? The husband himself, on receiving a present, will be silent. But once only throughout the long year must the keeper be bought ; full oft will he hold out the hand which he has once extended.

I complained, I recollect, that new-made friends are to be dreaded ; that complaint does not extend to men alone. If you are too trusting, other women will interrupt your pleasures ; and this hare *of yours* will be destined to be hunted down by other

<sup>15</sup> *Good Goddess.*—Ver. 637. The debauched Clodius was detected as being present at these rites, in a female dress.

<sup>16</sup> *The false key, too, tells.*—Ver. 643. He plays upon the double meaning of the words, ‘*adultera clavis*,’ which properly signifies ‘a false key.’

<sup>17</sup> *Even though.*—Ver. 646. ‘Even though you should have to go to the expense of providing the rich wines of Spain for the purpose.’



persons. Even she,<sup>18</sup> who so obligingly lends her couch and her room, believe me, has not once *only* been in my company. And do not let too pretty a maid wait upon you; many a time has she filled<sup>19</sup> her mistress's place for me. Whither, in my folly, am I led on? Why with bared breast do I strive against the foe, and why, myself, am I betrayed through information that is my own? The bird does not instruct the fowler in which direction he may be taken: the hind does not teach the hostile hounds how to run. *Still*, let interest see to itself; my precepts, with fidelity will I give. To the Lemnian dames,<sup>20</sup> for my own destruction, will I present the sword.

Give reason (and 'tis easy *to do so*) for us to believe ourselves to be loved. Belief arises readily in those who are anxious for *the fulfilment* of their desires. Let the fair one eye the youth in a kindly manner; let her heave sighs from her very *heart*, and let her enquire, why it is he comes so late? Let tears be added, *too*, and feigned apprehensions about a rival, and with her fingers let her tear her face. Soon will he be *thoroughly* persuaded, and he will pity you of his own accord; and will say *to himself*, "This woman is consumed by affection for me." Especially, if he shall be well drest, and shall please himself at the looking-glass, he will believe that the Goddesses might be touched with love for him. But, whoever you are, let an injury disturb you *only* in a moderate degree; and don't, on hearing of a rival, go out of your mind. And don't at once believe it; how injurious it is at once to believe things, Procris will be no slight proof to you.

There is near the empurpled hills of blooming Hymettus a sacred spring, and the ground is soft with the verdant turf. The wood, of no great height, *there* forms a grove; the strawberry tree overshadows the grass; rosemary, and laurels, and swarthy myrtles give their perfume. Neither the box-trees with their thick foliage and the slender tamarisks, nor yet the tiny trefoil and the garden pine, are wanting there. Moved by the gentle Zephyrs and the balmy air, the leaves of these many kinds, and the tops of the grass quiver. Pleasant was this

<sup>18</sup> *Even she.*]—Ver. 663. He alludes to the accommodating lady mentioned in line 641.

<sup>19</sup> *Has she filled.*]—Ver. 666. See his address to Cypassis, in the Amores, Book ii. El. viii.

<sup>20</sup> *Lemnian dames.*]—Ver. 672. See the introduction to the Epistle from Hypsipyle to Jason.

retreat to Cephalus ;<sup>21</sup> his servants and his hounds left behind, the youth, *when* weary, often sat down in this spot. And *here* he was in the habit of repeating, "Come, gentle Aura [breeze], to be received in my bosom, that thou mayst moderate my heat."

Some person, maliciously officious, with retentive lips carried the words he had heard to the timid ears of his wife. Procris, when she heard the name of Aura [breeze], as though of a rival, fainted away, and with *this* sudden apprehension she was mute. She turned pale, just as the late leaves become wan, which the coming winter has nipped, the clusters *now* gathered from the vine ; *and as* the quinces<sup>22</sup> which in their ripeness are bending their boughs ; and as the cornels not yet quite fit for food for man. When her senses had returned, she tore her thin garments from off her body with her nails, and wounded her guiltless cheeks. And no delay was there ; raving, with dishevelled locks, she flew amid the tracks, like a Bacchanal aroused by the thyrsus. When she had come near *the spot*, she left her attendants in the valley ; *and* with silent footsteps, in her boldness, she herself stealthily entered the grove. What, Procris, were thy feelings, when thus, in thy frenzy, thou didst lie concealed ? What the impulse of thy disquieted breast ? Each moment, forsooth, wast thou expecting that she would come, whoever Aura might be, and that *their* criminality would be witnessed with thine eyes.

Now dost thou repent of having come, for indeed thou wouldst not wish to detect him ; *and* now thou art glad ; fluctuating affection is tormenting thy breast. There is the spot, and the name, and the informant to bid thee give credence ; and the fact that the lover always apprehends that to exist which he dreads. When she beheld the grass beaten down, the impress of his body, her trembling bosom was throbbing with her palpitating heart. And now midday had made the unsubstantial shadows small, and at an equal distance were the evening and the morn. Behold ! Cephalus, the offspring of the Cyllenian God,<sup>23</sup> returns from the woods, and sprinkles his glow-

<sup>21</sup> *Cephalus.*]—Ver. 695. This story is also related in the Seventh Book of the *Metamorphoses*.

<sup>22</sup> *The quinces.*]—Ver. 705. These are called 'cydonia,' from Cydon, a city of Crete.

<sup>23</sup> *Cyllenian God.*]—Ver. 725. Cephalus was said to be the son of Mercury ; but, according to one account, which is followed by Ovid in the *Metamorphoses*, Deioneus was his father.

ing face with water of the fountain. In thy anxiety, Procris, art thou lying concealed. Along the grass he lies as wont, and says, "Ye gentle Zephyrs, and thou Aura [breeze], come *hither*." When the welcome mistake of the name was *thus* revealed to the sorrowing fair, both her senses and the real colour of her face returned.

She arose; and the wife, about to rush into the embrace of her husband, by the moving of her body, shook the leaves that were in her way. He, thinking that a wild beast had made the noise, with alacrity snatched up his bow; his arrows were in his right hand. What, wretched man, art thou about? 'Tis no wild beast; keep still thy weapons. Ah wretched me! by thy dart has the fair been pierced. "Ah me!" she cries aloud, "a loving heart hast thou pierced. That spot has ever retained the wounds inflicted by Cephalus. Before my time I die, but injured by no rival; this, O Earth, will make thee light when I am entombed. Now is my breath departing in the breeze that I had *thus* suspected; I sink, alas! close my eyes with *those* dear hands."

In his sorrowing bosom he supports the dying body of his spouse, and with his tears he bathes her cruel wounds. *Her breath* departs; and gradually fleeting from her senseless breast, her breath<sup>24</sup> is received into the mouth of her wretched husband.

But let us return to our path; I must deal with my subject undisguised, that my wearied bark may reach its port. You may be waiting, in fact, for me to escort you to the banquet, and may be requesting my advice in this respect as well. Come late, and enter when the lights are brought in; delay is a friend to passion; a very great stimulant is delay. Even should you be ugly, to the tipsy you will appear charming: and night itself will afford a concealment for your imperfections. Take up your food with your fingers;<sup>25</sup> the method of eating is something; and do not besmear all your face with your dirty hand. And do not first<sup>26</sup> take food at

<sup>24</sup> *Her breath.*]—Ver. 746. See the corresponding passage in the *Metamorphoses*, Book vii. l. 861. It was the custom for the nearest relative to catch the breath of the dying person in the mouth.

<sup>25</sup> *With your fingers.*]—Ver. 755. Perhaps he means in moderate quantities at a time, and not in whole handfuls. See the Note to the First Book, l. 577.

<sup>26</sup> *And do not first.*]—Ver. 757. He seems to give two precepts here;

home ; but cease to eat a little sooner than you could wish, and could have eaten. Had the son of Priam seen Helen greedily devouring, he would have detested her ; and he would have said, “That prize of mine is an oaf.”

It is more proper and is more becoming for the fair to drink to excess. Thou dost not, Bacchus, consort amiss with the son of Venus. This too, *only* so far as the head will bear it, and the senses and the feet will be able to perform their duty;<sup>27</sup> and do not see each object that is single, as double. A woman sprawling along, *and* drenched in plenteous wine, is a disgusting object ; she is worthy to endure the embraces of any kind of fellows. And it is no safe thing when the tables are removed to fall asleep ; in sleep many a shocking thing is wont to happen. I feel ashamed to instruct you any further, but genial Dione says, “That which shames you is especially my own province.” Let each particular *then* be known unto you :

————— modos a corpore certos

Sumite ; non omnes una figura decet.  
 Quæ facie præsignis eris, resupina jaceto :  
 Spectentur tergo, quís sua terga placent.  
 Milanion humeris Atalantes crura ferebat :  
 Si bona sunt, hoc sunt accipienda modo.  
 Parva vehatur equo : quod erat longissima, nunquam  
 Thebais Hectoreo nupta resedit equo.  
 Strata premat genibus, paulum cervice reflexâ,  
 Fœmina, per longum conspicienda latus.  
 Cui femur est juvenile, carent cui pectora mendâ,  
 Stet vir, in obliquo fusa sit ipsa toro.  
 Nec tibi turpe puta crinem, ut Phylleia mater,  
 Solvere : et effusis colla reflecte comis.  
 Tu quoque, cui rugis uterum Lucina notavit,  
 Ut celer aversis utere Parthus equis.  
 Mille modi Veneris. Simplex minimique laboris,  
 Cum jacet in dextrum semisupina latus.

first, they are not to eat so much at home as to take away all appetite at the banquet, as that would savour of affectation, and be an act of rudeness to the host. On the other hand, he warns them not to stuff as long as they are able, but rather to leave off with an appetite. The passage, however, is hopelessly corrupt, and is capable of other interpretations.

<sup>27</sup> *Perform their duty.*—Ver. 764. ‘Constent,’ literally, ‘Will stand together.’

Sed neque Phœbei tripodes, nec corniger Ammon,  
 Vera magis vobis, quam mea Musa, canent.  
 Si qua fides arti, quam longo fecimus usu,  
 Credite : præstabunt carmina nostra fidem.  
 Sentiat ex imis Venerem resoluta medullis  
 Fœmina : et ex æquo res juvet illa duos.  
 Nec blandæ voces, jucundaque murmura cessent ;  
 Nec taceant mediis improba verba jocis.  
 Tu quoque, cui Veneris sensum natura negavit,  
 Dulcia mendaci gaudia finge sono.  
 Infelix, cui torpet hebes locus ille, puella es ;  
 Quo pariter debent fœmina virque frui.  
 Tantum, cum finges, ne sis manifesta caveto :  
 Effice per motum luminaque ipsa fidem.  
 Quod juvet : et voces et anhelitus arguat oris.  
 Ah pudet ! arcanas pars habet ista notas.  
 Gaudia post Veneris quæ poscet munus amantem,  
 Ipsa suas nolet pondus habere preces.

And admit not the light in your chamber with the windows wide open ; many *blemishes* of your person more becomingly lie concealed.

My pastime draws to a close ; 'tis time to descend from the swans,<sup>28</sup> that have borne my yoke upon their necks. As once the youths did, so now the fair, *as* my audience, may inscribe, "Naso was our preceptor," upon their spoils.

<sup>28</sup> *The swans.*—Ver. 899. He also alludes to them in the *Metamorphoses*, as drawing the car of Venus, though that office was more generally assigned by the Poets to doves.

# REMEDIA AMORIS;

OR,

## THE REMEDY OF LOVE.

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THE *God of Love* had read the title and the name of this treatise, *when* he said, “War, I see, war is being meditated against me.” Forbear, Cupid, to accuse thy Poet of *such* a crime; *me*, who so oft have borne thy standards with thee for my leader. I am no son of Tydeus, wounded by whom,<sup>1</sup> thy mother returned into the yielding air with the steeds of Mars. Other youths full oft grow cool; I have ever loved; and shouldst thou inquire what I am doing even now, I am *still* in love. Besides, I have taught by what arts thou mayst be won; and that which is now a system, was an impulse before. Neither thee do I betray, sweet Boy, nor yet my own arts; nor has my *more* recent Muse unravelled her former work.

If any one loves *an object* which he delights to love, enraptured, in his happiness, let him rejoice, and let him sail with prospering gales. But if any one impatiently endures the sway of some cruel fair, that he may not be undone, let him experience relief from my skill. Why has one person, tying up his neck<sup>2</sup> by the tightened halter, hung, a sad burden, from the lofty beam? Why, with the hard iron, has another pierced his own entrails? Lover of peace, thou dost bear the blame of their deaths. He, who, unless he desists, is about to perish by a wretched passion, let him desist; and *then* thou wilt prove the cause of death to none. Besides, thou art a boy; and it becomes thee not to do aught but play. Play on; a sportive sway befits thy years. For thou mayst use thy

<sup>1</sup> *Wounded by whom.*]—Ver. 5. He alludes to the wound received by Venus from Diomedes, the son of Tydeus.

<sup>2</sup> *Tying up his neck.*]—Ver. 17. He probably alludes to the unfortunate end of the passion of Iphis for Anaxarete, which is related at the close of the Fourteenth Book of the *Metamorphoses*.

arrows, when drawn *from the quiver* for warfare ; but thy weapons are free from deadly blood.

Let thy stepfather *Mars* wage war both with the sword and the sharp lance ; and let him go, as victor, blood-stained with plenteous slaughter. Do thou cherish thy mother's arts, which, in safety, we pursue ; and by the fault of which no parent becomes bereft. Do thou cause the portals to be burst open in the broils of the night ; and let many a chaplet cover the decorated doors. Cause the youths and the bashful damsels to meet in secret ; and by any contrivance they can, let them deceive their watchful husbands. And at one moment, let the lover utter blandishments, at another, rebukes, against the obdurate door-posts ; and, shut out, let him sing some doleful ditty. Contented with these tears, thou wilt be without the imputation of any death. Thy torch is not deserving to be applied to the consuming pile.

These *words said* I. Beauteous Love waved his resplendent wings, and said to me, "Complete the work that thou dost design." Come, *then*, ye deceived youths, for my precepts ; ye whom your passion has deceived in every way. By him, through whom you have learned how to love, learn how to be cured ; for you, the same hand shall cause the wound and the remedy. The earth nourishes wholesome plants, and the same *produces* injurious ones ; and full oft is the nettle the neighbour of the rose. That lance which once made a wound in the enemy, the son of Hercules, afforded a remedy<sup>3</sup> for *that* wound. But whatever is addressed to the men, believe, ye fair, *to be said* to you as well ; to both sides am I giving arms. If of these any are not suited to your use, still by their example they may afford much instruction. My useful purpose is to extinguish the raging flames, and not to have the mind the slave of its own imperfections. Phyllis would have survived, if she had employed me as her teacher ; and along that road, by which nine times she went,<sup>4</sup> she would have gone oftener still. And Dido, dying, would not have beheld from the summit of her tower the Dardanians giving their sails to the wind.

<sup>3</sup> *A remedy.*]—Ver. 47. Telephus, the son of Hercules and Auge, having been wounded by the spear of Achilles, was cured by the application of the rust of the same weapon.

<sup>4</sup> *Nine times she went.*]—Ver. 56. See the Epistle of Phyllis to Demophoön.

Grief, too, would not have armed *Medea*, the mother against her own offspring ; she who took vengeance on her husband, by the shedding of their united blood. Through my skill, Tereus, although Philomela did captivate him, would not, through his crimes, have been deserving to become a bird.<sup>5</sup>

Give me Pasiphaë *for a pupil*, at once she shall lay aside her passion for the bull ; give me Phædra, the shocking passion of Phædra shall depart. Bring Paris back to us ; Menelaüs shall possess *his* Helen, and Pergamus shall not fall, conquered by Grecian hands. If impious Scylla had read my treatise, the purple *lock*, Nisus, would have remained upon thy head. With me for your guide, ye men, repress your pernicious anxieties ; and onward let the bark proceed with the companions, me the pilot. At the time when you were learning how to love, Naso was to be studied ; now, *too*, will the same Naso have to be studied by you. An universal assessor<sup>6</sup> *of liberty*, I will relieve the breasts that are oppressed by their tyrants ; do you show favour, each of you, to my liberating wand.<sup>7</sup>

Prophetic Phœbus, inventor of song, and of the healing art, I pray that the laurel may afford me its aid. Do thou shew favour both to the poet and to the physician ; to thy guardianship is either care consigned.

While *still* you may, and while moderate emotions influence your breast ; if you repent, withhold your footsteps upon the very threshold. Tread under foot the hurtful seeds of the sudden malady, while they are *still* fresh ; and let your steed, as he begins to go, refuse to proceed. For time supplies strength, time thoroughly ripens the young grapes ; and it makes that into vigorous standing corn, which *before* was *only* blades of grass. The tree which affords its extending shade to those who walk *beneath*, was *but* a twig at the time when it was first planted. At that time, with the hand it could have been rooted from the surface of the earth ; now, increased by its

<sup>5</sup> *Become a bird.*]—Ver. 62. See the Metamorphoses, Book vi.

<sup>6</sup> *Assessor.*]—Ver. 73. This word was properly applied to one who laid his hands on a slave, and asserted his freedom. By the Laws of the 'Twelve Tables,' he was required to give security for his appearance in an action by the master of the slave, to the amount of fifty 'asses,' and no more.

<sup>7</sup> *Liberating wand.*]—Ver. 74. See the Last Book, l. 615, and the Note.



own powers, it is standing upon a large space. Examine with active perception, what sort of *object* it is, with which you are in love; and withdraw your neck from a yoke that is sure to gall. Resist the first advances; too late is a cure attempted, when through long hesitation the malady has waxed strong. But hasten, and do not postpone to a future moment; that which is not agreeable to-day, will to-morrow be *still* less so. Every passion is deceiving, and finds nutriment in delay. Each day's morrow is the best suited for liberty.

You see but few rivers arise from great sources; most of them are multiplied by a collection of waters. If thou hadst at once perceived how great a sin thou wast meditating, thou wouldst not, Myrrha, have had thy features covered with bark. I have seen a wound, which at first was curable, when neglected receive injury from protracted delay. But because we are delighted to pluck the flowers of Venus, we are continually saying, "This will be done to-morrow just as well." In the meantime, the silent flames are gliding into the entrails; and the hurtful tree is sending its roots more deep.

But if the time for early aid has *now* passed by, and an old passion is seated *deeply* in your captured breast, a greater labour is provided; but, because I am called in but late to the sick, he shall not be deserted by me. With unerring hand the hero, son of Pæas,<sup>8</sup> ought at once to have cut out the part in which he was wounded. Still, after many a year, he is supposed, when cured, to have given a finishing hand to the warfare. I, who just now was hastening to dispel maladies at their birth, am now tardy in administering aid to you at a later moment. Either try, if you can, to extinguish the flames when recent; or when they have become exhausted by their own efforts. When frenzy is in *full* career, yield to frenzy in its career; each impulse presents a difficult access. The swimmer is a fool, who, when he can cross *the stream by going down with it* sideways, struggles to go straight against the tide. A mind impatient, and not yet manageable by *any* contrivance, rejects the words of an adviser, and holds them in contempt. More successfully, then, shall I attempt it, when he shall now

<sup>8</sup> *Son of Pæas.*]—Ver. 111. See the *Metamorphoses*, Book x. l. 45, and the Note.

allow his wounds to be touched, and shall be accessible to the words of truthfulness.

Who, but one bereft of understanding, would forbid a mother to weep at the death of her son? On such an occasion she is not to be counselled. When she shall have exhausted her tears, and have satisfied her afflicted feelings; that grief of hers will be capable of being soothed with words. The healing art is generally a work of opportunity; wine, administered at the *proper* time, is beneficial, and administered at an unsuitable time, is injurious. And, besides, you may inflame maladies and irritate them by checking them; if you do not combat them at the fitting moment. Therefore, when you shall seem to be curable by my skill, take care, and by my precepts shun the first approaches of idleness. 'Tis that which makes you love, 'tis that which supports it, when *once* it has caused it: that is the cause and the nutriment of the delightful malady.

If you remove *all* idleness, the bow of Cupid is broken, and his torch lies despised and without its light. As much as the plane-tree<sup>9</sup> delights in wine, the multitude in the stream, and as much as the reed of the marsh in a slimy soil, so much does Venus love idleness. You who seek a termination of your passion, attend to your business; love gives way before business; *then* you will be safe. Inactivity, and immoderate slumbers under no control, gaming too, and the temples aching through much wine, take away all strength from the mind that is free from a wound. Love glides insidiously upon the unwary. That Boy is wont to attend upon slothfulness; he hates the busy. Give to the mind that is unemployed some task with which it may be occupied. There are the Courts, there are the laws, there are your friends for you to defend.<sup>10</sup> Go into the ranks<sup>11</sup> white with the civic gown; or else do you take up with the youthful duties of blood-stained Mars; soon will voluptuousness turn its back on you.

<sup>9</sup> *Plane-tree.*]—Ver. 141. The shade of this tree was much valued as a place of resort for convivial parties. Wine was sometimes poured upon its roots.

<sup>10</sup> *To defend.*]—Ver. 151. See the *Fasti*, Book i. l. 22, and the Note.

<sup>11</sup> *Into the ranks.*]—Ver. 152. He recommends the idle man to become a candidate for public honours: on which occasion, the party canvassing wore a white 'toga,' whence he was called 'candidatus,' literally, 'one clothed in white.'

Lo! the flying Parthian,<sup>12</sup> a recent cause for a great triumph, is now beholding the arms of Cæsar on his own plains. Conquer equally the arrows of Cupid and of the Parthians, and bring back a two-fold trophy to the Gods of your country. After Venus had once been wounded by the Ætolian<sup>13</sup> spear, she entrusted wars to be waged by her lover.

Do you enquire why Ægisthus became an adulterer? The cause is self-evident; he was an idler. Others were fighting at Ilium, with slowly prospering arms: the whole of Greece had transported thither her strength. If he would have given his attention to war, she was nowhere waging it;<sup>14</sup> or if to the Courts of law, Argos was free from litigation. What he could, he did; that he might not be doing nothing, he fell in love. Thus does that Boy make his approaches, so does that Boy take up his abode.

The country, too, soothes the feelings, and the pursuits of agriculture: any anxiety whatever may give way before this employment. Bid the tamed oxen place their necks beneath their burden, that the crooked ploughshare may wound the hard ground. Cover the grain of Ceres with the earth turned up, which the field may restore to you with bounteous interest. Behold the branches bending beneath the weight of the apples; how its own tree can hardly support the weight which it has produced. See the rivulets trickling along with their pleasing murmur; see the sheep, as they crop the fertile mead. Behold how the she-goats climb the rocks, and the steep crags; soon will they be bringing back their distended udders for their kids. The shepherd is tuning his song on the unequal reeds; the dogs, too, a watchful throng, are not far off. In another direction the lofty woods are resounding with lowings; and the dam is complaining that her calf is missing. Why *name the time* when the swarms fly from the yew trees,<sup>15</sup>

<sup>12</sup> *Flying Parthian.*]—Ver. 155. See the Art of Love, Book i. l. 177, and the Note.

<sup>13</sup> *Ætolian.*]—Ver. 159. Ætolia was the native country of Diomedes.

<sup>14</sup> *Waging it.*]—Ver. 165. He might have gone to Troy, and taken part in that war; unless, indeed, as Ovid hints in another passage, his intrigue did not commence with Clytemnestra till after Troy had fallen, and Cassandra had become the captive of Agememnon.

<sup>15</sup> *Fly from the yew trees.*]—Ver. 185. 'Fumos,' 'smoke,' is a better reading here than 'taxos,' 'yews,' inasmuch as the swarm of bees would be driven away by smoke, but not by the yew, which was not noxious to

placed beneath them, that the honey-combs removed may relieve the bending osiers<sup>16</sup> *of their weight?* Autumn affords its fruit ; summer is beauteous with its harvests ; spring produces flowers ; winter is made cheerful by the fire. At stated periods the rustic pulls the ripened grape, and beneath his naked foot the juice flows out ; at stated periods he binds up the dried hay, and clears the mowed ground with the wide toothed rake.

You yourself may set the plant in the watered garden ; you yourself may form the channels for the trickling stream. The grafting<sup>17</sup> is *now* come ; make branch adopt branch, and let one tree stand covered with the foliage of another. When once these delights have begun to soothe your mind, Love, robbed of his power, departs with flagging wings.

Or do you follow the pursuit of hunting. Full oft has Venus, overcome by the sister of Phœbus, retreated in disgrace. Now follow the fleet hare with the quick-scented hound ; now stretch your toils on the shady mountain ridge. Or else, alarm the timid deer with the variegated feather-foils ;<sup>17\*</sup> or let the boar fall, transfixed by the hostile spear. Fatigued, at night sleep takes possession of you, not thoughts of the fair ; and with profound rest it refreshes the limbs. 'Tis a more tranquil pursuit, still *it is* a pursuit, on catching the bird, to win the humble prize, either with the net or with the *bird-limed* twigs ; or else, to hide the crooked hooks of brass in morsels at the end, which the greedy fish may, to its destruction, swallow with its ravenous jaws. Either by these, or by other *pursuits*, must you by stealth be beguiled by yourself, until you shall have learnt how to cease to love.

Only do you go, although you shall be detained by strong ties, go far away, and commence your progress upon a distant the swarm, though it was thought to make the honey of a poisonous nature, or bitter, according to Pliny. See the Amores, B. i. El. xii. l. 10, and the Note.

<sup>16</sup> *Bending osiers.*—Ver. 186. The beehives, if stationary, were made of brick, or baked cow dung ; if moveable, they were made from a hollow block of wood, cork, bark, earthenware, and, as in the present instance, wicker-work, or osier. Those of cork were deemed the best, and those of earthenware the worst, as being most susceptible to the variations of the temperature.

<sup>17</sup> *The grafting.*—Ver. 195. The process of engrafting was performed in the spring.

<sup>17\*</sup> *Feather-foils.*—Ver. 203. See the Fasti, B. v. l. 173, and the note.

journey. You will weep when the name of your forsaken mistress shall recur *to you* : and many a time will your foot linger in the middle of your path. But the less willing you shall be to go, remember the more *surely* to go ; persist ; and compel your feet to hasten, *however* unwillingly. And don't you fear showers ; nor let the Sabbaths<sup>18</sup> of the stranger detain you ; nor yet the Allia,<sup>19</sup> so well known for its disasters. And don't enquire how many miles you have travelled, but how many are yet remaining for you ; and invent no excuses, that you may remain near at hand. Neither do you count the hours, nor oft look back on Rome : but fly ; still is<sup>20</sup> the Parthian secure in flight from his foe.

Some one may style my precepts harsh : I confess that they are harsh ; but that you may recover, you will have to endure much that is to be lamented. Full oft, when ill, I have drunk of bitter potions, though reluctantly ; and when I entreated for it, food has been refused me. To cure your body, you will have to endure iron and fire ; and *though* thirsty, you will not refresh your parched lips with water. That you may be healed in spirit, will you refuse to submit to anything ? Inasmuch as that part is ever of greater value than the body. But still, most difficult is the access to my art ; and the one labour is how to endure the first moments *of separation*. Do you perceive how the yoke, at first, galls the oxen when caught ? how the new girth hurts the flying steed ?

Perhaps you will be loth to depart from your paternal home. But still you will depart ; then you will be longing to return. No paternal home,<sup>21</sup> but the love of your mistress, cloaking its own faultiness by specious words, will be calling you back. When once you have gone, the country, and your companions, and the long journey will afford a thousand solaces for your

<sup>18</sup> *Nor let the Sabbaths.*—Ver. 219. It is supposed that the Romans in some measure imitated the Jews in the observance of their Sabbath, by setting apart every seventh day for the worship of particular Deities. See the Art of Love, Book i. lines 76 and 416, and the Notes.

<sup>19</sup> *Allia.*—Ver. 220. See the Art of Love, Book i. l. 413 ; and the Ibis, l. 221, and the Notes.

<sup>20</sup> *Still is.*—Ver. 224. By the use of the word 'adhuc,' 'still,' or 'up to this time,' he intends to pay a compliment to Augustus, by implying that they will not long remain unconquered.

<sup>21</sup> *Paternal home.*—Ver. 239. Literally, 'paternal Lar.' On the Lares, see the Fasti, Book i. l. 136 ; and Book v. l. 140, and the Notes.

sorrow. And do not think it is enough to depart ; be absent for a long time, until *the flame* has lost its power and the ashes are without their fire. If you shall hasten to return, except with your judgment strengthened, rebellious Love will be wielding his cruel arms against you. Suppose that, although you shall have absented yourself, you return both hungry and thirsty ; will not all this delay even act to your detriment ?

If any one supposes that the noxious herbs of the Hæmonian lands and magic arts can be of avail, let him see to it. That is the old-fashioned method of sorcery ; my Apollo, in his hallowed lines, is pointing out an innocuous art. Under my guidance, no ghost shall be summoned to come forth<sup>22</sup> from the tomb ; no hag with her disgusting spells shall cleave the ground. No crops of corn shall remove from one field into another ; nor shall the disk of Phœbus suddenly be pale. Tiberinus<sup>23</sup> shall flow into the waves of the ocean just as he is wont ; just as she is wont, shall the Moon be borne by her snow-white steeds. No breasts shall lay aside their cares dispelled by enchantments ; vanquished by virgin sulphur,<sup>24</sup> love shall not take to flight.

Colchian damsel, what did the herbs of the Phasian land avail thee, when thou didst desire to remain in thy native home ? Of what use, Circe, were the herbs of *thy mother* Persa to thee, when the favouring breeze bore away the barks of Neritos ?<sup>25</sup> Every thing didst thou do that thy crafty guest might not depart ; *still* did he give his filled sails to an assured flight. Every thing didst thou do that the fierce flames might not consume thee ; still a lasting passion settled deep in thy reluctant breast. Thou, who wast able to change men into a thousand shapes, wast not able to change the bent of thy own

<sup>22</sup> *To come forth.*]—Ver. 250. See the Amores, Book i. El. viii. l. 17, 18, and the Note. This achievement is similar to that performed by the witch of Endor, if, indeed, she did not impose on the unhappy Saul, and tell him that the spirit of Samuel appeared, when that really was not the case.

<sup>23</sup> *Tiberinus* ]—Ver. 257. See the Fasti, Book ii. l. 389, and the Note. Also Book iv. l. 47 ; the Ibis, l. 516 ; and the Metamorphoses, Book xiv. l. 614.

<sup>24</sup> *Virgin sulphur.*]—Ver. 260. See the Art of Love, Book ii. l. 329, and the Note.

<sup>25</sup> *Neritos.*]—Ver. 264. This island formed part of the realms of Ulysses.

inclination. Thou art said to have detained the Dulichian chief,<sup>26</sup> when now he wished to depart, even in these words :

“ I do not now entreat that which, as I remember, I was at first wont to hope for, that thou shouldst consent to be my husband. And still, I did seem worthy to be thy wife, since I was a Goddess, since *I was* the daughter of the Sun. Hasten not away, I entreat thee ; a *little* delay, as a favour, do I ask. What less can be prayed for by my entreaties ? Thou seest, too, that the seas are troubled ; and of them thou oughtst to stand in dread. Before long, the winds will be more favourable to thy sails. What is the cause of thy flight ? No Troy is rising here anew ; no fresh Rhesus is calling his companions to arms. Here love *abides*, here peace exists ; during which I alone am fatally wounded ; the whole, too, of my realms shall be under thy sway.”

She *thus* spoke ; Ulysses unmoored his bark ; the South winds bore away her unavailing words together with his sails. Circe was inflamed, and had recourse to her wonted arts ; and still by them her passion was not diminished.

Come, then, whoever you are, that require aid from my skill, away with all belief in spells and charms. If some weighty reason shall detain you in the City mistress of the world, hear what is my advice in the City. He is the best assertor of his liberties who bursts the chains that gall his breast, and once for all ceases to grieve. If any one has so much courage, even I myself will admire him, and I shall say, “ This man stands in no need of my admonitions.” You who with difficulty are learning how not to love the *object* which you love ; who are not able, and *still* would wish to be able, will require to be instructed by me. Full oft recall to your remembrance the deeds of the perfidious fair one, and place all your losses before your eyes. Say, “ This thing and that of mine does she keep ; and not content with that spoliation, she has put up for sale<sup>27</sup> my paternal home. Thus did she swear to me ; thus having sworn, did she deceive me. How oft has she suffered me to lie before her doors ! She herself loves

<sup>26</sup> *Dulichian chief.*—Ver. 272. Dulichium was one of the Echinades, a group of islands on the western side of the Peloponnesus, and was subject to Ulysses. See the *Metamorphoses*, Book viii. l. 590, and the Note.

<sup>27</sup> *Put up for sale.*—Ver. 302. Through her extravagance.

other men ; by me she loathes to be loved. Some hawker,<sup>28</sup> alas ! enjoys those nights which she grants not to myself.”

Let all these points ferment throughout your entire feelings ; repeat them over and over ; hence seek the first germs of your hate. And would that you could be even eloquent upon them ! Do you only grieve ; of your own accord you will be fluent. My attentions were lately paid to a certain fair one ; to my passion she was not favourably disposed. Sick, *like* Podalirius,<sup>29</sup> I cured myself with the proper herbs, and (I confess it) *though* a physician, to my shame, I was sick. It did me good to be ever dwelling upon the failings of my mistress ; and that, when done, often proved wholesome for me. “How ill formed,” I used to say, “are the legs of my mistress !” and yet, to confess the truth, they were not. “How far from beautiful are the arms of my mistress !” and yet, to confess the truth, they were. “How short she is !” and *yet* she was not ; “How much does she beg of her lover ?” From that arose the greatest cause of my hatred.

There are good qualities, too, near akin to bad ones ; by reason of confounding one for the other,<sup>30</sup> a virtue has often borne the blame for a vice. So far as you can, depreciate the endowments of the fair one, and impose upon your own judgment by the narrow line *that separates good from bad*. If she is embonpoint, let her be called flabby, if she is swarthy, black. Leanness may be charged against her slender form. She, too, who is not coy may be pronounced bold ; and if she is discreet, she may be pronounced a prude. Besides, in whatever accomplishment your mistress is deficient, ever be entreating her, in complimentary accents, to turn her attention to the same. If any damsel is without a voice, request her to sing ; if any fair one does not know how to move her hands<sup>31</sup> with gracefulness, make her dance. Is she uncouth in her language, make her talk frequently to you ; has she not learnt how to touch the strings, call for the lyre.

<sup>28</sup> *Some hawker.*—Ver. 306. See the Art of Love, Book i. l. 421, and the Note. Being mostly liberated slaves, the ‘institores’ were looked upon with great contempt by the Romans.

<sup>29</sup> *Podalirius.*—Ver. 313. See the Art of Love, Book ii. l. 735, and the Note.

<sup>30</sup> *Confounding one for the other.*—Ver. 323. ‘Errone sub illo.’ Literally, ‘under that mistake.’

<sup>31</sup> *Move her hands.*—Ver. 334. He alludes to the gestures used in dancing.



Does she walk heavily, make her walk ; does a swelling bosom cover all her breast, let no stomacher<sup>32</sup> conceal it. If her teeth are bad, tell her something for her to laugh at : is she tender-eyed, relate something for her to weep at.

It will be of use, too, for you, early in the morning suddenly, to turn your hasty steps towards your mistress, when she has dressed for no one. By dress are we enchanted ; by gems and gold all things are concealed ; the fair one herself is but a very trifling part of herself. Often, amid objects so many, you may inquire what it is that you love. By this *Ægis*<sup>33</sup> does Love, amid his riches, deceive the eye. Come unexpectedly ; in safety *to yourself* you will find her unarmed ; to her misfortune, through her own failings will she fall. Still, it is not safe to trust too much to this precept, for without *the resources of art* a graceful form captivates many. At the moment, too, when she shall be smearing her face with the cosmetics laid on it, you may come in the presence of your mistress, and don't let shame prevent you. You will find *there* boxes, and a thousand colours of objects ; and *you will see* *œsypum*, *the ointment of the fleece*,<sup>34</sup> trickling down and flowing upon her heated bosom. These drugs, Phineus, smell like thy tables ;<sup>35</sup> not once *only* has sickness been caused by this to my stomach.

Now will I disclose to you, what should be done in the moments of your transport ; from every quarter must love be put to flight. Many of them, indeed, I am ashamed to mention ; but do you conceive in your imagination *even* more than *lies* in my words. For, of late, certain persons have been blaming my treatises, in the opinion of whom my Muse is wanton. If I only please, *and* so long as I am celebrated all the world over, let this person or that attack my work just as he likes. Envy detracts from the genius of mighty Homer ; whoever thou art, from him, *Zoilus*,<sup>36</sup> dost thou derive thy fame.

<sup>32</sup> *Stomacher.*]—Ver. 338. See the Art of Love, Book iii. l. 374, and the Note.

<sup>33</sup> *This Ægis.*]—Ver. 346. See the Fasti, Book iii. l. 848, and the Note ; also the Metamorphoses, Book iv. l. 798.

<sup>34</sup> *Of the fleece.*]—Ver. 354. See the Art of Love, Book iii. l. 213, and the Note. Surely Swift must have borrowed his notion of describing Chloe's dressing-room from these passages. See the Art of Love, Book i. l. 339, and the Note.

<sup>35</sup> *Smell like thy tables.*]—Ver. 355. He alludes to the defilement of the tables of Phineus by the filthy Harpies.

<sup>36</sup> *From him, Zoilus.*]—Ver. 366. It was unknown of what parentage and

Sacrilegious hands have also mangled thy poems,<sup>37</sup> thou, under whose guidance Troy brought hither her conquered Divinities. Envy takes a lofty flight ; on high the breezes sweep along ; the lightnings hurled by the right hand of Jove take a lofty range.

But you, whoever you are, whom my freedom offends, require, if you are wise, each subject for its proper numbers.<sup>38</sup> Bold warfare delights to be related in the Mæonian measure. What place can there be there for *gentle dalliance*? The Tragedians speak in lofty tones ; anger befits the buskin of Tragedy ; the sock of *Comedy*<sup>39</sup> must be furnished from the manners of every-day life. The free Iambic measure may be launched against the hostile foe ; whether it be rapid, or whether it drag on its foot<sup>40</sup> at its close. Soft Elegy should sing of the Loves with their quivers, and the sprightly mistress ought to sport according to her own inclination. Achilles is not to be celebrated in the numbers of Callimachus ; Cydippe<sup>41</sup> belongs not, Homer, to thy song. Who could endure Thais performing the part of Andromache?<sup>42</sup> If any one were to act Thais in *the tones of Andromache*, he would be making a country Zoilus was. He compiled a work in dispraise of Homer, and was called by the ancients, 'Homeromastix,' 'the scourge of Homer.' Zoilus was ultimately accused of parricide, and crucified.

<sup>37</sup> *Mangled thy poems.*]—Ver. 367. He alludes to Virgil, who, he says, had his censurers as well. Carvilius Picto wrote a satire against the Æneid, called *Æneidomastix*.

<sup>38</sup> *Proper numbers.*]—Ver. 372. He adroitly avows the essence of the charge, by defending the Elegiac measure, in which he had written, and which could not be the object of any censures. He does not say a word in defence of the subject matter, which had incurred these remarks.

<sup>39</sup> *The sock of Comedy.*]—Ver. 376. The 'soccus' was a low shoe, which did not fit closely, and had no tie. These shoes were worn among the Greeks by both men and women. The 'soccus' was worn by comic actors, and was in this respect opposed to the 'cothurnus,' or 'buskin,' of Tragedy.

<sup>40</sup> *Drag on its foot.*]—Ver. 378. He alludes first to a genuine Iambic line, ending with an Iambus, and then to a Scazonic line, so called from the Greek word, *σκαζων* 'limping,' which was a kind of bastard Iambic line, having a Trochee (or foot of a long and a short syllable) in the last place, instead of an Iambus. Scazonic lines were much used in satirical composition.

<sup>41</sup> *Cydippe.*]—Ver. 382. Callimachus wrote a poem on the loves of Acontius and Cydippe. See Epistles xx and xxi.

<sup>42</sup> *Andromache.*]—Ver. 383. She was a heroine of Tragedy, while Thais, the courtesan, figured in the *Eunuchus*, a Comedy of Terence.

mistake. Thais belongs to my pursuit; licence unrestrained belongs to me. Nought have I to do with the fillet of *chastity*; Thais belongs to my pursuit. If my Muse is befitting a sportive subject, I have conquered, and on a false charge she has been accused.

Burst thyself, gnawing Envy; now have I gained great fame; 'twill be still greater, let it only proceed with the steps with which it has commenced. But you are making too great haste; let me only live, you shall have more to complain of; my intentions, too, embrace full many a poem. For it gives me delight, and my zeal increases with my eagerness for fame; at the beginning of the ascent *only* is my steed *now* panting. Elegy acknowledges that to me she is as much indebted as is the noble Epic<sup>43</sup> to Virgil.

Thus far do I give an answer to Envy; tighten the reins with more vigour, and speed onward, Poet, in thy circle.

Ergo ubi concubitus, et opus juvenile petetur;

Et prope promissæ tempora noctis erunt;

Gaudia ne dominæ, pleno si pectore sumes,

Te capiant: in eas quamlibet ante velim.

Quamlibet invenias, in quâ tibi prima voluptas

Desinat: a primâ proxima segnis erit.

Sustentata Venus gratissima: frigore soles,

Sole juvant umbræ: grata fit unda siti.

Et pudet, et dicam, Venerem quoque junge figurâ,

Quâ minime jungi quamque decere putes.

And 'tis no hard matter to do this; few women confess the truth to themselves; and there is no point in which they think that they are unbecoming. Then, too, I recommend you to open all the windows, and to remark in full daylight the limbs that are unsightly. But as soon as your transports have come to a termination, and the body with the mind lies entirely exhausted; while you are feeling regret, and wishing that you had formed a connexion with no female, and are seeming to yourself that for a long time you will have nothing to do *with another*; then note in your memory whatever blemishes there are in her person; and keep your eyes always fixed upon her faulty points.

Perhaps some one will pronounce these matters trivial (for in-

<sup>43</sup> *Noble Epic.*]—Ver. 396. 'Epos' seems preferable here to 'opus,' the common reading.

deed they are so) ; but things which, singly, are of no avail, when united are of benefit. The little viper kills with its sting the bulky bull ; by the dog that is not large, full oft is the boar held fast. Do you only fight with a number *of them*, and unite my precepts together ; from *so* many there will be a large amount. But since there are so many ways and attitudes, every point is not to be yielded to my recommendations. Perhaps, in the opinion of another, that will be a fault, by the doing of which your feelings may not be hurt. Because this person, perchance, has seen the charms of the naked person exposed, his passion, which was in mid career, stops short : another, when his mistress has received him, has been shocked at some sight which creates disgust.<sup>43\*</sup>

Alas ! if these things could influence you, you are trifling ; torches but luke-warm have been influencing your breast. That Boy would more strongly draw his bended bow : you, ye wounded throng, will need more a substantial aid. What *think you of the man* who lies concealed, and beholds sights that usage itself forbids him to see ? May the Gods forbid that I should advise any one to *adopt* such a course ! Though it should prove of use, still it should not be tried.

I advise you, also, to have two mistresses at the same time. If a person can have still more, he is more secure. When the feelings, sundered into two parts, are wavering in each direction, the one passion diminishes the strength of the other. By many streamlets are great rivers lessened, and the exhausted flame, the fuel withdrawn, goes out. But one anchor does not sufficiently hold the waxed ships ; a single hook is not enough for the flowing stream. He who beforehand has provided for himself a twofold solace, has already proved the victor in the lofty citadel. But, by you, who, to your misfortune, have devoted yourself to but one mistress, now, at all events, a new passion must be sought. For Procris<sup>44</sup> did Minos abandon his flame for Pasiphaë ; overcome by the wife from Ida,<sup>45</sup> the first *wife* gave way. Calirrhoë, received to a share of his couch, caused the brother of<sup>46</sup> Amphiloehus not

<sup>43\*</sup> *Disgust.*—Ver. 432. This passage and that in l. 437, are necessarily somewhat modified.

<sup>44</sup> *Procris.*—Ver. 453. See the Translation of the Metamorphoses, p 262.

<sup>45</sup> *Wife from Ida.*—Ver. 454. He refers to Clytemnestra being supplanted by Cassandra.

<sup>46</sup> *The brother of.*—Ver. 455. Alcmaeon was married to Alpheisibea,

always to be in love with the daughter of Phegeus. CEnone, too, would have retained Paris to her latest years, if she had not been supplanted by her CEBalian rival. The beauty of his wife would have pleased the Odrysian<sup>47</sup> tyrant, but superior were the charms of her imprisoned sister.

Why occupy myself with illustrations, the number of which exhausts me? Every passion is conquered by a fresh successor. With greater fortitude does a mother regret one out of many, than she who,<sup>48</sup> weeping, exclaims: "Thou wast my only one." But lest, perchance, you should suppose that I am framing new laws for you, (and would that the glory of the discovery were my own!) the son of Atreus perceived this; for what could he not see, under whose command was the whole of Greece? He, victorious, loved Chryseis, captured by his own arms; but her aged parent foolishly went crying in every direction. Why dost thou weep, troublesome old man? They are well suited for each other. By thy affection, foolish man, thou art doing an injury to thy child. After Calchas, secure under the protection of Achilles, had ordered<sup>49</sup> her to be restored, and she was received back to the house of her father: "There is," said the son of Atreus, "another fair one very closely resembling her beauty; and if the first syllable<sup>50</sup> would allow of it, the name *would be* the same; Achilles, if he were wise, would give her up to me of his own accord; if not, he will experience my might. But if any one of you, ye Greeks, disapproves of this deed; 'tis something to wield the sceptre with a powerful hand. For if I am your king, and if she does not pass her nights with me, then let Thersites succeed to my sway." Thus he said; and he had her as *his* great consolation for her predecessor; and the first passion was entombed in a new the daughter of Phegeus, and deserted her for Calirrhœ, the daughter of the river Acheloüs.

<sup>47</sup> *Odrysian.*]—Ver. 459. He here alludes to the story of Tereus and Progne.

<sup>48</sup> *Than she who.*]—Ver. 464. 'Quæ' seems to be a preferable reading to 'cui;' though in either case the sense is the same. Ovid had probably the instance of Niobe in his mind, when he wrote this passage. See the *Metamorphoses*, B. vi. l. 297.

<sup>49</sup> *Had ordered.*]—Ver. 473. See the Introduction to the Epistle of Briseis to Achilles.

<sup>50</sup> *If the first syllable.*]—Ver. 476. Ovid, with his propensity for playing upon words, remarks upon the similarity of the names, Chry-seis and Bri-seis; the one being the daughter of Chryses, and the other of Brises.

passion. By the example, then, of Agamemnon, admit a fresh flame, that your love may be severed in two directions. Do you inquire where you are to find them? Go *and* read through my *treatises on the art of Love*; then may your bark speed on, well freighted with the fair.

But if my precepts are of any avail, if by my lips Apollo teaches aught that is advantageous to mortals; although, to your misfortune, you should be burning in the midst of *Ætna*, take care to appear to your *mistress* more cold than ice. Pretend, too, that you are unhurt; if, perchance, you should grieve at all, let her not perceive it; and laugh when, within yourself, you could have wept. I do not bid you to sever your passion in the very midst; the laws of my sway are not so harsh as that. Pretend to be that which you are not, and feign that your ardour is renounced; so, in reality, you will become what you are practising to be. Often, that I might not drink, I have wished to appear asleep;<sup>51</sup> while I have *so* seemed, I have surrendered my conquered eyes to slumber. I have laughed at his being deceived, who was pretending that he was in love; and the fowler has fallen into his own nets.

Through habit does love enter the mind; through habit is it forgotten. He who will be able to pretend that he is unhurt, will be unhurt. Does she tell you to come on a night appointed, do you come. Should you come, and the gate be closed; put up with it. Neither utter blandishments, nor yet utter reproaches against the door-post, and do not lay down your sides upon the hard threshold. The next morning comes; let your words be without complaints, and bear no signs of grief upon your features. She will soon lay aside her haughtiness, when she shall see you growing cool: this advantage, too, will you be gaining from my skill. And yet do you deceive yourself as well, and let not this<sup>52</sup> be the end of your love. Full oft does the horse struggle against the reins when presented. Let

<sup>51</sup> *Appear asleep.*—Ver. 499. See the *Amores*, B. ii. El. v. l. 13.

<sup>52</sup> *And let not this.*—Ver. 513. The reading of this line and the next is probably corrupt. Burmann suggests that 'propositus' should be substituted for 'amandi,' and that the stop should be removed from the end of 'amandi,' and a semicolon placed after 'propositus.' In that case, the meaning would be, 'You must, however, act the deceiver to yourself, and must not make any determination to cease altogether from loving her; lest, as the horse struggles against the rein, your affection should rebel against such a determination.'

your object lie concealed ; that will come to pass which you shall not avow. The nets that are too easily seen, the bird avoids.

Let her not congratulate herself so much that she can hold you in contempt ; take courage, that to your courage she may yield. Her door is open, perchance ; though she should call you back, do you go out. A night is named ; doubt whether you can come on the night appointed. 'Tis an easy thing to be able to endure this ; unless you are deficient in wisdom, you may more readily derive amusement from one more condescending. And can any person call my precepts harsh ? Why, I am acting the part of a reconciler even. For as some dispositions vary, I am varying my precepts as well. There are a thousand forms of the malady ; a thousand *forms* of cure will there be. Some bodies are with difficulty healed by the sharp iron : potions and herbs have proved an aid to many. You are too weak, and cannot go away, and are held in bonds, and cruel Love is treading your neck beneath his foot. Cease your struggling ; let the winds bring back your sails ; and whither the tide calls you, thither let your oars proceed.

That thirst, parched by which you are perishing, must be satisfied by you ; I permit it ; now may you drink in the midst of the stream. But drink even more than what your appetite requires ; make the water you have swallowed flow back from your filled throat. Always enjoy *the company* of your mistress, no one preventing it ; let her occupy your nights, her your days. Make satiety your object ; satiety puts an end to evils even. And even now, when you think you can do without her, do you remain *with her*. Until you have fully cloyed yourself, and satiety removes your passion, let it not please you to move from the house you loathe. That love, too, which distrust nurtures, is of long endurance ; should you wish to lay this aside, lay aside your apprehensions. Who fears that she may not be his own, and that some one may rob him of her, that person will be hardly curable with the skill of Machaon. Of two sons, a mother generally loves him the most, for whose return she feels apprehensions, because he is bearing arms.

There is, near the Collinian<sup>53</sup> gate, a venerable temple ; the lofty Eryx gave this temple its name. There, is Lethæan Love,

<sup>53</sup> *Collinian.*]—Ver. 549. See the Fasti, B. iv. l. 872, and the Note.

who heals the mind ; and in cold water does he place his torches. There, too, in their prayers, do the youths pray for forgetfulness ; and any fair one, if she has been smitten by an obdurate man. He thus said to me ; (I am in doubt whether it was the real Cupid, or whether a vision ; but I think it was a vision.)

“O Naso, thou who dost sometimes cause, sometimes relieve, the passion full of anxiety, add this to thy precepts as well. Let each person recall to mind his own mishaps ; let him dismiss love ; to all has the Deity assigned more or less *of woes*. He that stands in awe of the Puteal<sup>54</sup> and of Janus,<sup>55</sup> and of the Calends swiftly coming, let the borrowed sum of money be his torment. He whose father is harsh, though other things should prove to his wish, before his eyes must his harsh father be placed. Another one is living wretchedly with a wife poorly dowried, let him think that his wife is an obstacle to his fortune. You have a vineyard, on a generous soil, fruitful in choice grapes, ; be in dread lest the shooting grape should be blighted. Another has a ship on its return *home* ;<sup>56</sup> let him be always thinking that the sea is boisterous, and that the sea-shore is polluted by his losses. Let a son in service<sup>57</sup> be the torment of one, a marriageable daughter of yourself. And who is there that has not a thousand causes for anxiety ? That, Paris, thou mightst hate thine own *cause of sorrow*, thou oughtst to have placed the deaths of thy brothers before thine eyes.”

<sup>54</sup> *The Puteal.*]—Ver. 561. ‘Puteal’ properly means the enclosure which surrounds the opening of a well, to prevent persons from falling into it. The ‘Puteal’ here referred to was that called ‘Puteal Scribonianum,’ or ‘Libonis,’ and was situate in the Forum, near the Fabian arch. Scribonius Libo erected in its neighbourhood a tribunal for the Prætor, in consequence of which the place was frequented by persons engaged in litigation, especially by debtors and creditors ; to which circumstance reference is here made.

<sup>55</sup> *And Janus.*]—Ver. 561. He probably refers to the fact of the temple of Janus being near the Puteal, and the tribunal of the Prætor. The Calends, or first of January, was the time when money lent became due, and on the same day was the Festival of Janus. See the *Fasti*, B. i. l. 89.

<sup>56</sup> *On its return home.*]—Ver. 569. ‘In reditu’ may certainly mean ‘upon its return ;’ but Burmann thinks that ‘reditus’ here means ‘a source of income,’ and that the passage alludes to the man whose only property is his ship.

<sup>57</sup> *In service.*]—Ver. 571: Those who were old enough to have sons in service, or marriageable daughters, were certainly unworthy of the Poet’s sympathy or advice.



Still more was he saying, *when* the childish form deserted my placid slumber, if slumber only it was. What am I to do? In the midst of the waves Palinurus<sup>58</sup> deserts my bark; I am forced to enter on an unknown track. Whoever you are that love, avoid solitary spots; solitary spots are injurious. Whither are you flying? In the throng you may be in greater safety. You have no need of lonely places (lonesome spots increase the frenzy); the multitude will bring you aid. You will be sad, if you are alone; and before your eyes will stand the form of your forsaken mistress, as though her own self. For this reason is the night more melancholy than the hours of sunshine; the throng of your companions is *then* wanting to moderate your affliction.

And fly not from conversation, nor let your door be closed; and do not, in tears, hide your countenance in the shade. Always have a Pylades to console *his* Orestes; this, too, will prove no slight advantage in friendship. What but the solitary woods injured Phyllis? The cause of her death is well known; she was without a companion. She was going, just as the barbarous multitude celebrating the triennial<sup>59</sup> sacrifice to the Edonian<sup>60</sup> Bacchus, is wont to go, with dishevelled locks. And at one time, as far as she could, she looked out upon the wide ocean; at another, in her weariness, she lay her down upon the sandy shore. "Perfidious Demophoön!" she cried aloud to the deaf waves; and her words, as she grieved, were interrupted by sobs. There was a narrow path, a little darkened by the long shadows, along which, full oft, did she turn her steps towards the sea. Her ninth journey was being paced by her in her wretchedness. "See thou to this," says she; and, turning pale, she eyes her girdle. She looks, too, on the boughs; she hesitates, and she recoils at that which she dares *to do*; and she shudders, and *then* she raises her fingers to her throat.

Sithonian damsel, I would that, then, at least, thou hadst

<sup>58</sup> *Palinurus.*]—Ver. 577. The pilot of Æneas, who was drowned off the coast of Italy. See the Æneid of Virgil.

<sup>59</sup> *Triennial.*]—Ver. 593. See the Metamorphoses, Book vi. l. 587; and the Fasti, Book i. l. 394, and the Notes.

<sup>60</sup> *Edonian.*]—Ver. 594. See the Tristia, Book iv. El. i. l. 42, and the Note.

not been alone ; ye woods, your foliage lost,<sup>61</sup> you would not *then* have lamented Phyllis. Ye men that are offended by your mistresses, ye fair that are affronted by the men, from the example of Phyllis, shun too lonesome spots. A youth had done whatever my Muse recommended him, and was almost in the haven of his safety. When he came amid the eager lovers, he relapsed, and Love resumed the weapons which he had laid aside. If any one of you is loving, and does not wish *to do so* ; do you take care, and avoid the contagion. This is often wont to injure the herds as well. While the eyes are looking on the wounded, they themselves are also wounded ; many things, too, injure the body by infection. Sometimes water flows from a river that runs near into a spot parched with its dry clods. Love flows on concealedly, if you do not withdraw from him who loves ; and we are all of us a set clever at *running that risk*.

A second one had now been healed ; his nearness *to her* affected him. He proved unable to endure meeting with his mistress. The scar, not sufficiently closed, changed again into the former wound ; and my skill met with no success. The fire next door is guarded against with difficulty ; 'tis prudent to keep away from the neighbouring haunts. Let not that Portico which is wont to receive her as she walks, receive you *as well* ; and let not the same attentions *now* be paid. Of what use is it to rekindle the feelings, that have cooled, by my advice ? Another region must be resorted to, if you can do so. When hungry, you will not be easily restrained, the table being laid ; the gushing water, too, provokes excessive thirst. 'Tis no easy matter to hold back the bull when he sees the heifer ; on seeing the mare, the high-mettled steed is always neighing after her.

When this you have done, when at last you reach the shore, 'tis not enough for you to have abandoned her. Both her sister and her mother must bid you farewell, her nurse, too, her confidant, and whatever other connexion there shall be of your mistress. And let no servant come ; and let no little handmaid, feigning to weep, say to you in the name of her mistress, "Hail !" <sup>62</sup> Nor yet, though you should desire to

<sup>61</sup> *Your foliage lost.*]—Ver. 606. He alludes to the story of the woods losing their leaves in their grief for Phyllis.

<sup>62</sup> *Hail !*]—Ver. 640. Martial tells us that 'ave' was the morning salutation of the Romans.

know, should you ask how she is doing. Defer it; the restraint of the tongue will be to its own advantage.

You, too, who are telling the cause of your liason being discontinued, and are relating many things to be complained of about your mistress; forbear to complain; so, by being silent, you will be taking a better revenge; until she shall vanish from your regrets. And I would rather that you were silent, than that you should talk about having cut her. The man who is too often saying to many a one, "I love *her* not," is *still* in love. But with greater certainty is the flame extinguished by degrees, than all of a sudden; cease gradually, *and* you will be safe. The torrent is wont to run with greater violence than the uninterrupted river; but yet the one is a short-lived, the other a lasting, stream. Let love escape you, and let it depart vanishing into thin air, and let it die out by degrees imperceptible.

But 'tis a crime to hate the fair one so lately loved; such a termination as that is befitting a brutal disposition. 'Tis enough not to care for her; he who terminates his love with hate, either *still* loves on, or with difficulty will cease to be wretched. 'Tis a shocking thing for a man and a woman so lately united to be enemies at once; the Appian<sup>63</sup> Goddess herself would not approve of such quarrels as those. Full oft do *men* accuse their mistresses, and *still* they love them; where no discord arises, Love released, through advice, betakes himself away.

By chance I was in the company<sup>64</sup> of a young man; a litter contained his mistress; all his expressions were shocking from his frightful threats; and now, about to cite her at law, he said, "Let her come out of the litter!" She did come out; on seeing his mistress, he was dumb. His hands both fell, and his two tablets from out of his hands. He rushed into her embraces; and "thus," said he, "do you prove the conqueror."

'Tis more safe, and more becoming, to depart in peace, than from the chamber to repair to the litigious Courts. The presents which you have given her, request her to keep with-

<sup>63</sup> *Appian.*]—Ver. 660. See the Art of Love, Book iii. l. 451.

<sup>64</sup> *In the company.*]—Ver. 663. Heinsius thinks, that by 'aderam,' it is meant that Ovid was acting as the counsel of the youth. The young man had probably summoned his mistress, to restore his property left in her possession. On the two tablets his case was written out.

out litigation ; trivial losses are wont to be of great benefit. But if any accident should bring you together, keep those arms *of defence* which I am giving, firmly fixed in your mind. Then, there is need of arms ; here, most valorous man, use your energies. By your weapon must Penthesilea be overcome. Now let the rival, now the obdurate threshold, when you were her lover, recur to you ; now your words uttered in vain in presence of the Gods. Neither arrange your hair, because you are about to approach her ; nor let your robe be seen with loose folds<sup>65</sup> upon the bosom. Have no care to be pleasing to the alienated fair one ; now make her to be one of the multitude so far as you are concerned.

But I will tell what especially stands in the way of my endeavours ; his own example instructing each individual. We cease to love by slow degrees, because we hope to be loved ourselves ; and while each one is satisfying himself, we are *ever* a credulous set. But do you believe that, *in her oaths*, neither words (for what is there more deceptive than them ?) nor the immortal Deities have any weight. Take care, too, not to be moved by the tears of the fair ; they have instructed their eyes how to weep. By arts innumerable are the feelings of lovers laid siege to ; just as the rock that is beaten on every side by the waves of the sea. And do not disclose the reasons why you would prefer a separation, nor tell her what you take amiss ; still, to yourself, ever grieve on.

And don't recount her failings, lest she should extenuate them. You yourself will prove indulgent ; so that her cause will prove better than your own cause. He that is silent, is strong *in his resolution* ; he that utters many reproaches to the fair one, asks for himself to be satisfied *by her justification*. I would not venture,<sup>66</sup> after the example of him of Dulichium, to dip the vengeful arrows, nor the glowing torches, in the stream : I shall not clip the empurpled wings of the Boy, *the God of Love* ; nor through my skill shall his hallowed bow be unstrung. 'Tis *in accordance with* prudence, whatever I sing. Give heed to me as I sing ; and Phœbus, giver of health, as thou art wont, be thou propitious to my attempts.

<sup>65</sup> *Loose folds.*]—Ver. 680. The Roman fops affected to wear the 'toga.' tightened into many creases at the waist, and as open as possible at the breast.

<sup>66</sup> *Not venture.*]—Ver. 699. He alludes to the abrupt departure of Ulysses from Calypso and Circe.

Phœbus is propitious ; his lyre sounds ; his quiver resounds. By his signs do I recognize the God ; Phœbus is propitious. Compare the fleece that has been dyed in the cauldrons of Amyclæ<sup>67</sup> with the Tyrian purple ; the former will be *but* dull. Do you, too, compare your charmers with the *beauteous fair* ; each one will begin to be ashamed of his own mistress. Both *Juno and Pallas* may have seemed *beauteous* to Paris : but Venus surpassed them both when compared with herself. And not the appearance only ; compare the manners and the accomplishments as well ; only let not your passion prejudice your judgment.

What I shall henceforth sing is *but* trifling ; but trifling *as it is*, it has proved of service to many ; among whom I myself was *one*. Take care not to read over again the letters that you have kept of the caressing fair one : letters, when read over again, shake *even* a firm determination. Put the whole of them (though unwillingly you should put them) into the devouring flames ; and say, “ May this prove the funeral pile of my passion.” The daughter of Thestius<sup>68</sup> burned her son *Meleager* afar off by means of the billet. Will you, with hesitation, commit the words of perfidy to the flames ? If you can, remove her waxen *portrait*<sup>69</sup> as well. Why be moved by a dumb likeness ? By this means was *Laodamia* undone. Many localities, too, have bad effects : fly from the spots that were conscious of your embraces ; a thousand grounds for sorrow do they contain. Here she has been ; here she has laid ; in that chamber have we slept ; here, in the voluptuous night, has she yielded to me her embraces.

By recollection, love is excited afresh, and the wound renewed is opened ; a trifling cause is injurious to the sickly. As, if you were to touch ashes almost cold with sulphur, they would rekindle, and, from a small one, a very great fire would be *produced* ; so, unless you avoid whatever renews love, the flame will

<sup>67</sup> *Cauldrons of Amyclæ.*]—Ver. 707. The purple dye of Amyclæ, in Laconia, was of a very fair quality, but could not be compared with that of Tyre.

<sup>68</sup> *Thestius.*]—Ver. 721. See the *Metamorphoses*, Book viii. l. 445.

<sup>69</sup> *Waxen portrait.*]—Ver. 723. Waxen profiles seem to have been used by the Romans, as likenesses. They are evidently referred to in the *Asinaria* of Plautus, Act iv. sc. i. l. 19, a passage which seems to have puzzled the Commentators. See the *Epistle of Laodamia*, l. 152, and the Note.

be kindled afresh, which just now was not existing. The Argive ships would fain have fled from Caphareus,<sup>70</sup> and from thee, old man, that didst avenge thy woes with the flames. The daughter of Nisus<sup>71</sup> past by, the cautious mariner rejoices. Do you avoid the spots which have proved too delightful for you. Let these be your Syrtes ; avoid these *as* your Acroceraunia ;<sup>72</sup> here does the ruthless Charybdis vomit forth and swallow down the waves. Some things there are which cannot be recommended at the bidding of any one ; still, the same, *if* happening by chance, are often wont to be of service.

Had Phædra lost her wealth, thou wouldst, Neptune, have spared thy descendant ;<sup>73</sup> nor would the bull, sent by his ancestor, have startled the steeds. Had you made the Gnessian<sup>74</sup> damsel poor, she would have loved with prudence. Voluptuous passion is nourished by opulence. Why was there no one to court Hecale,<sup>75</sup> no one *to court* Irus ?<sup>76</sup> It was because the one was in want, the other a pauper. Poverty has nothing by which to pamper its passion ; still, this is not of so much consequence, that you should desire to be poor.

But let it be of so much consequence to you, as not to be indulging yourself with the Theatres, until Love has entirely departed from your liberated breast. The harps, and the pipes, and the lyres, soften the feelings ; the voices, too, and the arms, moved to their proper time. There, everlastingly, the *parts of* supposed lovers are being acted<sup>77</sup> in the dance ; by his skill, the actor teaches you what to avoid, *and* what is service-

<sup>70</sup> *Caphareus.*]—Ver. 735. See the *Tristia*, Book i. El. i. l. 83, and the Note.

<sup>71</sup> *Of Nisus.*]—Ver. 737. He falls into his usual error of confounding the daughter of Nisus with the daughter of Phorcys.

<sup>72</sup> *Acroceraunia.*]—Ver. 739. These were tremendous rocks on the coast of Epirus.

<sup>73</sup> *Thy descendant.*]—Ver. 743. He means that the lust of Phædra was engendered by ease and luxury. See the *Metamorphoses*, Book xv. l. 498. Neptune was the great grandfather of Hippolytus.

<sup>74</sup> *Gnessian.*]—Ver. 745. He refers to the love of Pasiphaë for the bull.

<sup>75</sup> *Hecale.*]—Ver. 747. Hecale was a poor old woman, who entertained Theseus with great hospitality.

<sup>76</sup> *Irus.*]—Ver. 747. See the *Tristia*, Book iii. El. vii. l. 42, and the Note.

<sup>77</sup> *Being acted.*]—Ver. 755. See the *Tristia*, Book ii. l. 519, and the Note.

able. Unwillingly must I say it : meddle not with the amorous Poets ; unnaturally do I myself withhold my own productions. Avoid Callimachus ; no enemy is he to Love ; and together with Callimachus, thou, too, *bard* of Cos,<sup>78</sup> art injurious. Beyond a doubt, Sappho has rendered me more lenient to my mistress ; and the Teian Muse has imparted manners far from austere. Who can read in safety the lines of Tibullus, or thine, thou, whose sole subject Cynthia was ? Who, after reading Gallus, could retire with obdurate feelings ? Even my own lines have tones indescribably sweet.

Unless Apollo, the inspirer of my work, is deceiving his bard, a rival is the especial cause of our torments. But do you refrain from conjuring up to yourself any rival ; and believe that she lies alone upon her couch. Orestes loved Hermione<sup>79</sup> more intensely for that very reason ; because she had begun to belong to another man. Why, Menelaüs, dost thou grieve ? Without thy wife thou didst go to Crete ; and thou couldst, at thy ease, be absent from thy spouse. Soon as Paris has carried her off, then at last thou couldst not do without thy wife ; through the passion of another was thine own increased. This, too, did Achilles lament, in *the case of* the daughter of Brises, when taken away from him, that she was administering to the pleasures of the couch of the son of Plisthenes.<sup>80</sup> And not without reason,<sup>81</sup> believe me, did he lament. The son of Atreus did that, which if he had not done, he would have been disgracefully torpid. At least, I should have done so, and I am not any wiser than he. That was the especial reward for the ill-will *he got*. For, inasmuch as he swore by his sceptre, that the daughter of Brises had never been touched by him ; *'tis clear that* he did not think<sup>82</sup> his sceptre was the Gods.

<sup>78</sup> *Of Cos.*]—Ver. 760. See the Art of Love, Book iii. l. 329, and the Note.

<sup>79</sup> *Hermione.*]—Ver. 772. See the Epistle to Orestes.

<sup>80</sup> *Of Plisthenes.*]—Ver. 778. Agamemnon was said, by some, to have been the son of Plisthenes, and adopted by his uncle Atreus.

<sup>81</sup> *Without reason.*]—Ver. 779. Agamemnon declares the contrary of this in the Iliad ; Briseis, in her Epistle to Achilles, does the same.

<sup>82</sup> *He did not think.*]—Ver. 784. Ovid has no reason or ground for this wretched quibble, but his own imagination. This sceptre of Agamemnon was made by Vulcan, who gave it to Jupiter, he to Mercury, and Mercury to Pelops, who left it to Atreus ; by him it was left to Thyestes, who, according to Homer, gave it to Agamemnon.

May the Deities grant that you may be able to pass the threshold of the mistress that you have forsaken; and that your feet may aid your determination. And you will be able; do you only *wish to adhere to your purpose*. Now it is necessary to go with boldness, now to put spur to the swift steed. Believe that in that cave are the Lotophagi,<sup>83</sup> in that the Syrens; add sail to your oars. The man, too, who being your rival, you formerly took it amiss; I would have you cease to hold him in the place of an enemy. But, at least, though the hatred should still exist, salute him. When now you shall be able to embrace him, you will be cured.

That I may perform all the duties of a physician, behold! I will tell you what food to avoid, or what to adopt. The Daunian<sup>84</sup> onions, or *those* sent you from the Libyan shores, or whether those that come from Megara,<sup>85</sup> will all prove injurious. And 'tis no less proper to avoid the lustful rocket, and whatever else provokes our bodies to lust. To more advantage may you use rue that sharpens the sight,<sup>86</sup> and whatever guards our bodies against lust. Do you enquire what I would advise you about the gifts of Bacchus? You will be satisfied *thereon* by my precepts sooner than you expect. Wine incites the feelings to lust, unless you take it in great quantities, and, drenched with much liquor, your senses become stupefied. By wind is fire kindled, by wind is it extinguished. A gentle breeze nourishes flame, a stronger one puts it out. Either let there be no drunkenness, or to so great an extent as to remove your anxieties; if there is any medium between the two, it is injurious.

This work have I completed; present the garlands to my wearied bark. I have reached the harbour, whither my course was *directed*. Both females and males, healed by my lays, to the Poet ere long will you be fulfilling your duteous vows.

<sup>83</sup> *Lotophagi.*]—Ver. 789. See the *Tristia*, Book iv. El. i. l. 31, and the Note.

<sup>84</sup> *Daunian.*]—Ver. 797. Daunia was a name of Apulia, in Italy. See the *Metamorphoses*, Book xiv. l. 512, and the Note.

<sup>85</sup> *Megara.*]—Ver. 798. See the *Art of Love*, Book ii. l. 422.

<sup>86</sup> *Sharpens the sight.*]—Ver. 801. Pliny says that painters and sculptors were in the habit of using rue, for the purpose of strengthening the sight.



# DE MEDICAMINE FACIEI;

OR,

## ON THE CARE OF THE COMPLEXION.

### A FRAGMENT.

(SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN COMPOSED BY OVID IN HIS YOUTH.)

LEARN, ye fair, what methods improve the complexion, and by what means your beauty may be preserved. 'Tis cultivation bids the sterile earth to pay the gifts of Ceres: the thorny brambles perish. 'Tis cultivation, *too*, that improves the sour juice in the apple, and the tree, by grafting, produces fruit not natural to it. Cultivated lands give pleasure; lofty roofs are gilded with gold;<sup>1</sup> the black soil lies hid beneath the marble placed above it. The same fleeces<sup>2</sup> are dyed often in the Tyrian cauldrons of brass; India affords for our luxury its ivory in fragments.<sup>3</sup> Perhaps, when Tattius was king, the Sabine dames of old would have preferred dressing the fields<sup>4</sup> of their forefathers to dressing themselves; *in the days* when the ruddy matron, seated on her lofty stool, used to spin her rough task with fingers industriously plying.

She herself, too, used to shut up the lambs which her daughter had fed; she herself used to place the twigs and the split billets upon the hearth. But your mothers have produced delicate girls; you wish your bodies to be clothed with garments embroidered with gold. You desire to vary the arrangement of your perfumed locks; you wish to have your hands adorned with gems. You place upon your necks

<sup>1</sup> *With gold.*]—Ver. 7. See the Fasti, Book i. l. 77.

<sup>2</sup> *Same fleeces.*]—Ver. 9. He alludes to the 'dibapha,' or twice-dyed garments. See the Fasti, Book ii. l. 107, and the Note.

<sup>3</sup> *Its ivory in fragments.*]—Ver. 10. He alludes to ivory cut into slips, called 'bractea,' for veneering. It was used for inlaying furniture and decorating ceilings.

<sup>4</sup> *Dressing the fields.*]—Ver. 12. Literally, 'that the fields of their ancestors should rather be dressed than themselves.' He plays upon the double meaning of the word 'colo,' which means 'to cultivate land,' or 'adorn' the person, according to the context.

stones procured in the East ; and so great, that 'tis a burden for your ears to support a pair.

And yet it is not unbecoming, if you have a care to please, since our age produces men of taste. After the example of the wives, are your husbands to be decked ; and hardly has the bride any thing to add to *her own* toilet.

Let each fair one henceforth attire herself ; and how conquests may be hunted for, it matters not ; neatness is deserving of no reproach. They live retired in the country, and *still* they adjust their locks ; even if the lofty Athos<sup>5</sup> concealed them, the lofty Athos would find them well dressed. Small though it be, there is a delight in amusing one's self ; to maidens their beauty is a care and a gratification. The bird of Juno opens out her admired feathers<sup>6</sup> for *the view of man* ; and the bird, *though* dumb, is proud of her beauty. For such reasons will love influence us more readily, than by means of the potent herbs, which the hand of the enchanter cuts with his dreadful skill.

Do not you put trust in herbs, nor in mixed potions ; and do not try the injurious venom of the lusting mare.<sup>7</sup> No snakes are cut asunder in the middle by the Marsian<sup>8</sup> spells ; no waters flow upwards to their sources. And, though any one should shake the brass of Temesa,<sup>9</sup> never will the Moon be hurled from her car. Ye fair, let the care of your manners be your first object ; when the disposition attracts, the looks are pleasing. The love of the character is lasting ; time will lay waste your beauty, and the features that pleased will be furrowed with wrinkles. The time will be, when you will be sorry to look at your mirror, and grief will come, a second cause for wrinkles. Virtue supplies its own resources, and lasts for time prolonged ; and it bears its years *well* ; on this love with certainty depends.

Come, *and* learn *now*, in what manner, when sleep has relieved your tender limbs, your fair features may look beautiful. Strip of its chaff and its coverings the barley which the Libyan husbandmen have sent in the ships. Let an equal

<sup>5</sup> *Lofty Athos.*]—Ver. 30. He means that it is natural for females in all countries to wish to appear to advantage.

<sup>6</sup> *Admired feathers.*]—Ver. 34. See the Art of Love, Book i. l. 627.

<sup>7</sup> *Lusting mare.*]—Ver. 38. See the Amores, Book i. El. viii. l. 8.

<sup>8</sup> *Marsian.*]—Ver. 39. See the Fasti, Book vi. l. 142, and the Note.

<sup>9</sup> *Temesa.*]—Ver. 41. See the Fasti, Book iii. l. 441 ; and the Metamorphoses, Book iv. l. 333, and the Notes.

quantity of vetches be made moist with ten eggs; but let the peeled barley amount to two pounds. When this has been dried in the airy breezes, bid the slowly-moving ass bruise them with the rough mill-stone. Pound together also the first horns that fall from off the long-lived stag; of this make there to be the sixth part of a full pound. And when now they have been reduced to a fine powder,<sup>10</sup> then sift them all in the hollow sieve. Add twice six bulbs of narcissus without the skin, which a strong right-hand must bruise in a clean mortar of marble; let it receive also two ounces<sup>11</sup> of gum together with Etrurian spelt;<sup>12</sup> to this let nine times as much more honey be contributed by you. Whoever shall rub her face with such a mixture, she will shine more brightly than her mirror.

And do not delay to parch the pale lupins, and at the same time dry the beans, that swell out the body. Let each of them have six pounds, in equal proportions; and give them both to be ground fine by the swarthy mill-stones. And let not white-lead be wanting to you, nor the froth of ruddy nitre,<sup>13</sup> the sword-lily,<sup>14</sup> too, that comes from the Illyrian soil. Give these to be pounded together by the vigorous arms of youths; but, when bruised, an ounce will be the proper weight. A tincture added from the chirping nest of birds will dispel freckles from the complexion; *this* they call Halcyonea.<sup>15</sup>

<sup>10</sup> *Have been reduced to a fine powder.*]—Ver. 61. Pliny applies the word 'farina' to powdered stags' horns. The 'as,' or 'libra' of the Romans, which answers pretty nearly to our word 'pound,' was in reality about three-quarters of our pound avoirdupoise.

<sup>11</sup> *Also two ounces.*]—Ver. 65. The 'sextans,' or sixth part of a pound, consisted of two 'unciae,' or 'ounces,' of which twelve went to the 'as,' or 'libra.' They were somewhat less in weight than our ounce avoirdupoise.

<sup>12</sup> *Etrurian spelt.*]—Ver. 65. This was called 'zea,' and, according to Pliny, was much used for making fermenty.

<sup>13</sup> *The froth of ruddy nitre.*]—Ver. 73. By this he means what was called 'aphronitrum,' or 'salt-petre.'

<sup>14</sup> *The sword-lily.*]—Ver. 74. Pliny informs us that the roots of the Iris, or sword-lily, have a most delightful smell, and that its root was especially used for making ointments. He says that its flowers were of the tints of the rainbow, and that the best came from Illyria.

<sup>15</sup> *They call Halcyonea.*]—Ver. 78. He alludes to a substance found in the sea, which Pliny takes to be the nest of the halcyon, or kingfisher. He says that these are like a ball elongated, and in substance like a sponge; that they cannot be cut by a knife, but may be broken by a smart blow, and that they were used for removing leprosy and freckles from the skin.

If you enquire with what weight of it I am satisfied; that which an ounce forms when divided into two parts.<sup>16</sup> That it may blend, and may be easily rubbed upon the body, add Attic honey from the yellow combs.

Although frankincense may appease the Gods and the angry Divinities; still it must not all be given to the flaming altars. When you have mingled frankincense with nitre that removes warts; take care and let there be four ounces<sup>17</sup> of each by fair weight. Add some gum taken from the bark, less by a fourth part, and a little square piece<sup>18</sup> of unctuous myrrh. When you have pounded these together, sift them through a fine sieve; the powder must be worked up with honey poured upon it. It has, too, proved of use to add fennel to the sweet-smelling myrrh; let the fennel weigh five scruples,<sup>19</sup> nine the myrrh. Of dried roses, too, as much as one hand can hold, and male frankincense<sup>20</sup> together with sal-ammoniac.<sup>21</sup> Upon this, pour the thick pulp that barley produces; and let the frankincense, together with the sal-ammoniac, equal the roses in weight. Although for but a little time you may have anointed your delicate features *with this mixture*; a full colour will pervade all your face.

I have seen a fair one pound up poppies steeped in cold water, and rub them on her delicate cheeks. \* \*

[*The rest is lost.*]

<sup>16</sup> *When divided into two parts.*—Ver. 80. The suggestion of Heinsius, who would put ‘secta’ for ‘sexta,’ is probably correct, and has been adopted; for ‘uncia sexta,’ ‘the sixth ounce,’ really admits of no meaning, though it is supposed, by some, to mean half a pound.

<sup>17</sup> *Four ounces.*—Ver. 86. ‘Triens’ was the third part of an ‘as,’ or ‘libra.’

<sup>18</sup> *A little square piece.*—Ver. 88. This line is probably corrupt. ‘Cubus’ perhaps means no definite measure, but a little square piece like a die.

<sup>19</sup> *Five scruples.*—Ver. 92. The ‘scripulum,’ or ‘scrupulus,’ was the smallest weight known to the Romans. It was the 288th part of a pound, From myrrh being mentioned here again, it has been suggested that ‘myrtis,’ ‘myrtle,’ is the correct reading in the 88th line.

<sup>20</sup> *Male frankincense.*—Ver. 94. Pliny says that the drops or globules, which were particularly round, were so called.

<sup>21</sup> *Sal-Ammoniac.*—Ver. 94. This substance was so called, from its being found near the Temple of Jupiter Ammon in Libya. It was commonly supposed to exude from the ground; but we learn from the ancient historians that it was formed from the urine of the numerous camels that resorted thither with pilgrims to the temple.

# NUX ;

## OR, THE WALNUT-TREE.<sup>1</sup>

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THE Poet introduces a Walnut-tree, which stands near the high road, as complaining of being mercilessly pelted by the passers-by, and as speaking in its own defence.

I, A WALNUT-TREE, adjoining to the road, although my life is blameless, am pelted with stones by the people as they pass. Such a penalty as this is wont to overtake<sup>2</sup> those discovered in the perpetration of crime, when the public indignation brooks slow delay. Nothing wrong have I done, unless it be termed doing wrong, to give my yearly crop to my cultivator.

But once, when times were better, there was a contest among the trees about their fruitfulness. When the grateful owners were wont to adorn with garlands the Gods of the husbandmen, as the fruits grew apace. Full oft, O Bacchus, hast thou admired thy own grapes, and often has Minerva admired her own olives. The apples, too, would have injured their mother, had not a long *prop*, in the shape of a fork, placed beneath the bough, given its aid to the labouring *branch*. Moreover, woman was fruitful after my example, and there was no female<sup>3</sup> in those days that was not a mother. But after a more abundant honour was paid to plane-trees,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *The Walnut-Tree.* Some are of opinion that this Poem was not composed by Ovid; it is, however, more generally supposed to bear evident internal marks of being his composition, and to have been the work of his youthful years. Erasmus thinks that it is intended by the Poet as a satire against the luxury and avarice of his age. It is supposed to have been suggested by an Epigram in the Greek Anthology, by some attributed to Plato.

<sup>2</sup> *To overtake.*—Ver. 3. This is an exactly similar proceeding to what we now call Lynch law

<sup>3</sup> *And there was no female.*—Ver. 16. He distantly hints at the practice, which extensively prevailed in his time among the Romans, of procuring abortion. See the Amores, Book ii. El. 14.

<sup>4</sup> *Paid to plane-trees.*—Ver. 17. He refers to the value which was set on the plane-tree for its pleasant shade; which Virgil mentions as being much sought by revellers.

that afford their barren shade, than to any other tree *beside*, we fruit-bearing trees as well, (if only I, the walnut-tree, am reckoned among them) began to wanton in spreading foliage. Now, fruit is not produced *by us* in successive years ; and the grape comes home in an injured state, the olive, injured, as well. Now-a-days, she that desires to appear beauteous, injures her womb ; and few are they in this age, that desire to be parents. Undoubtedly, I should have been more safe,<sup>5</sup> if I had never been productive. Worthy of Clytemnestra were that complaint. Did the vine know this, she would check her growing grapes ; and the tree of Pallas, did she know this, would be destitute. Were this to come to the knowledge of the apple and the pear-tree, the fruit of both of them would forsake their branches. Did the cherry-tree hear this, who marks her fruits with varying colours, she would be a useless trunk.

For my part, I envy them not ; and yet is any *tree* beaten, which, barren as it is, is conspicuous for its foliage alone ? Review in their order all the trees that are uninjured, who, only, *by bearing no fruit*, afford no grounds why they should be struck with blows. Whereas, cruel wounds on my mutilated branches hurt me ; and, the bark stripped off, my bare wood is exposed. No dislike does this, but a gratified hope of plunder. Let other *trees* bear fruit ; they will have to make the like complaint. So is he generally accused, over whom a victory can be profitable ; the deeds of the poor man are without a censurer. So does the traveller<sup>6</sup> fear an ambush, who knows that he is carrying what may cause him alarm ; the needy man goes on his way in safety. So am I the only one attacked, because there is reason for attacking me alone ; all the rest of the multitude flourish with boughs untouched.

For although, sometimes, the other shrubs as well have many a broken fragment that lies close to me with its injured twigs ; it is not their own deeds that cause them the injury ; their propinquity does them harm. They receive the stones that rebound from my blows. And this *assertion* would not be believed, if those, which are further off, did not retain,

<sup>5</sup> *More safe.*]—Ver. 25. He alludes to the death of Clytemnestra, by the hand of her son Orestes.

<sup>6</sup> *The traveller.*]—Ver. 43. Juvenal has a similar passage, Satire x. l. 22. ‘*Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator ;*’ ‘The traveller that has nothing to lose, will sing in presence of the robber.’

untouched, their native beauty. Therefore, if they had sense, and if speech obeyed their feelings, each of my neighbours would curse my shadow.

What a sad thing is it for hatred to be added to my misfortunes, and for me to be accused on account of my too near propinquity! But, I presume, *forsooth*, that great is the attention to me from the laborious husbandman. You can find no one to give me anything, save the ground. Spontaneously, I sprang up easily on waste ground, and a part of the spot, where I am standing, is almost the public way.<sup>7</sup> That I may not injure the crops, inasmuch as I am said to injure the crops, the most distant spot of ground receives me at the very extremity.

No Saturnian<sup>8</sup> knife prunes away my exuberant foliage; no digger turns up the hardened earth<sup>9</sup> for me. Though I should struggle, on the point of perishing, with the heat of the sun and with parching thirst, no streamlet of refreshing water will be granted me. But when the young nut makes its chinks, the marks of maturity, in the cleft shell, the relentless pole comes to *those spots*.<sup>10</sup> The pole gives cruel wounds to my full branches, that I may not be able to complain of the blows of stones only. My fruit falls, not forbidden at the dessert, and you stow up, thrifty wife of the husbandman, my nuts when gathered!

These, the boy, either standing upright,<sup>11</sup> splits with a sure stroke; or, extended along the ground, he strikes them once or twice with his fingers. All the game is played with four nuts,

<sup>7</sup> *Almost the public way.*]—Ver. 60. Only just on the other side of the hedge.

<sup>8</sup> *Saturnian.*]—Ver. 63. Macrobius says that Saturn was the guardian Deity of corn and the vine. His pruning knife was said to have fallen in Sicily.

<sup>9</sup> *Hardened earth.*]—Ver. 64. Erasmus says that this tree does not, like some others, require the earth to be loosened about its roots.

<sup>10</sup> *To those spots.*]—Ver. 68. On the principle of the old proverb:—

‘A woman, a spaniel, a walnut-tree,

The more they are beaten, the better they be.’

<sup>11</sup> *Either standing upright.*]—Ver. 73. There has been much written by the Commentators on the difficulties of this and the next line, but the meaning seems pretty plain. The boys, before using the walnuts for their games, which are afterwards mentioned, are desirous to shell them. Some take off their green shell, by standing upright and dropping them full (*certo ictu*) upon the ground; while others, lying around the ground, (*proni*) shell them by striking them adroitly once or twice with their fingers.

and no more; while one is placed on the *other* three put beneath it. Another one bids me roll along the descent of a smooth surface; and hopes that each one of the many<sup>12</sup> may touch his own. There is he, besides, who is to say whether the number is odd or even; that the guesser may win the spoil so hit upon. A *figure*, too, is made with chalk, such as the figure which the Constellation<sup>13</sup> in the heavens, and the fourth letter among the Greeks, have. When this *figure* has been divided into steps: *the nut* that stops<sup>14</sup> within *the triangle*, carries off thence as many nuts as the lines which it has touched. A hollow vessel, too, is often placed, a distance intervening; in which the nut is to fall,<sup>15</sup> when thrown with a steady hand.

Happy the tree which is produced in a field remote; and which is enabled to render tribute to *but* one master! It hears

<sup>12</sup> *Each one of the many.*—Ver. 78. ‘Quælibet’ seems to be a preferable reading to ‘quamlibet.’ He rolls his walnut down the board, and hopes that it will touch as many as possible of those stationed in a line below, because those so touched will be forfeited to him.

<sup>13</sup> *Constellation.*]—Ver. 82. That near Aries, called ‘Deltoton’ by the Greeks.

<sup>14</sup> *The nut that stops.*]—Ver. 83. ‘Quæ’ seems to be the proper reading, as referring to the nut thrown, and not to the person who throws. The suggestions of Sentlebius and Burmann seem correct; and the following appears to be the game here described. A triangle is formed; in that, horizontal lines (relatively to the thrower) are drawn. These Ovid calls ‘virgæ;’ and coming one above the other, they mark the triangle out into ‘gradus,’ or ‘steps.’ All the players having joined in making a pool or bank of nuts, the lines are marked as of a certain value. That which is the widest being nearest to the base and to the thrower, reckons as one; the next two, the next three, and the last four. The thrower then bowls his nut: if it goes over the first line, he gains one nut from the pool; if over the first and second, three; if over the first three, six; if over all the lines, and then rests within the apex of the triangle, he gains ten in all. The difficulty then is to make the nut stop short of the apex, the space between it and the fourth line being extremely small; the rule of the game being, that if it goes outside of it, it gains nothing. Thus, those who would be ambitious of making the most of a throw by touching all the lines, would run the greatest risk of gaining nothing by throwing too far; and the skill of the game would consist in throwing in a straight line towards the very apex of the triangle, and accurately measuring the force necessary to bowl within it, but beyond the fourth line. The touching of the lines ‘tangere virgas,’ seems pretty clearly to denote the object of the game, combined with the ‘consistere intus,’ the resting within.

<sup>15</sup> *The nut is to fall.*]—Ver. 86. If he throws his nut into the vessel, he wins one from the other player; if he misses, he loses his own.



not the hum of men, nor yet *the noise* of wheels: it is not covered with dust from the neighbouring road. It is allowed to present to its own cultivator whatever gifts it has produced, and to reckon up a plenteous crop. But I am never permitted to bring my fruit to maturity; and my riches are shaken off before their time. While my shell is still soft with the tender milky pulp that is within, and my misfortunes are to prove a benefit to no one; still, even then, you may find those who pelt me, and seek a worthless spoil by their premature blows.

If an account were taken of what is stolen, *and* were taken of what is left; traveller, you receive a larger share than that of my owner. Many a time, when a person sees my summit bared of leaves, he supposes that it is the sad work of the raging Boreas. This one thinks I am stripped by the heat, that one by the cold; there are some, too, that suppose it to be the fault of the hail. But neither hail, *so* hated by the hardy husbandman, nor yet wind, or sun, or frost has proved my injury. My fruit is my fault; it injures me to bear, it injures me to be fruitful. Plunder, which has been so to many, is the cause of my misfortune as well.

Spoil, Polydorus, was the cause of thy woes;<sup>16</sup> 'twas lucre that sent the Aonian husband<sup>17</sup> of the wicked wife to war. The orchards<sup>18</sup> of the Hesperian king would have been untouched; but one tree was bearing boundless wealth. Yet the bramble and the thorn are produced only to injure; and the rest of the prickly shrubs are safe in their own defence. Me, because I am neither injurious, nor am defended by crooked thorns, annoying stones pelt, sent by the greedy hand. What if, when the earth is cracking with the Icarian Dogstar,<sup>19</sup> I were not to afford my shade *so* convenient to those who fly from the sunshine? What if I were not a place of refuge for those who avoid the showers, when the rain comes with its unexpected floods? Although I do all *this*, although I carefully perform my duty to all; *still*, with all my duty, I am pelted with stones.

<sup>16</sup> *Of thy woes.*]—Ver. 109. His murder by Polymnestor. See the Metamorphoses, Book xiii.

<sup>17</sup> *Aonian husband.*]—Ver. 110. See the Metamorphoses, Book viii. l. 317.

<sup>18</sup> *The orchards.*]—Ver. 111. The golden apples of the Hesperides.

<sup>19</sup> *Dogstar.*]—Ver. 118. See the Fasti, Book iv. l. 939.

When I have submitted to this, the complaints of my master must be endured. I am considered the cause why the soil is *so stony*.<sup>20</sup> And while he is clearing the ground again, and is throwing back the stones that are collected, the roads ever have weapons at hand against me. 'Tis for this that the cold, *so* hated by others, is an advantage to me alone; at that time, the winter keeps me safe. Then, indeed, I am bare; but it is advantageous to be bare, and the enemy has not any spoil to seek from me. But soon as I expose their own products upon my branches, multitudes of stones, in a *perfect* hailstorm, are pelting my young fruit.

Perhaps some one here may say, "What encroaches on the public way, 'tis allowed to take; this right the highway possesses." If this is allowed, strip off the olives; cut down the standing corn. Cut down, pilfering wayfarer, the vegetables that are at hand. Let the same license enter the gates of the City, too; and let there be the same amount of privilege, Romulus, for thy walls. Let any one that chooses carry off the silver<sup>21</sup> from the projecting front of the shop, and let any one else that pleases turn to the jewellery. Let this person carry off the gold, that the foreign stones; and let *each* take away whatever wealth he is able to lay hands on. But they are not taken away; nor, so long as Cæsar rules all things, will the robber be safe, a protector so great *existing*. But this Divinity does not confine peace within the walls; over the whole world does he extend his protection. But of what use is this, if, in mid-day and openly, I am *thus* beaten, and *if* I am not allowed to be in safety? For this reason you see no nests adhering to my branches, and no bird<sup>22</sup> perching in my retreats. But such stones as have lodged in the joinings of my branches, *there* abide, and remain, like the conqueror in the captured citadel.

Other charges, however, can often be denied, and the night

<sup>20</sup> *Why the soil is so stony.*—Ver. 124. It has to bear the blame because the end of the field is covered with the stones thrown at it; these being thrown into the road by the owner, are there in readiness to pelt the unfortunate tree again.

<sup>21</sup> *Carry off the silver.*—Ver. 139. The 'tabernarii,' or 'bankers' and 'money-changers,' seem to have exposed their riches in their shop windows, probably much in the same manner that the dealers in bullion do in this country. At Rome, their shops were in the Forum.

<sup>22</sup> *No bird.*—Ver. 150. Probably from the bitterness of the leaves, and the pungency of its smell.

has disavowed its own misdeeds. My injuries blacken the fingers with my dark juices, the outer shell staining the hands that are touched *thereby*. This is my blood ; the hand which is stained with this blood, is washed with water to no purpose. Oh ! how oft have I wished, when weariness of my lengthened existence has come *upon me*, becoming withered, to die ! How oft have I wished, either to be uprooted by the impetuous whirlwind, or to be struck by the furious flame of the hurled thunderbolt ! And would that sudden storms would tear away my fruit ; or else, that I might be enabled, myself, to shake off my produce. Thus, beaver<sup>23</sup> of Pontus, when by yourself the cause of your danger has been removed from yourself, you keep in safety what remains. What are my feelings then, when the traveller is taking up his weapons, and is first marking with his eyes the place for the blow ? I am not allowed to avoid the cruel wound, by moving my trunk, which my root and my tenacious fibres hold fast.

I expose my body to the blows ; as often *the accused does* to the arrows, when the people forbids him<sup>24</sup> to remove the manacles ; or as when the white heifer beholds the heavy hatchet raised, or the knives<sup>25</sup> made bare for her throat. Full oft have you supposed that my leaves were shaken by the wind ; but fear was the cause of that shaking of mine.

If I have deserved *this*, and if I appear guilty, place me in the flames, and burn my limbs upon the smoking hearths. If I have deserved *this*, and *if* I appear guilty, cut me down with the axe ; and but once<sup>26</sup> allow me, in my misery, to be disgraced. If you have no reason either why I should be burnt, or why I should be cut down, have compassion *on me* : and so may you arrive at the end of your destined journey.

<sup>23</sup> *Beaver.*]—Ver. 166. When hunted, the beaver was said to bite off that portion of its body which was the object of the pursuit, and to leave it by way of compromise for its liberty.

<sup>24</sup> *The people forbids him.*]—Ver. 172. Heinsius is at a loss to know to what particular circumstance, if any, he here alludes.

<sup>25</sup> *The knives.*]—Ver. 174. See the *Fasti*, Book i. l. 327.

<sup>26</sup> *And but once.*]—Ver. 180. Heinsius sees no sense in this passage, and thinks that it is spurious. The meaning, however, seems to be pretty clear : ‘ Let me be cut down and burnt like a malefactor, and thus be disgraced and put an end to at once. This I should prefer, to being treated as I am now treated ; being disgraced from day to day by being pelted at. If, however, I do not deserve to be cut down or burnt, I do not deserve to be disgraced, but to receive more considerate treatment. In such case, I wish you passers-by a pleasant journey.’

# THE CONSOLATION TO LIVIA AUGUSTA,

ON THE

## DEATH OF HER SON DRUSUS CLAUDIUS NERO.<sup>1</sup>

(Ascribed by some to Peto Albinovanus, but more generally supposed to have been written by Ovid.)

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THOU, who so long didst seem blessed, so lately styled the mother of the Neros, now is the half of that title<sup>2</sup> lost to thee. Now, Livia, dost thou read the mournful lines *addressed* to Drusus; but one hast thou now to say, "My mother," to thee.

<sup>1</sup> *Drusus Claudius Nero.*] He was the son of Tiberius Nero, by his wife, Livia Drusilla, and from whom she was subsequently divorced, and became the wife of Augustus. He was the brother of Tiberius, who afterwards was emperor. Having obtained victories over the Gauls and Germans, he was elevated to the Prætorship. In an expedition to the Rhine, with Tiberius, he acquired great glory, and was nominated Proconsul. He also received the title of Imperator, and the honours of a triumph were decreed to him. He died from the effects of a fall from his horse, in his thirtieth year.

<sup>2</sup> *Half of that title.*]—Ver. 2. Being one of her two sons by Tiberius Nero. Seneca, in his "Consolation to Marcia," has the following passage:—'Livia lost her son Drusus, already a great general, and one who promised to be a great prince. He died in the service of the state, and great were the regrets of the cities, the provinces, and the whole of Italy; both the free-towns and the colonies flocked to pay their marks of sorrowful respect, and the funeral procession was attended as far as the City, very much resembling a triumph. His mother had not had the opportunity of giving to her son the last kiss, or of hearing his parting words. Having, for a great distance, followed the remains of her Drusus, so many piles blazing throughout Italy, as though she had lost him so many times over, so soon as she had laid him in the tomb, she put an end to her grief, and showed no further sorrow than was due to her respect for Cæsar, or to her feelings as a mother. But she did not cease to pay all honours to the name of Drusus, and to have him represented (in statues) both in her own house and the public buildings, and showed pleasure in speaking of him and hearing his praises.' The Senate conferred the title of Germanicus on his descendants. Cæsar Germanicus, his son, was a youth of great promise, but he died in his early years at Antioch, under very suspicious circumstances. See the *Fasti*, Book i. l. 312.

No longer does thy affection distract thee with the love of two; no longer, when the name of "son" is uttered, dost thou say, "Which of the two *dost thou mean?*"

And does any one dare to prescribe laws for thy lamenting? And with his lips does any one restrain thy tears? Alas! how easy 'tis (since this is shared by all) to speak big words upon the grief of another! Thou hast been smitten, forsooth, by a trifling flash of lightning, that thou mightst prove more potent under thy sorrows.

A youth is dead, a respected model of virtue; transcendant was he in arms, transcendant was he in the arts of peace.<sup>3</sup> How lately did he rescue the Alps, filled with their coverts, from the foe, and, he the leader,<sup>4</sup> his brother, *too*, the leader, bore off the glories of the warfare. He subdued the Suevi,<sup>5</sup> a fierce race, the Sygambri,<sup>6</sup> too, unsubdued *before*, and he turned to flight the backs of the barbarians. He too, earned, O Roman, for thee, triumphs *before* unknown,<sup>7</sup> and extended thy sway<sup>8</sup> to lands *but* recently discovered.

*And thou*, his mother, unsuspecting of thy destiny, wast preparing to fulfil thy vows to Jove, and to fulfil thy vows to the Goddess in arms, and to load father Gradivus<sup>9</sup> with

<sup>3</sup> *The arts of peace.*]—Ver. 14. Literally. 'in the toga.'

<sup>4</sup> *He, the leader.*]—Ver. 16. Tiberius, as the elder brother, was really the 'dux;' but the encomiast affects to halve the glory between them. Dio Cassius and Velleius Paterculus say that Drusus was appointed as 'helper,' 'adjutor,' of Tiberius.

<sup>5</sup> *The Suevi.*]—Ver. 17. The Suevi are supposed to have occupied the present country of Pomerania, on the banks of the Elbe.

<sup>6</sup> *The Sygambri.*]—Ver. 17. See the Amores, Book i. El. xiv. l. 49, and the Note to the passage. Suetonius says that Augustus transplanted the Sygambri from Germany to Gaul.

<sup>7</sup> *Triumphs before unknown.*]—Ver. 19. A triumph over nations before unknown.

<sup>8</sup> *Extended thy sway.*]—Ver. 20. He nominally reduced a great part of Germany, under the Roman arms. He was succeeded by Quintilius Varus, who, with his three legions, was cut to pieces by the Germans, who took the field under their great leader Arminius. This defeat, which was considered more complete than that of Cannæ, had a great effect on Augustus, who, according to Seutonius, mourned for several months, and leaving his hair unshorn and his beard unshaven, would shake his head and exclaim, 'Quintili Vare, legiones redde,' 'Quintilius Varus, give me back my legions!'

<sup>9</sup> *Father Gradivus.*]—Ver. 23. Mars was sometimes called 'Mars pater,' or 'father Mars.'

gifts; and to worship each Divinity that it is lawful and righteous *to adore*. And in thy maternal mind wast thou revolving his hallowed triumphs; and perhaps even already was his chariot *an object of thy care*. Instead of hallowed triumphs, the funeral procession has to be led by thee; and instead of the heights of Jove,<sup>10</sup> the tomb awaits *thy Drusus*. Thou didst fancy him *now* returned, and in thy mind thou didst entertain the transports prematurely enjoyed; and already before thine eyes was the hero “Soon will he come,” *didst thou say to thyself*; “soon will the multitude see me congratulating him; now must I bear the presents for my Drusus. I will go forth to meet him, and happy shall I be called throughout *all cities*; with these lips, too, shall I press his neck and his eyes. Like this will he be; in this manner will he meet me; in this manner will he return my kisses; these things will he recount to me; thus will I be the first, myself, to say.”

Delusive pleasures dost thou cherish; lay aside, most wretched lady, these vain hopes. Cease, in thy delight, to make mention of thy Drusus. That care of Cæsar,<sup>11</sup> that second half of your anxieties, is dead. Unloose, Livia, thy sorrowing tresses. What now do thy virtues avail thee, and all thy life passed with propriety so strict,<sup>12</sup> and the being beloved by a personage so great? What, too, that thou art so inviolate in thy chastity, that it is the very least among thy praises? What that thou hast preserved thy principles uncorrupted against their own age, and that thou hast raised thine head far above *all vices*? *What* that thou hast injured no one,<sup>13</sup> and yet hast had the power to injure? What, too, that no one has dreaded thy strength? That thy influence has not extended to the Plain of Mars,<sup>13\*</sup> and to the Forum; and that

<sup>10</sup> *The heights of Jove.*]—Ver. 28. Instead of the Capitol, which was sacred to Jupiter, and to which the victor proceeded in triumph.

<sup>11</sup> *That care of Cæsar.*]—Ver. 39. According to Suetonius, he had not only been adopted by Cæsar, but was destined by him to be his successor.

<sup>12</sup> *Passed with propriety so strict.*]—Ver. 43. This line is hopelessly corrupt. The meaning is clearly a compliment to Livia on her chastity: but a literal translation of it is quite out of the question.

<sup>13</sup> *Hast injured no one.*]—Ver. 47. So Velleius Paterculus says, with regard to Livia, ‘No one was sensible of her power, except by reason of her assistance in the moment of peril, or of his elevation to some dignity.’

<sup>13\*</sup> *Plain of Mars.*]—Ver. 49. See the Amores, Book iii. El. viii. l. 57, and the Note to the passage.

thou hast forborne to use it against any family whatever. It is, in fact, through such principles as these, that the slights of Fortune show her tyranny; and here, too, does she rest upon her unsteady wheel.<sup>14</sup> Here, too, is she felt; that with no partiality she may destroy, she rages; and everywhere does she assert her unjust prerogative for herself.

If Livia, forsooth, had alone been exempt from sorrow, would the sway of Fortune have been diminished? Suppose that *Livia* had not so conducted herself in every respect, that her blessings were not cause of envy? Add the house of Cæsar; that assembly, free from death, ought surely to be above the calamities of mortals. He, *ever* watchful, he, hal-  
lowed *and* seated on his lofty height,<sup>15</sup> were worthy in safety to behold the affairs of mortal *men*. Neither himself to be mourned by his kindred, nor yet to mourn any one of his kindred; nor yet, himself to endure what we, the vulgar throng, endure.

We have seen him lamenting on the offspring of his sister<sup>16</sup> being snatched away; that, as for Drusus, was a public mourning. He has deposited Agrippa<sup>17</sup> in the same sepulchre, Marcellus, as thee; and now has that place received his two sons-in-law. Agrippa *there* deposited, hardly had the gate of the tomb well closed, when, lo! his sister paid the tribute of her death.<sup>18</sup> Lo! three already experienced, Drusus, the most recent loss, is the fourth to receive the tears of great Cæsar.

<sup>14</sup> *Upon her unsteady wheel.*]—Ver. 52. See the *Tristia*, Book v. El. viii. l. 7, and the Note to the passage.

<sup>15</sup> *On his lofty height.*]—Ver. 61. He probably alludes to the residence of Augustus, in the Palatium, on the Capitoline Hill. Some, however, think that he alludes prospectively to the apotheosis of Augustus, and by the word ‘arce,’ means ‘the heavens.’

<sup>16</sup> *The offspring of his sister.*]—Ver. 65. This was Marcellus, the son of Octavia, the sister of Augustus, and the first husband of his daughter Julia. He died in his eighteenth year, universally regretted by the public. It is to him that Virgil alludes in his celebrated line in the Sixth Book of the *Æneid*, l. 883, ‘Tu Marcellus eris,’ ‘Thou shalt be Marcellus.’

<sup>17</sup> *Agrippa.*]—Ver. 67. After the death of Marcellus, Augustus married his daughter Julia to Agrippa, who was previously married to Marcella, the sister of the deceased Marcellus, and from whom he was then divorced.

<sup>18</sup> *The tribute of her death.*]—Ver. 70. Almost immediately after the death of Agrippa, Octavia, the sister of Augustus, died at Rome, in her fifty-fourth year.

Close now, ye Destinies, close the sepulchre, that has been open too long; longer than is right does that abode still yawn wide. Drusus, thou art gone, and in vain are thy glories proclaimed.<sup>19</sup> May these lamentations for thy death prove the last. That grief might fill whole ages even, and might have occupied the extent of universal mourning.

In thee are many lost; and thou, in whom there was such a multitude of good qualities, to whose lot each virtue fell, wast not one alone. And no one of mothers was there more fruitful than thy parent, who at two births produced so many virtues. Alas! where is *now* that pair equal in their merits so numerous? And *where* that affectionate tenderness, and that undoubted attachment? We have seen Nero,<sup>20</sup> distracted at the death of his brother, weeping, with his locks hanging over his pallid features, unlike, too, to his *former* self, as his countenance bespoke its sorrow. Ah me! what grief was there in his every feature!

But thou didst look upon thy brother in his last moments, when about to die; he, too, beheld thy tears. And dying, he felt thy breast pressed to his own, and on thy features he held his eyes *firmly* fixed; his eyes, as at that very instant, they swam in gloomy death, his eyes that instant about to submit to<sup>21</sup> the fraternal hand. But his sorrowing mother neither gave him the parting kiss, nor with her throbbing bosom did she cherish his cold limbs. His fleeting breath she did not receive<sup>22</sup> in her opened lips; nor did she lay<sup>23</sup> her tresses, cut off, along thy limbs. *Thou wast* torn, too, from her, far away, while ruthless warfare employed thee, more useful, Drusus, to thy country than to thine own self.

*In tears* she dissolves; as when, stricken by the Zephyrs and the rays of the sun, the light snow is melted in the balmy

<sup>19</sup> *Are thy glories proclaimed.*]—Ver. 75. Probably ‘*vocantur*’ is the correct reading here for ‘*levantur*.’

<sup>20</sup> *We have seen Nero.*]—Ver. 85. The allusion is to Tiberius Nero, afterwards Emperor.

<sup>21</sup> *About to submit to.*]—Ver. 94. Being the nearest relative present, it would be the duty of Tiberius to close the eyes of his brother.

<sup>22</sup> *She did not receive.*]—Ver. 97. He says Livia was not present to catch the dying breath of her son, which it was the custom for the nearest relative to do.

<sup>23</sup> *Nor did she lay.*]—Ver. 98. See the *Metamorphoses*, Book iii. l. 506, and the Note to the passage.



spring. Thee does she lament, and her sad misfortunes, and her purposeless vows,<sup>24</sup> and she rebukes her years as having lived too long. In such wise, soothed at length, does the Daulian bird,<sup>25</sup> in the shady woods, lament the Thracian Itys: similar complaints of the halcyons resound with shrill voice over the stormy ocean *in appeals* to the deaf waves. Thus, did you, ye birds, so suddenly formed, beating your breasts with your new-made wings, warble in concert around the descendant of Æneus.<sup>26</sup> Thus lamented Clymene;<sup>27</sup> thus too did the daughter of Clymene weep, when, struck *by the lightnings*, the youth fell from his father's car on high. Sometimes she dries up her tears, and summons her fortitude, and withholds them; and her eyes, with stronger endurance, keep them held within. They burst forth, and again do they overflow her lap and her bosom, gushing forth from her overflowing and swollen cheeks. Cessation from weeping increases their strength; *and* more plenteously does the tide burst forth, if it has been held back by a short respite. At length, when, through her tears, she is enabled, thus, as she weeps, does she begin, while sobs interrupt her accents in the midst:

“My son, my short-lived offspring, one half of the two that I produced; thou glory of thy stricken parent, where art thou? Alas! but lately so mighty, where art thou? To the tomb and to the pile art thou being carried out. Are these the gifts to be prepared for thy return? Is it thus that thou didst deserve to meet the eyes of thy mother? Is it thus that I was deserving to see thee on thy return? If it is allowed the wife of Cæsar to say such a thing; I am now in doubt whether I should believe that the great Divinities exist.

“For what *wrong* have I done? What Divinities, *and* what Gods have I not been enabled to deserve well of by my *pious*

<sup>24</sup> *Her purposeless vows.*—Ver. 103. Following the suggestion of Heinsius, we read ‘vota’ at the end of this line, instead of ‘tales.’ The passage is evidently corrupt.

<sup>25</sup> *The Daulian bird.*—Ver. 106. See the Fifteenth Epistle in this volume, l. 154, and the Note.

<sup>26</sup> *Descendant of Æneus.*—Ver. 110. He alludes to the transformation of the companions of Diomedes, the grandson of Æneus, into birds. See the Fourteenth Book of the Metamorphoses, l. 494, and the Note.

<sup>27</sup> *Thus lamented Clymene.*—Ver. 111. She was the mother of Phaëton. He alludes to the grief of herself and her daughters on the death of her son. See the Second Book of the Metamorphoses.

devotions? Is this the reward of piety? I embrace these lifeless limbs; and the flame and the pile is devouring this same bosom. And do I, accursed *as I am*, endure to behold thee laid out? And will my hands, my son, be able to anoint thee?<sup>28</sup> Now, to my misery, for the last time do I clasp thee and behold thee? And do I compose thy hands?<sup>29</sup> And am I to move my lips upon thy lips? Now, for the first time, both Consul and Victor, art thou beheld by thy parent! Is it thus to me, thus to wretched me, that thou dost bring home titles so great? Thy first fasces that I beheld, I saw in thy funeral procession; I beheld them, too, reversed,<sup>30</sup> and as tokens of woe.

“Who could have believed it? That day has come, a most abundant source of sorrow to a mother, on which she beheld her son with supreme honors. And am I not now *truly* unhappy? Now Drusus, known by the name<sup>31</sup> of his maternal grandsire, one half of my Neros, has been torn away from me. And is he now mine own no longer, and does he no longer make me a parent? And have I once been the mother of Drusus, and did he *once* exist?

“Nor yet, when it shall be reported to me that the victorious Nero is come, shall I any longer be enabled to say, ‘Is it the elder one, or the other that is come?’ To the last am I reduced; from one only do I hold the privilege of a mother; from one arises that title, which still, in my bereavement, I am being denied. Ah wretched me! I shudder, and a chill runs through my bones. Nothing now, for certain, can I call my own. Lo! he *once* was mine; he bids me fear for his brother; everything now do I dread; before, I was more bold.

<sup>28</sup> *Be able to anoint thee.*]—Ver. 136. It was ordinarily the duty of the ‘pollinctores,’ who were slaves of the undertaker, or ‘libitinarius,’ to anoint and perfume the body after death. Nisard’s translation thus renders the present passage, ‘Pourrai-je l’embaumer de mes propres mains?’ ‘Shall I be able to embalm him with my own hands?’!!

<sup>29</sup> *Do I compose thy hands?*]—Ver. 138. ‘Effingere manus’ is probably ‘to lay the hands out by the side.’

<sup>30</sup> *Beheld them, too, reversed.*]—Ver. 142. The arms of the soldiers, and the ‘fasces’ and other insignia, were borne in an inverted position at the funeral of a general. The ‘fasces’ were also broken on the same occasion.

<sup>31</sup> *Known by the name.*]—Ver. 146. From Suetonius, we learn that the father of Livia was of the family of the Drusi, but that he was adopted into the family of the Livii. Livia was also called ‘Drusilla.’

Thee at least<sup>32</sup> surviving, Nero, may I die; mayst thou close my eyes, and with pious lips mayst thou receive this breath. And would that one, the hand of Drusus, and the other, that of his brother, should have composed and closed these eyes! What may *still* be done, at least, Drusus, in this one tomb<sup>33</sup> will we be laid; and, entombed *alone*, thou shalt not go to thy forefathers of old. I shall be mingled with thee, ashes with ashes,<sup>34</sup> and bones with bones. May the Destiny, with spindle swiftly whirling, bring that day round!"

This and more does she say. Tears follow her words, and trickle in vain down her lips, still uttering their complaints. And, further, the body, with extreme reluctance,<sup>35</sup> given up to the mother, Livia, was almost deprived of its obsequies. For all the army had resolved to place its general to be burnt amid those arms, amid which he had perished. From them, in their reluctance, did his brother take<sup>36</sup> the venerated corpse; and, so far as was allowed, he gave Drusus back to his country. The funeral train of Drusus is escorted through the Roman towns; oh shocking calamity! *places*, through which, as conqueror he was to have gone: through which he had proceeded when the Rhætian arms<sup>37</sup> were subdued. Ah me! How different was this progress from that!

A Consul, he enters the City with broken fasces.<sup>38</sup> When thus

<sup>32</sup> *Thee at least.*]—Ver. 157. She addresses Tiberius, and tells him that he is left to close her eyes, and to catch her dying breath.

<sup>33</sup> *In this one tomb.*]—Ver. 162. From Dio Cassius, we learn that Drusus was buried in the tomb of the Cæsars, and not in that of the Claudian or Livian family.

<sup>34</sup> *Ashes with ashes.*]—Ver. 163. This is not unlike the words of our funeral service, 'Dust to dust, ashes to ashes.'

<sup>35</sup> *With extreme reluctance.*]—Ver. 167. So great was the affection of his soldiers for Drusus, that they would hardly allow his body to be carried to Rome, insisting that it should be burnt where he died. They built a splendid cenotaph in his honour, on the banks of the Rhine.

<sup>36</sup> *Did his brother take.*]—Ver. 171. We learn from Suetonius and Valerius Maximus, that on learning the accident that had happened to Drusus, Tiberius took horse at Tiscinum, (now Pavia), and travelled night and day till he reached his brother, who was then in Germany, near the Rhine. He accompanied the body to Rome, preceding it on foot all the way.

<sup>37</sup> *The Rhætian arms.*]—Ver. 175. The country of the Rhæti lay between the Danube, the Rhine, and the Lieb.

<sup>38</sup> *With broken fasces.*]—Ver. 177. The meaning is, 'If a Consul and a conqueror enters the City amid such signs of mourning, what would have

the conqueror enters, what should the conquered do? The sad abode resounds with lamentations, in which its joyous master had promised to fix up the arms<sup>39</sup> that were won by his hand. The City is sorrowing, and in its wretchedness assumes *but* one aspect; may such be the appearance of the hostile nations, I pray! Disquieted, people both shut up their houses, and throughout the City do they clamour aloud; in this spot and in that, in their alarm, do they lament, both in private and in public. Justice is silent; and the laws, struck dumb, without their assertors<sup>40</sup> are mute; in the whole Forum no purple garment is beheld.

The Deities, too, lie concealed in their temples, and turn not their faces towards the hateful funereal rites; nor ask they for the frankincense that must be laid upon the funeral pile.<sup>41</sup> Their shrines hold them in their obscurity; they are ashamed to look<sup>42</sup> upon the faces of their worshippers, through fear of the hatred which they have deserved. One, too, of the lower ranks, in his affection, on behalf of his poor son, had raised his trembling hands towards the lofty heavens; and now about to pray—"But why, in my credulity," says he, "should I address unavailing vows to Gods who do not exist? Livia, no, not Livia, has moved them on behalf of Drusus; and shall I be any very great care to mighty Jove?" Thus he said; and in his anger he left his vows unperformed; and he hardened his determination, and ceased from his prayers.

The multitude rushes to meet *the procession*: and while

been the aspect of things, had he entered the City, after having been vanquished?

<sup>39</sup> *To fix up the arms.*]—Ver. 179. The arms of the enemy were hung up in the house of the conqueror, as a votive gift to the Gods.

<sup>40</sup> *Without their assertors.*]—Ver. 185. In the Courts of law at Rome, a defendant who had been condemned to pay a certain sum, had thirty days allowed him in which to make payment; after which time, if he made default, he was liable to 'infectio manus,' a kind of execution. In such case he could make no resistance, and his only mode of proceeding was to find some responsible person to undertake his defence, who was called 'vindex.' This person, it is supposed, was liable to pay, if he could find no good defence to the plaintiff's claim. The word 'vindex' is here translated 'assertor.'

<sup>41</sup> *The funeral pile.*]—Ver. 188. Nisard seems to think that 'rogo' means the altars of the Gods, and not the funeral pile.

<sup>42</sup> *They are ashamed to look.*]—Ver. 190. For their harshness in removing a person so worthy.

tears bedew their cheeks, they recount the public loss in being deprived of the Consul. The eyes of all are the same *in appearance*; their tearful sympathy is alike. At the funeral obsequies all of us Knights<sup>43</sup> are present. Every age is there; both youths and aged men are sorrowing; Ausonian mothers and Ausonian brides. The victorious laurel, too, which was owed to the temples of the Deities, is borne first, in sadness, upon the image of him who won it. The noble youths contend to support the burden of the bier, and strive to offer their zealous necks for the duty. Both with thy voice, Cæsar,<sup>44</sup> and in thy tears, wast thou praising thy adopted child; when grief, in the midst, interrupted thy sad commencement. The Gods repelling the omen, for death like this for thyself didst thou pray; if thy Destinies would permit thee to die. But the heavens are thy due; thee, the great palace of anxious Jove, all powerful with its thunders, shall receive.

What *Drusus* wished for, he has obtained, that his acts might be pleasing to thee; and in thy praises he has a great recompense for his death. According to custom, the cohorts in arms<sup>45</sup> throng around the pile, and foot and horse perform the funeral obsequies for their chief. Again and again in their closing shouts do they call upon thee; but the sound returns, re-echoed by the opposite hills. Father Tiberinus<sup>46</sup> himself shuddered in his yellow waves; and, lowering, raised his head from the midst of the stream. Then with his vast hands did he remove from his azure features his locks entwined with willows, and moss, and reeds; and from his

<sup>43</sup> *All of us Knights.*]—Ver. 202. The writer speaks of himself as being one of the 'Equites' in the funeral procession. Ovid was of the Equestrian order.

<sup>44</sup> *With thy voice, Cæsar.*]—Ver. 209. According to Suetonius, 'Augustus had such affection for Drusus in his lifetime, that he nominated him to be co-heir with his own sons, as he once declared before the Senate; and when dead, he made an oration in his praise, and prayed that the Gods would make the Cæsars like him, and grant him as honorable an end as they had bestowed on Drusus.' Augustus also wrote the history of his life.

<sup>45</sup> *The cohorts in arms* ]—Ver. 217. At the funeral of a general, it was the custom for the soldiers to march three times round the funeral pile.

<sup>46</sup> *Father Tiberinus* ]—Ver. 221. See the Note to line 257 of the Remedy of Love.

swollen eyes did he send forth streams of tears; hardly did his deep channel contain the streams<sup>47</sup> so added.

And now had he resolved<sup>48</sup> to extinguish the flames of the pile with the contact of his stream, and to carry off the body untouched. He was withholding his waters, and was checking the speed of his steeds, that with all his stream he might be enabled to wash away the pile. But Mavors adjoining<sup>49</sup> in his temple, and an inhabitant of the "Plain," uttered thus many words, and not even he *with* tearless cheeks;

"Although anger befits streams, still, Tiberinus, do thou rest; neither to thee nor to any is it given to subdue the Destinies. Under my tutelage<sup>50</sup> did he die; amid arms and weapons did he die, and as a general in the service of his country. In his tomb does the reason lie concealed. What I could contribute, I have given; the victory has been gained. The doer of the work is gone, but still the work remains. Once did I solicit both Clotho and her two sisters, who with unerring fingers tease their rigid tasks, that Remus, the son of Ilia, and his brother, founder of the City, might by some method escape the deep pools of *Styx*. One of them said to me, "Take that half of the gift which is presented *thee*; of those for which thou dost ask, one shall there be; he *is promised* to thee; next are the two Cæsars promised<sup>51</sup> to Venus. These alone does Rome, City of Mars, own as Divinities." Thus did the Goddesses pronounce, and do not thou, Tiberinus, struggle in vain; impede not the flames with thy stream, and obstruct not the last honours of the youth *now laid on the pile*. Proceed then, and roll onwards with thy waters in their full career."

<sup>47</sup> *Contain the streams.*]—Ver. 226. The author uses the licence of a poet, and refers on this occasion to what really happened at the funeral of Marcellus. Dio Cassius tells us, that on that occasion the waters of the Tiber were so swollen, that the Sulpician bridge was carried away, and the streets of the City were navigable for boats during three days.

<sup>48</sup> *Now had he resolved.*]—Ver. 227. The Campus Martius, where the body was burnt, adjoined the river Tiber.

<sup>49</sup> *Mavors adjoining.*]—Ver. 231. He alludes to the Temple of Mars, in the Campus Martius; it was burnt A. U. C. 754.

<sup>50</sup> *Under my tutelage.*]—Ver. 235. This line and the next are probably corrupt; it is difficult to glean any meaning from them.

<sup>51</sup> *The two Cæsars promised.*]—Ver. 245. He alludes to the promise of immortality by Venus to Julius Cæsar and Augustus. See the close of the Fifteenth Book of the *Metamorphoses*.

He obeyed ; and far and wide did he disengage his extending waters, and entered his abode formed with the pendant pumice.

The flames having long hesitated to reach *that* hallowed head, slowly strayed onwards beneath the erected pile ; at length, when they had caught the wood and embraced the fuel, they flickered even to the skies and the stars with their flakes beneath. Just as they shone upon the peaks of *Æta*, sacred to Hercules, when, the God laid on *the pile*, his limbs were burnt. He is burning, alas ! That manly grace, that noble form, those candid features, that athletic frame, is being consumed ! The victorious hands, too, and those eloquent lips of the prince, and that breast, the great and capacious abode of genius ! In those same flames the hopes of many a one are consumed as well. The offspring of a wretched mother does that funeral pile contain. The exploits of the chieftain will survive, and the glory of his deeds so laboriously acquired : that *still* abides, that alone escapes the ravening pyre. 'Twill form a portion of history, and will be read in every age, and will present itself as a theme for genius and for song. In the *Rostra*,<sup>52</sup> too, shalt thou stand graced with the honours of thy inscription ; and we, *Drusus*, shall be pronounced the cause of thy death.

But, Germany, for thee no right to indulgence now remains ; henceforth, barbarian, by death shalt thou give satisfaction. I shall behold the necks of kings livid with their chains, and the remorseless manacles fastened on their cruel hands,

<sup>52</sup> *In the Rostra.*—Ver. 269. Suetonius and Dio Cassius inform us that the Senate decreed, among other honours, a marble arch with trophies in the Appian way, in honour of *Drusus*, and gave the name of *Germanicus* to him and his descendants. On his medals he is styled '*Claudius Drusus Germanicus Imp.*' *Florus* says that it was the first time that the Senate had decreed a '*cognomen*' to any person derived from the province which he had ruled. By the name of '*Rostra*,' or '*the Beaks*,' a part of the Forum is referred to. It was the spot whence the orators addressed the people, and obtained the name of '*Rostra*' when it was adorned with the brazen beaks taken from the ships of the *Antiates*. The '*Rostra*,' or place from which the orators spoke, was transposed by *Julius Cæsar* to a corner of the Forum ; but the spot where the ancient '*Rostra*' had stood, still continued to be called '*Rostra vetera*,' or '*the old*,' while the other was '*the new*,' or '*Julia nova*,' or '*Julia Rostra*.' Both the '*Rostra*' contained statues of illustrious men : the new '*Rostra*' having equestrian statues of *Julius Cæsar*, *Sylla*, *Pompey*, and *Augustus*. To this reference is here made.

and their features at last bearing marks of fear, and the tears trickling down the reluctant cheeks upon the features of those ferocious men. That spirit *so* threatening, and *so* elated in the death of Drusus, in the mournful prison shall be surrendered to the executioner.<sup>53</sup> I shall stop, and with joyous eyes, and unconcernedly will I behold their naked bodies strewed about the unclean roads. Right soon shall dewy Aurora, with her saffron-coloured steeds, bring on the day that will present sights so mighty. Add, *too*, the brothers, sons of Leda,<sup>54</sup> those stars *so* attached, and the temples conspicuous in the Forum of Rome.<sup>55</sup> In how short a life of *our* prince did he complete his years, and *how much* an aged man in the obligations of his country did he die!

And *still*, ah wretched me! Drusus shall not behold his own honours, and on the front of the temple no name of his shall he read. Full oft shall Nero, as he weeps, say with a low voice, "Why, without a brother, alas! do I repair<sup>56</sup> to the brother Gods?" Drusus, thou hadst resolved never to return but as a conqueror. This occasion owed thee to us; thou wast a conqueror. Of our Consul, of our general, of our general a conqueror are we now deprived. Lo! through the whole City does grief find a place. But the faces of his companions are squalid with dishevelled hair; an unhappy throng, but moved by affection towards their own Drusus.

<sup>53</sup> *To the executioner.*—Ver. 278. While the triumphal procession was ascending the Capitoline hill, it was the custom to take aside some of the chiefs of the enemy, who had been led in the procession, to an adjoining prison, and to put them to death. When it was announced that this slaughter had taken place, the victims were sacrificed to the Gods, an offering from the spoils was presented to Jupiter, and the laurel wreath of the triumphant general was deposited in the lap of the God. The dead bodies of the unfortunate captives were dragged through the streets, and often left there.

<sup>54</sup> *Sons of Leda.*—Ver. 283. For an account of this Constellation, see the *Fasti*, Book v. l. 698.

<sup>55</sup> *In the Forum of Rome.*—Ver. 284. Tiberius built a temple of Castor and Pollux, and dedicated it in the name of Drusus and himself, as a memorial of their affection. The expense was defrayed out of the booty taken from the Germans. He also restored the Temple of Concord, in the name of Drusus and himself. See the *Fasti*, Book i. l. 645.

<sup>56</sup> *Do I repair.*—Ver. 290. Why do I dedicate a temple to the brothers Castor and Pollux, who so forcibly remind me of the brother taken from me?



One of these, as he raises his arms towards thee, says, "Why without me, why thus unattended dost thou depart?"

What shall I say of thee, *lady*, most worthy of Drusus for thy husband;<sup>57</sup> a daughter-in-law, too, worthy of the parent of Drusus; a pair well matched; the one the bravest of the youths, the other the mutual care of a hero so brave? A princely woman art thou; the daughter of Cæsar thou;<sup>58</sup> to him didst thou appear not inferior to the wife of mighty Jove. Thou wast his acknowledged love; thou wast his only *love*,<sup>59</sup> and his last; thou wast his pleasing solace, when wearied with his labours. As he died, in his very last words did he lament that thou wast away; and his chilled tongue moved in *repeating thy name*. To thy sorrow thou dost receive him again, not such as he himself had promised; not such as he was sent, nor returns he as thine own.

He will not be able to recount to thee the conquered Sygambri,<sup>60</sup> and *how* the Suevi had turned their backs on his sword. The rivers, too, and the mountains, and the celebrated names of spots; and if he has beheld aught that is wondrous in this new portion of the earth.<sup>61</sup> Cold is he brought back to thee, and a lifeless corpse; and lo! the couch is strewed for him to press without thyself. Whither art thou hurried away, tearing thy locks, and similar to one insane? Whither dost thou rush? Why tear thy face with frenzied hand?

<sup>57</sup> *For thy husband.*]—Ver. 299. He now refers to Antonia, the wife of Drusus. She was the daughter of Octavia, the sister of Augustus, by Marc Antony. After the death of her husband, she devoted all her attention to the education of her children: Germanicus, the virtuous father of Caligula, a worthless son; Claudius, who was afterwards emperor; and Livia, or Livilla, who disgraced herself by her dissolute life. Suetonius hints that she was poisoned by Caligula.

<sup>58</sup> *Daughter of Cæsar thou.*]—Ver. 303. She was the niece of Augustus; but probably shared his affections with her husband, his adopted son.

<sup>59</sup> *Wast his only love.*]—Ver. 305. Valerius Maximus praises the exemplary chastity of Drusus.

<sup>60</sup> *The conquered Sygambri.*]—Ver. 311. Florus tells us, that on this occasion the Cherusci, Suevi, and Sygambri, made a sacrifice by burning twenty captive centurions, and took an oath to assist each other in prosecuting the war; and that they made themselves so sure of victory, that they divided the spoil before they obtained it. The Cherusci were to have the horses, the Sygambri the captives, and the Suevi the gold and silver. They were, however, completely routed by Drusus.

<sup>61</sup> *New portion of the earth.*]—Ver. 314. He alludes to the interior of Germany, which had been but recently explored by Roman enterprise.

Thus was Andromache, when her husband, bound to the chariot, besmeared with blood, alarmed the steeds in their full career. Thus was Evadne, at the time when Capaneus exposed his fearless face to be smitten by the flashing lightnings. Why, in thy sadness, dost thou implore death for thyself, and embracing thy sons, hold the only pledges of Drusus that are left? And sometimes in sleep art thou agitated by deceiving visions, and dost thou believe that thou art folding thy Drusus to thy bosom? And *why*, with thy hand, dost thou suddenly feel *for him*, and hope that thou hast regained him, and why dost thou seek him in the other half of thy couch?<sup>62</sup>

If these things are not believed without reason, he will be received in the fields of the blessed among his illustrious ancestors; and as the great glory of his maternal *and* an equal *glory* of his paternal forefathers, glittering in gold shall he proceed in the chariot drawn by four steeds; ennobled, both in his regal habit and in his chariot adorned with ivory, he shall have his temples wreathed with the triumphal branch. They shall receive the youth bearing the standards of Germany, and the honours that are conspicuous in the rule of a Consul; and with justice shall they rejoice in the surname of their family, which he alone,<sup>63</sup> victorious, has received from a conquered foe. Hardly will they believe that years that few embraced exploits so great; *they will think* that the great deeds of the hero demanded an extended range.

These things shall raise him on high; these things, best of mothers, ought to mitigate thy sorrows. Lady, worthy of those whom the golden age produced, worthy of princes for thy sons, of a prince for thy husband. Consider what becomes the mother of Drusus, and the mother of Nero; consider from whose couch in the morning thou dost rise. The same things befit not the vulgar, and the lights of the world; there is that which especially is due from that house. Fortune has placed thee, Livia, on high, and has ordered thee to keep that elevated position; support *then* its responsibilities. Towards thyself, eyes and ears dost thou attract; thy deeds we keep in view; and no words that are uttered by the lips of an exalted per-

<sup>62</sup> *Other half of thy couch.*—Ver. 328. ‘*Parte priore tori.*’ See the Note to the 659th line of the Eighth Book of the Metamorphoses.

<sup>63</sup> *Which he alone.*—Ver. 338. ‘*Solus,*’ as suggested by Heinsius, seems preferable here to ‘*solum.*’

sonage can be concealed. Abide *thus* exalted; and rise superior to thy woes; and ever, as thou canst, keep thy resolve unbroken. Shall we to better advantage seek through thee an example of virtue, than if thou art performing the duties of the Roman female of rank most elevated?

The Destinies await us all, for all the unsparing ferryman<sup>64</sup> looks; and for the multitude hardly enough is *his* one boat. Hither are we all hurrying; towards the same goal do we hasten; gloomy death summons all to her sway. See annihilation awaiting the heavens, and earth, and ocean; and they predict that the threefold work<sup>65</sup> is destined to perish. Go then, and while ruin so great impends upon the universe, turn thine eyes to thyself alone, and to thy losses. He lived, the greatest, indeed, of the youths, the hope of the people; and the supreme glory of the house in which he was born. But *still* he was mortal; and while thy progeny was waging valorous warfare, thou wast not free from care. The life that has been granted, is but lent; without any interest has it been lent to us, and not to be paid back on any certain day. *Everywhere* does fortune dispose of our time at her own discretion. The young she carries off; the aged does she spare. And wherever she rushes, in frenzied manner does she rush; and throughout the whole world does she hurl her lightnings, and blindly does she trample with her blinded steeds.

Forbear, by complaining, to irritate the realms of the relentless Goddess; forbear to hurt the feelings of the powerful mistress of *the world*. Although on this one occasion in sadness has she come to thee, full oft with friendly feelings has she shewn favour to thy fortunes. Inasmuch, behold! as thou wast born of high station, inasmuch as thou wast blessed with two children, inasmuch, too, as thou wast united to the great Jove; inasmuch as Cæsar has always returned to thee from a world subdued, and has waged successful wars with uncon-

<sup>64</sup> *The unsparing ferryman.*]—Ver. 358. Charon, the ferryman of the Infernal regions.

<sup>65</sup> *The threefold work.*]—Ver. 362. He alludes to the First Book of Lucretius, l. 95. See also the Tristia, Book ii. l. 426, and the Note to the passage, where this line, 'Casurumque triplex vaticinantur opus,' 'They prophesy that the threefold work will again perish,' again occurs. This is certainly a strong item of internal evidence that Ovid was the author of this poem.

quered hand; inasmuch as the Neros have fulfilled thy hopes and thy maternal wishes; and inasmuch as the enemy has been routed by each general so oft. The Rhine and the valleys of the Alps, and the Itargus,<sup>66</sup> discoloured with black blood, with its tainted waters, is a witness. The impetuous Danube, too, and the Dacian retreats,<sup>67</sup> in the extremity of the earth (to that enemy short is the road by the bridge); and the flying Armenian,<sup>68</sup> and the Dalmatian a suppliant at last; and the Pannonians<sup>69</sup> dispersed along the high mountain summits; the German regions, too, but lately known to the Romans; consider how much less is one mishap than deserts *so many*.

Besides, far away did he die; thine eyes, too, had not to endure those of thy son half closed in death. The grief as well, most gently stole upon thy oppressed feelings; with thine ears wast thou obliged to hear of thy sorrows. Apprehension, too, anticipates griefs amid long dangers; hearing of these, anxious in mind wast thou. Grief has not on a sudden invaded thy breast, but by degrees, already made endurable by apprehensions.

Jupiter had already given thee the sad tokens of this cruel misfortune, when with his flaming hand he hurled against the three temples; and in the direful night, the abode of Juno,<sup>70</sup>

<sup>66</sup> *The Itargus.*]—Ver. 386. The river Weser is generally supposed to be referred to; though it is more generally known by the name of 'Isurgis,' or 'Visurgis.' It is mentioned by Florus, in his account of the expedition of Drusus. Cluverius thinks that a river of Suevia, whose modern name is 'Iser,' is here referred to.

<sup>67</sup> *The Dacian retreats.*]—Ver. 388. The suggestion of Heinsius has been adopted here; 'angulus' for 'Auplus,' and 'pontis' for 'Pontus,' as the common reading makes complete nonsense. He probably alludes to the bridge which it was necessary to throw over the Danube, for the purpose of reaching the Dacians, who inhabited the region that is now called Transylvania.

<sup>68</sup> *The flying Armenian.*]—Ver. 389. The Armenians were conquered by Tiberius. The Dalmatians were noted for their frequent risings in arms against the Romans.

<sup>69</sup> *And the Pannonians.*]—Ver. 390. Pannonia was the name of the region between the rivers Danube and Save. The present kingdom of Hungary is a part of ancient Pannonia. Augustus conquered this region; according to Florus, Virbius was his general; according to other accounts, Tiberius Nero led his forces.

<sup>70</sup> *The abode of Juno.*]—Ver. 403. He alludes to an ominous conflagration of the temples, which are mentioned in the line before. He seems to include 'the holy house of Cæsar' as one of these temples. Dio Cassius

and of the undaunted Minerva, and the holy house of the all-powerful Cæsar were struck. The stars are said, moreover, to have fled from the heavens; and Lucifer to have forsaken his wonted paths. To no one throughout the whole earth did Lucifer appear, and the day came,<sup>71</sup> the star not preceding it. The disappearance of the star forewarned that this was impending over the world; and that a princely light was being extinguished in the Stygian waves.

But thou, who dost<sup>72</sup> survive as a solace to thy sorrowing mother, I pray that by her thou mayst be beheld an aged man. Long, too, mayst thou live through the years of thy brother and thine own; and, an aged woman, may thy mother live with her husband, an aged man. I pray for what will come to pass: the Deity, while he shall wish to atone for what has passed, after Drusus *is departed*, will provide the rest as cause of joy. And yet thou canst venture<sup>73</sup> to indulge in griefs so great, as to be unwilling, alas! disastrously resolute, any longer to take nourishment. For a few hours, too, hardly wast thou alive, when Cæsar brought thee, *though* reluctant, his aid, and used his entreaties, and with them mingled his commands; and he moistened thy parched throat with water poured down it. And not less is the care of the son to save his parent; he applies soothing entreaties, and not without commands. The meritorious deeds of thy husband and thy son came to *the ears of all*; by the aid, Livia, of thy husband and thy son, wast thou saved. Now repress thy tears; by these he cannot be recalled, whom once the ferryman has borne in his bark<sup>74</sup> that conveys the shades.

So many brothers, and so many sisters lamented Hector, and his father, and his wife, and Astyanax his son, and his aged mother; still, for the flames was he redeemed *from Achilles*, and no shade *of his* sailed back over the Stygian

mentions the temple of Jupiter, and one other near it as being burnt. It is suggested by Heinsius, that this and the following line are spurious.

<sup>71</sup> *And the day came.*]—Ver. 406. He means that the morning was overclouded in an unusual degree.

<sup>72</sup> *But thou, who dost.*]—Ver. 411. He now addresses Tiberius.

<sup>73</sup> *Thou canst venture.*]—Ver. 417. He alludes to a resolution which Livia had formed to starve herself, and which she would have persisted in, had it not been for the intervention of Augustus. Seneca, however, says that she bore her loss with the greatest possible fortitude.

<sup>74</sup> *In his bark.*]—Ver. 428. The bark of Charon.

waves. This, too, was the lot of Thetis; the devastator, Achilles, presses the fields of Ilium with his burnt bones. For him did his aunt Panope<sup>75</sup> loosen her azure locks, and increase the boundless waves with her tears; a hundred kindred Goddesses, too, and the aged wife of great Oceanus,<sup>76</sup> and father Oceanus *himself*; and Thetis before all; but neither Thetis herself, nor all *the rest*, changed the relentless decrees of the devouring God. Why do I here recount things bygone? Octavia bewailed Marcellus,<sup>77</sup> and before the public has Cæsar bewailed them<sup>78</sup> both; but of death the decrees are inflexible and inevitable; completed, the threads stand, not by any hand to be spun over again.

He himself, sent forth to thee from the shores of the murky Avernus, if he were allowed, would utter such words as these with a loud voice: "Why dost thou reckon my years? I have reached a maturity beyond my years. 'Tis his deeds that make a man aged; these must be reckoned by thee; by these was my life to be completed, *and* not by slowly passing years. Of my enemies be protracted old age the lot. Of this have my ancestors<sup>79</sup> forewarned me, and the Neros my forefathers; both generals broke the might of Carthage. This does that house of mighty Cæsar warn me, through thee become my own. This end, my mother, was bound to be my own. Nor *yet*, my mother, although they themselves confer the greatest glory, were honors wanting to those achievements; thou beholdest my name replete with distinctions. As Consul am I read of, and as Germanicus the conqueror of regions unknown, the cause of whose death was, alas! the service of his country. I have my conquering temples wreathed with the laurel of Apollo; and I myself have beheld my own funeral obsequies;

<sup>75</sup> *His aunt Panope.*]—Ver. 435. Panope was a Nymph of the sea, daughter of Nereus and Doris, sister of Thetis and the aunt of Achilles.

<sup>76</sup> *Wife of great Oceanus.*]—Ver. 438. Tethys.

<sup>77</sup> *Octavia bewailed Marcellus.*]—Ver. 441. According to Seneca, Octavia lamented Marcellus all her life as deeply as she did at the moment of his decease.

<sup>78</sup> *Cæsar bewailed them.*]—Ver. 442. Augustus pronounced the funeral oration over both Marcellus and Octavia.

<sup>79</sup> *My ancestors.*]—Ver. 451. He alludes to his ancestors of the Livian and the Claudian families, namely, Marcus Livius Salinator, and Claudius Nero, who, when Consuls, intercepted Hasdrubal, on his road to join his brother Hannibal, and slew him.

and the evolutions<sup>80</sup> of the men to me so well known, and the offerings of Kings; and all the cities<sup>81</sup> read of under their *respective* titles; and with what affection those youths bore me, who, of birth so noble, were before my bier. In fine, I have merited to be praised by the hallowed lips of Cæsar, and from a God have I drawn tears. And am I *then* to be lamented by any one? Now restrain thy tears. This do I, who am the cause of thy tears, entreat.”

Thus does Drusus think, if, in the shades,<sup>82</sup> he only thinks *at all*; and do not thou think the less exaltedly of a hero so great. Thou hast, and *long* mayst thou have, I pray, a son equal to many; and may the elder half of thy offspring be spared to thee. Thou hast a husband, the guardian of mankind; so long as he is safe, it becomes not, Livia, thy house to be in tears.

<sup>80</sup> *The evolutions.*]—Ver. 461. These ‘decursus,’ or ‘evolutions,’ were performed by the soldiers marching round the funeral pile. We learn from Suetonius that this custom was observed annually by the soldiers, at the honorary tomb which they had erected for Drusus.

<sup>81</sup> *And all the cities.*]—Ver. 462. The titles of the towns which he had taken were exhibited at his funeral, in the same manner in which they were usually shewn at a triumph.

<sup>82</sup> *If in the shades.*]—Ver. 469. This passage savours strongly of the scepticism of Ovid.

FRAGMENTS OF THE LOST WRITINGS OF  
OVID,  
COLLECTED BY HEINSIUS.

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QUINTILIAN, Book VIII., ch. 5, quotes these words from the Medea of Ovid—

“I can save, dost thou ask if I can destroy *as well?*”

Seneca, Suasor. Book III., quotes from the same work—

“To and fro am I borne, like one filled with the Divinity.”  
From the Epigrams of Ovid this line is found quoted—

“Why should I not say, Furia, I will infuriate thee?”

Martial, Epigr., Book II., 41, quoting from the Epigrams of Ovid, says—

“‘Laugh, girl, if you are wise, laugh,’ I think the Peligian Poet said.”

Priscian, Book V., quotes this line from the Epigrams of Ovid—

“Lars *Tolumnius* being slain, bold Cossus bore off the chief spoils.”

From the Phænomena of Ovid, the following quotations are found in—

Lactantius, De Orig. Error. of Ovid B. II. c. 5, “Signs so many in number, and of such a form did the Deity place in the heavens; and, scattered over the darkening shades, he commanded them to give their light to the frosty night.”

In the commentary of Probus on the Georgics of Virgil, the two following lines are found—

“Before his knee the seven Pleiads are said to shine; six only are visible, but the seventh is beneath the dark clouds.”

Some authors think that a portion of the Priapeia is the composition of Ovid. The elder Seneca (Book I. Controv. 2) quotes this line of the Priapeia as having been written by him—

“While foolishly she is dreading a wound in another spot.”



Servius, in his Commentary on the Fourth Book of the Georgics, speaking of Orpheus and Eurydice, quotes from Ovid—

“Twice was she snatched away, and *yet* she lived but once.”

An ancient Scholiast on Horace, Book II. Ode 5, says—

“Gyges was the name of a youth in the Isle of Cnidos, that was sacred to Venus; of this boy Ovid likewise praises the beauty.”

This passage is not found to exist in any of his works.

Quintilian (Book XII. c. 10) is evidently quoting from some poetical composition of Ovid now lost, when he says, “But this fades and dies away upon comparison with what is superior, just as wool dyed with red pleases less than purple; but if you were to compare it with the *colour of that* thick coat, it would be obscured by the appearance of that which is superior, as Ovid says.”

In a very ancient MS., which belonged to Peter Scriverius, this Epigram is ascribed to Ovid—

“Now Phœbus has borne his shining beams into the flowing waves, renewing his exhausted torch in the stream of Tethys. Phœbe appears borne, by her snow-white oxen, and gentle sleep glides down from the æthereal sky. The tender lambs are sporting by their timid dams, the milky streams support their lives spotless as the milk *itself*.”

In another ancient work this Epigram on Lucretia is ascribed to Ovid—

“When Lucretia pierced her chaste breast with the sword, and the stream of blood was pouring forth, she said, ‘Let these be my witnesses that I was not pleased with the tyrant; my blood before men, my soul before the Gods.’”

# INDEX

OF THE

PRINCIPAL MATTERS CONTAINED IN THE THREE VOLUMES.

*See also the Introduction to the First Volume, and the Tables of Contents prefixed to each Book of the Fasti; also the Synoptical View of the Metamorphoses in the Second Volume.*

N.B. The First Volume contains the Fasti, the Pontic Writings, the Ibis, and the Haliueticon; the Second Volume contains the Metamorphoses, and the present is the Third and concluding Volume.

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## ERRATA.

- Page 102, line 23, for 'cyprus,' read 'cypress.'  
 ——— 203, ——— 43, for 'milestone,' read 'millstone.'  
 ——— 268, ——— 16, for 'Those art my own,' read 'Those are my own.'

THE END.

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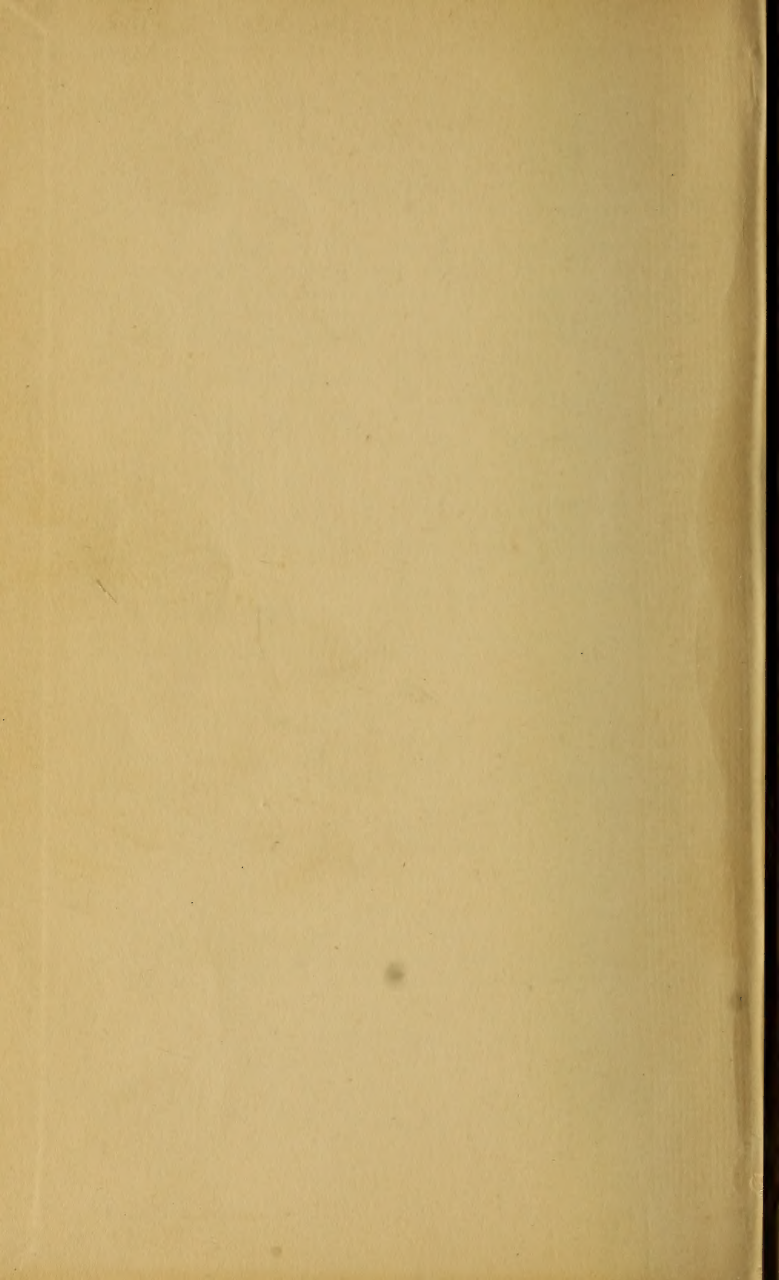
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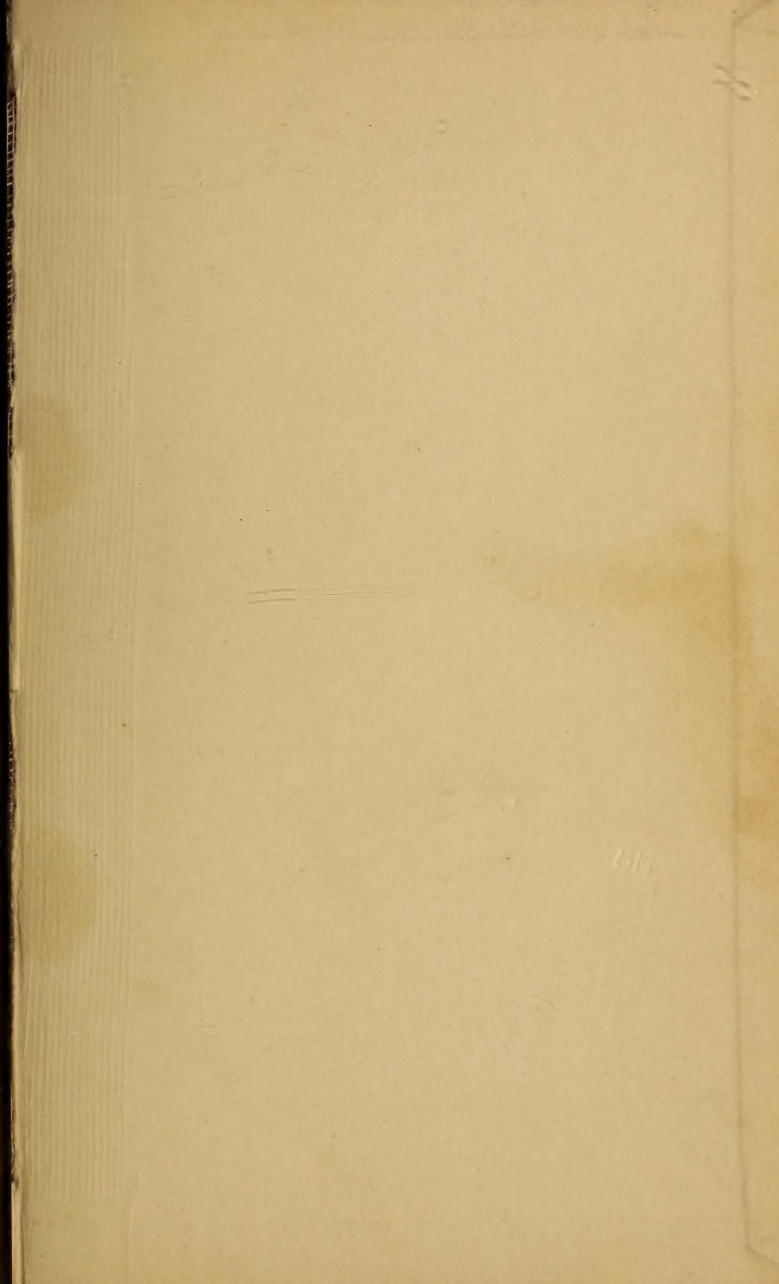
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